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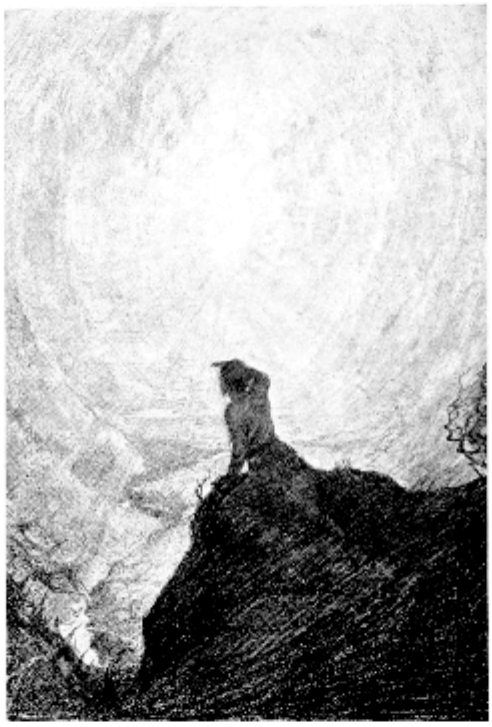
JEREMIAH CURTIN

MEMOIRS

OF JEREMIAH CURTIN



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1910

Table of Contents

Fontis
Title page
Maps
Plates
Memoirs of Jeremiah Curtin
- CHAPTER: 1
- CHAPTER: 2
- CHAPTER: 3
- CHAPTER: 4
- CHAPTER: 5
- CHAPTER: 6
- CHAPTER: 7
- CHAPTER: 8
- CHAPTER: 9
- CHAPTER: 10
- CHAPTER: 11
- CHAPTER: 12
- CHAPTER: 13
- CHAPTER: 14
- CHAPTER: 15
- CHAPTER: 16
- CHAPTER: 17
- CHAPTER: 18
- CHAPTER: 19
- CHAPTER: 20
- CHAPTER: 21
- CHAPTER: 22
- CHAPTER: 23
- CHAPTER: 24
- CHAPTER: 25
- CHAPTER: 26

CHAPTER: 27
CHAPTER: 28
CHAPTER: 29
CHAPTER: 30
CHAPTER: 31
CHAPTER: 32
CHAPTER: 33
CHAPTER: 34
CHAPTER: 35
CHAPTER: 36
CHAPTER: 37
CHAPTER: 38
CHAPTER: 39
CHAPTER: 40
CHAPTER: 41
CHAPTER: 42
CHAPTER: 43
CHAPTER: 44
CHAPTER: 45
CHAPTER: 46
CHAPTER: 47
CHAPTER: 48
CHAPTER: 49
CHAPTER: 50
CHAPTER: 51
CHAPTER: 52
CHAPTER: 53
CHAPTER: 54
About Jeremiah and Alma Cardell Curtin
END

MAPS

PLATES

Memoirs of Jeremiah Curtin

CHAPTER: 1

Early Years

My first glimmer of remembrance is of lying on a bed in a room which was only partly roofed— my father had moved into the house before it was finished — mother was talking to me. I looked up over my head and saw stars for the first time to remember them. I was between two and a half and three years of age. The house was in Greenfield, Wisconsin, on a farm.

In this house, about that same time. I was standing in the doorway when a wolf ran up and snapped in my face. If mother had not been near to snatch me away, I should probably have been carried off and eaten. I remember how mother screamed as she caught hold of me. The country was newly settled and only in places was it cleared; wolves, panthers, and other wild beasts were numerous and troublesome.

I recall nothing more of what happened at the 'Cook place,' the first place my father owned in Greenfield; we lived there a year, then moved to a nearby farm. Father had bought the farm and had built a house of unhewn logs. Around the house trees were felled, a clearing made, and wheat planted.

Father was very proud of his first crop of wheat. I heard him speak of it many times; there were forty bushels to the acre. On a low hill beyond the house, corn and potatoes were planted. My mother's younger brother settled on a nearby farm; her elder brother bought a farm across the highway from my father's land. The three families came from Detroit together, bought adjoining farms, and remained near one another for several years.

I have a dim recollection of how mother, taking me with her, would go to the hill where father was at work. He had a large basket; placing the basket near his work he put me into it, and I would sit there for hours amusing myself with playthings. I was put into the basket to keep me from straying away or being bitten by a rattlesnake.

One day when father was at work in the forest with a span of horses, something frightened the horses and they ran away. I was standing by the door and saw them coming. They ran till one of the horses struck against a tree and was killed. As I look into the past, this event stands out clearly.

In this log house, in summer almost surrounded by a beautiful wheat field, Julia, my eldest sister, was born, and later Joanna. We were then three, and I was six years old. All my boyhood days were spent with these two sisters; other sisters came, but Julia and Joe were specially dear to me. I suppose that after the manner of big brothers I was domineering, for little Julia once got so angry that she threw a stone at me; the stone hit my head and cut it badly. I have the scar to this day.

Wolves and rattlesnakes were so numerous that my mother was unhappy if her children were out of her sight. She was once very badly frightened by a rattlesnake. Father had built a vegetable house, half above and half under ground; it had a door and a small window, but the light inside was dim. One day when mother was in this house, she saw on the windowsill what she thought was a large iron ring. As she reached out her hand to pick it up, she found that it was not a ring but a big rattlesnake. She screamed with terror and ran for father to come and kill the snake.

When I was about six years old, we moved into a two-story house built of hewn logs. It was the best house in Greenfield, except Cobb's tavern which was also built of hewn logs. My father was justice of the peace, and one of my earliest recollections connected with this house is of a lawsuit held there. Greenfield had no public building at that time. The crowd of people made a great impression on my child mind. I was only six years old when I found out how cross people make children unhappy. My father had a bull dog. In those days, when wolves were prowling around, such a dog was very useful. Jack was good-natured and affectionate to us but morose to strangers, and savage to intruding animals. One winter morning, when the snow was perhaps a foot deep, I heard a terrible squealing and I knew at once that Mrs. O'Donald's pig was in trouble. I ran toward the sound and found the pig; Jack had hold of one of its ears. I called to the dog, coaxed him, pulled him, pounded him with my fists, but he clung savagely to the pig's ear. The pig screamed louder and louder. I was helpless. Unable to do

anything else, I began to cry. Mrs. O'Donald heard the pig and ran to its rescue. She found me crying, the pig trotting off, and Jack holding an ear in his mouth. Though the pig was on our land, Mrs. O'Donald was angry and gave expression to her anger in a loud denunciation of bull dogs in general, and of Jack in particular. He must be killed, or she would have the law on us. Her words nearly broke my heart. To save Jack's life father bought the one-eared pig, and the trouble was over for a time. But not long after this Mrs. Gorman, one of our neighbors, came to complain of Jack. He had jumped at her and barked. She screamed and scolded even louder than Mrs. O'Donald had. Her husband threatened a lawsuit, and poor Jack had to be killed.

About this time the first school in the town of Greenfield was opened, a district school. As there was no money for a school building. Uncle John, who had just moved into a house made of hewn logs, gave his old house, free of rent, 'to help the cause.' John Moore was our teacher. Mother had taught me the alphabet, I could read a little and spell a good many words. Of the fifteen or twenty children, who on that 'first day' gathered around John Moore, I was the only one who knew the alphabet but I said nothing for I was very shy; I began with the others. Apparently I learned without effort, and this greatly pleased John Moore. Moore was a good-looking man with brown eyes and prominent features. I can see him now exactly as he looked that day.

About two years after the establishment of this school the people of Greenfield began to build a church, a small Catholic edifice. A few years previous to this my father, to aid in building Milwaukee's first Catholic church, helped to quarry stones to put in the foundation. Before the church in Greenfield was built if there were religious services at all, a priest came from Milwaukee and officiated in a private house. Owing to a lack of money the Greenfield church was two years in construction and after completion was used for a school house. I attended school there for a year or more before the edifice was consecrated. John Moore was our teacher. People were settling around us rapidly. Just beyond my father's farm was the Gorman farm. Mr. Gorman had a large family: John, Will, Coun, Mary, and Ellen were our schoolmates. In after years John Gorman married Mary, the daughter of our school-master.

I remember well an incident connected with those happy days. One of my Uncle John's Milwaukee friends, a Mr. Hussy, sent his little daughter to the country to spend the summer and attend school in the church. She was two years older than I was and was tall and strong for her age, while I was slight and small, but we were in the same classes and soon became great friends. One morning, when we reached the brook, which we usually crossed on stones, we found it swollen. It had rained during the night; the stones were under water. Mary insisted on carrying me across. I objected strenuously, but at last her logic got the better of my pride. 'You cannot carry me' said she, 'you are too small. If I don't carry you, we will both get wet. Then, maybe, you will be sick and have to stay out of school.' I recall her words as though they were spoken yesterday. Fear of losing a day at school conquered pride.

I was about ten years old when the first schoolhouse was built, a log house with one room. John Moore was still the teacher, and the new building was always spoken of as the 'Moore schoolhouse.'

About this time father decided to dig a well that would furnish plenty of good water. This was difficult in that locality. Father began by digging in places convenient to the house. I was an observing child, nature interested me, and I had a sharp eye for everything. One day as I stood watching father I said:

'There is no water down there.'

'What makes you think so he asked he.'

'Water comes from rain. You should look for it lower down,' and I pointed out a place where I thought there must be water. Father was astonished and somewhat startled when upon humoring me by digging where I indicated, he found water in plenty. The idea came to me from the taking in of natural elements, and from a sort of instinct. Father had the well walled up with great care, as time has shown, for it was in perfect condition in 1901 when I visited the old home.

I have but a dim recollection of the days spent in the 'Moore schoolhouse.' Probably one day was so much like another that it left no impression on my

mind. I only recall watching a crowd of Norwegian emigrants who, on their way to Prairie du Chien, passed the school house; and the passing of wagons loaded with lead ore. At that time there was a lead mine near the Mississippi. Often on the way to and from school we saw deer, sometimes as many as twenty or twenty-five in a herd. The glimpse of a wolf was not infrequent, and we were always on guard against rattlesnakes.

There was a school at 'the crossroads.' and I attended it the winter after I was twelve, and there I had the first triumph of my life. It was in the day of 'spelling schools.' One cold evening the pupils from three or four neighboring districts met at our school house, which, for the occasion, was illuminated with candles and lanterns. Each time a sleigh or sled load of boys and girls arrived, there was great excitement. We greeted our guests with shouts and cheers and made room for them near the big box stove. Then began unwrapping, crowding, laughter, and jokes. When the last load had arrived, and everyone was warm, our teacher gave the table a heavy thump with his ruler and commanded silence. Then two of the guests were chosen 'to call sides.' They took places in the rear of the room, in the center, near the wall; one called a name and then the other. As each name was mentioned, the owner took his or her place on the side which had chosen him or her.

Soon two long lines extended across the room. Then one of the teachers was invited 'to give out words.' When a scholar on one side missed a word, he sat down and a scholar on the other side tried it. If he could not spell the word, it came back to the first side again. Whoever failed to spell the word given out sat down.

I spelled all the scholars down twice though many were four or five years older than I. At the third and final trial I stood up till all were down except one girl, and we at last missed the same word, so it was almost as good as spelling the schools down three times. I remember how proud I was when I went home that night and how pleased my sisters were. I have never felt a similar exaltation over success. At this time I was reading the bible, Bunyan's Siege of Mansovl, and all the books I could buy or borrow and was thinking of what I was going to do in life. My idea was that I must

learn, learn everything, and young as I was I thought much about how I could accomplish most in the shortest time.

The summer after I was thirteen, my help was needed at home. I could not go to school. This was a great disappointment; I tried to study evenings, but I was always too tired. That summer I stacked all the hay. Father taught me how to form stacks on the model of an egg, and I put up thirteen. My boy friends, even those a year younger than I, were also kept at home. It was difficult to find laborers, and a boy of twelve or thirteen could do a good deal of work. I was not unhappy, for I loved out-of-door life, but I counted the days before winter would come and I could go back to my books.

From that time till the winter of 1858 I worked on our land summers and attended school winters. The summer of '53 was a fine summer for grass; our farm yielded an immense crop, and the following winter I drove into Milwaukee with a load of hay each day for ninety days. It was a severe winter, and I recall with a shiver those long, slow rides. I sold the hay for $3.00 a load, receiving in all $270.

The winter of 1854-55 I attended the Milwaukee school. The most noted school in the West at that time. The teachers were Hotchkiss and Dodge. I spent about two thirds of the winter studying arithmetic and algebra which was fortunate, for later on it enabled me to pass the examination in mathematics required for entering Carroll college. I also studied German and improved every opportunity of speaking the language with Germans.

During that winter, though young [nineteen]. I became acquainted with a number of the leading men in Milwaukee, all of whom remained firm friends of mine till death took them from the world. Among the number were Sharpstein, a middle-aged lawyer, a wise and far-seeing man, afterwards judge in San Francisco; Dr. Bartlett, a talented and brilliant man; Josiah Noonan; Jonathan Arnold, a distinguished lawyer — Ryan and Arnold were the leading lawyers of the city; and Increase Lapham, the author of the Natural History of Wisconsin, a man to whom Milwaukee owes much. This was the last term of school I attended till I entered Carroll college.

Very early in my life father, who knew the value of mental development, decided that I should have a college education, and as I grew older we often talked about ways and means, for, as three girls had followed me, I was up to the time of my father's death the only home help he had.

January, 1856, my father, after a week's illness, died of pneumonia. I was in despair, for I loved my father intensely; when I was quite young, I stood in awe, was somewhat afraid of him, but all that passed as I grew to years of understanding. He was a kindly man, but he had a strain of austerity and was determined when he knew that he was right. I remember how, when a Greenfield pettifogger tried to browbeat him, my father took down a law book and saying, 'Here is the law on that question, read it for yourself,' turned, and left him. Another time there was trouble with a priest, a dispute regarding his authority over the people. The priest was plainly in the wrong. and my father, to the amazement of the community, told him so and adhered firmly to his opinion. The question was never settled, as is the way with church questions. At that time few Catholics would have dared to stand up and tell a priest that his statements were incorrect.

My father, though a Catholic, was an independent thinker. In his mind was always the question, 'Where is there real light?' He stood high among the old settlers of Milwaukee and Greenfield. In Greenfield he was for a long time justice of the peace and superintendent of public institutions [instruction]. The Curtins of the olden time were of the kings of Ireland. Among the ancient stock are numbered many scholars of note; they were the hereditary historians and bards of Thomond. Hugh McCurtin was a celebrated patriot poet in the fifteenth century. Andrew McCurtin was a poet and historian reputed one of the best Gaelic scholars of the period of 1700. Another Hugh McCurtin, described as a 'learned poet and lexicographer,' was author of a Gaelic dictionary published in Paris in 1735.

David Curtin, my father, was the eldest of a family of five sons. He left his father's home in Burren near Newcastle West, Ireland, when about twenty years of age. He sailed down the Shannon and was six weeks in crossing the Atlantic. When he landed in Quebec, all the money he had was a sixpence and a few coppers, but he spoke English fluently and also Gaelic, hence he at once secured a contract for hiring men to quarry stone. In a few months,

Thomas, my father's eldest brother, came to America and somewhat later his youngest brother came. After establishing themselves in Quebec, the brothers were anxious to have their father with them. He started, but was lost at sea; the ship he sailed on was never heard from after it left the Shannon.

My mother's ancestors went from England to Ireland about the middle of the thirteenth century and settled in Fermoy. They were Protestants, but their descendants are divided in faith; some are Protestants, others Catholics. My maternal grandfather came to America in 1822 and settled near Montreal; mother was at that time five years old. In 1832 her father went to Detroit and it was there that my parents met and married. In that city I was born. Soon after my birth father moved to Milwaukee, then a frontier town. My mother did not know Gaelic. English was always spoken by our family; consequently, to my great regret, I did not learn Gaelic when a child. My mother had a wonderful memory and a great love for reading. History was her special delight. I have never met a person whose mind so readily retained names and dates.

The loss of my father was my first great sorrow. To meet the world without him seemed impossible. There were eight children, and I was the eldest. I arranged financial affairs as best I could, and struggled to overcome grief by work and study. Not much work could be done out-of-doors at that season of the year (January); I secured Scott's novels and in thirty days read his thirty separate stories, reading frequently till three or four o'clock in the morning. In those days I had wonderfully strong, unwearying eyes. When spring came, I tried to fill father's place and my own. Then I realized what responsibility is and what a great change my father's death had brought.

In the summer of 1856 my cousin Morgan and I got an idea that we could make money raising chickens. Burnham of Boston was authority on poultry, and we sent to him for two hens and two roosters. We told no one of our venture. It would have been considered almost a sin to pay so much for chickens. It was an important event for us when the chickens arrived in Milwaukee. Morgan's father prided himself on being practical and though he did not know exactly how much the fowls cost, he thought them a very poor investment. There was a general laugh at us. The family said that

Jeremiah might be expected to do such a thing, but Morgan they had supposed was more sensible.

I took my fowls to Greenfield and gave them excellent care. That summer thirty chickens were raised, the following summer my hens were the wonder of the town, they were so large and handsome. One hen laid eighty-four eggs in eighty-five days. This seems an exaggeration, but it is the truth. Encouraged by my success with chickens, I sent to New York for a pair of Cayuga ducks. I paid five dollars for the ducks and five for freight. Mine were the first pure-blooded ducks and hens in that part of Wisconsin.

That autumn there was a fair at Waukesha and I wanted to enter my birds. The morning of the opening day I drove to Milwaukee and then to Waukesha. I reached the fair grounds a few minutes late, and was told that no more entries could be made. I had a letter of introduction to the president of the fair from Charles Larkin, a Democrat, who was in the habit of riding around once in four or five months to interview people about political affairs, though this was hidden under different business questions. The letter stated that I was a son of David Curtin and that I was greatly interested in pure-blooded poultry. I looked up the president and gave him the letter. He permitted me to enter my hens and ducks, with the result that I won the first prize for both. At the fair was Horace Guile, a lover of horses, a clever man on the pattern of 'Eben Holden.' He took a fancy to the hens, selected a pair, and gave me in exchange a young colt.

Though my days were occupied with things pertaining to the farm, evenings and nights were spent over books. I was depressed, struggling, trying to decide what I was to do in life. In boyhood the underlying principle in my mind, the general undefined wish was to learn. I thought how fine it would be to travel, to see all countries, but what pleasure in traveling if I could not talk with the people of the countries I visited? The question then was to learn languages, and I counted up carefully how many there were that I ought to know. But I had a great love for animals, for life in the country. I loved trees and forests immensely, more than I could ever tell; they were my friends and talked to me. And now when older, I was greatly tempted to let the wide world go and enjoy myself with the forests and the trees, with fields, animals, and plants. More than once I seemed likely to yield, though,

perhaps, without realizing it, I had already decided the question. The two sides between which I must choose were on the one hand a useful and pleasant, but circumscribed life, a life mainly personal, devoted to things local; and on the other hand a life in which I might work for great results.

The struggle continued for months. One evening when the haying season was nearly over, and the work of the day was finished, I drove from the field to the house with hay enough in the wagon to sit on comfortably. I unharnessed and fed the horses, ate supper, and then walked around pondering over the question: 'Shall I go to college, or shall I stay on the farm?' After a while I got into the wagon and lay down on the fresh hay. It was a clear, dark, moonless night. There was the sweetness of the hay around me, and overhead the majesty of the night. I lay there looking up into the heavens, and somehow, all at once, the decision came, never to be questioned again: 'I will find out all that it is possible for me to find out about the world and this vast universe of ours. I will have, not the second best, but the best of all the knowledge there is.' And from that wonderful night when I lay on the hay thinking of this world and that infinite world up there, I have been a seeker after knowledge.

Now began the struggle to go to Harvard college. Up to that time no one from Milwaukee had been at Harvard.' Young men thought only of the university at Ann Arbor, or other schools nearer and less dreaded. A few weeks after this, for me, eventful evening, I was one day in Milwaukee and saw in a bookstore a circular sent out by Professor Agassiz stating that he wished to publish a work entitled Contributions to the Natural History of the United States, but it was necessary to secure 800 subscribers, who would pay $120 a set. He had material for twelve volumes, with plates. He asked for subscribers.

I sent for a statement of what the work was to be and then I went to all the strong, rich Milwaukee men, and said: 'A celebrated man who has come over to us wishes to publish a work which will instruct all who desire to learn. It will do great credit to Milwaukee to encourage such a man and such a work.' Increase Lapham was the first person I went to and he gladly put his name to the paper. The solicitation for subscribers was wholly gratuitous on my part; I had no thought of its ever doing me any good. I did

the work simply because I knew the book would be very important. I obtained thirteen names, a large number for Milwaukee at such an early day. The movement had just started; I was about the first to send Professor Agassiz a list of subscribers, and considering the population and the distance west it was a larger list than that of any other city.

On getting this subscription I became acquainted with many men, among others Alexander F. Pratt, the editor of the Waukesha Democrat. He was one of Wisconsin's pioneers, a kindly, jovial man, physically not handsome, but he had marvelous eyes, and a bright, active mind, ready for any emergency. He did not subscribe for the book but he took an active interest in my getting subscribers and made me acquainted with several Waukesha men, among whom was the president of Carroll college, John A. Savage, a New Yorker, a scholar and an excellent man. I met him first at the county fair, and to his death he remained a staunch friend of mine.

Looking back to first causes, I find that those beautiful white hens of mine led me, when I decided to go to Harvard, to turn to Waukesha for a few months' preparation. Carroll college stood high. Many men. afterward distinguished, were graduated from it. But I was of a Catholic family, and there was much opposition to my going to Waukesha. My uncles sent their children to Catholic schools and they could not understand how their sister's child dared to think for himself.

The second year after my father's death, in the fall, when all the farm work was done and the harvest cared for, the question rose, how was I to leave home. I was the only one of my mother's sons old enough to look after her interests. It was very difficult to find a capable and trustworthy man. Three months and more passed. I was almost in despair when there appeared at a neighbor's just such a person as I was in search of, a strong, honest man, and he was in search of just such a place as I had to offer. Arrangements were made, and I went at once to Waukesha to begin the fight. I was very late, the term was far advanced, and without the friendship of John Savage, the president's favorite son, whom I had met at the fair, I could not have entered college that term; he induced his father to break rules and admit me.

My teacher in Latin was Professor Watson. (In 1900 I met him in Egypt, still teaching.) Through John Savage's warm friendship for me, Professor

Watson became interested in my progress. He met me every morning and heard me read two pages of Virgil. I boarded at Alexander Pratt's. I was up at four o'clock each morning, worked for two hours or more, then ate breakfast, and hurried off for my reading lesson. Once in two or three weeks I went home to see that the web was woven smoothly, that there were no knots or tangles.

After I had been in college about three weeks. Dr. Savage told me I could begin Greek. He used Anthem's Greek grammar. I was astonished at the work involved in learning the almost endless forms of the Greek verb. I remember how I labored over the first few lines of the Greek reader. Being well up in mathematics, I could spend most of my time on Latin and Greek; I studied all day and nearly all night. Dr. Savage, knowing that I wished to enter Harvard, sent for a catalogue with a list of the studies one must be proficient in to pass the examination. The Latin required was the whole of Vergil; all of Caesar's [Caesar's and Cicero's] Orations; the grammar, including prosody, and writing Latin. I don't remember the exact amount of Greek: three books of the Iliad; the whole of Xenophon's Anabasis; Sophocles; grammar and writing Greek, with accents.

On the 28th of June, Dr. Savage delivered the valedictory. He was eloquent; he roused the ambition of each man present. The following day I went home carrying four or five books, one of which, Livy, was causing me special anxiety, and I still had half of Vergil to read. On the evening of the 29th I reached the stone house and the next morning began the supreme effort.

I reviewed the Greek and Latin grammars, as well as all I had read in Greek and Latin, and finished the twelve books of Virgil. July, August, and September were months of strenuous mental labor. It is a marvel to me now, how, though I was young and strong, I endured the mental and physical strain, for I slept only three or four hours out of the twenty-four. I had no encouragement, aside from that given me by my mother and sisters. My uncles urged me to choose a Catholic college. They were confident that I could not pass the examination at Harvard where so much was required. Other friends feared that I would meet with disappointment. But I was resolute, no argument could dissuade me.

I worked with feverish anxiety, with tremendous energy, getting into my mind all the Greek and Latin required and much more. Circumstances prevented my leaving Greenfield till the 1st of October, [1859]. Hence, I had another and I feared insurmountable obstacle to meet: I must win the consent of the Harvard faculty to admit me out of the regular course and, if they consented, must face a private examination in each required study. My only chance was that the faculty would take into consideration that I lived in the Far West, that the death of my father had delayed my preparation for college and thrown many cares upon my shoulders.

And now I thought of Professor Agassiz; perhaps he would speak a favorable word for me. I had a remarkably fine Indian skull which had been found on the 'Cook farm.' This, together with a letter from Increase Lapham, would be my introduction to Professor Agassiz. Mr. Lapham stated in his letter why it had been impossible for me to be present at the regular examination and asked Agassiz to assist me to enter for examination in October.

What was to be, as it proved, my last night in the stone house, and also the last night of my home life. I sat up to read the concluding pages of Virgil. My sister Julia remained with me all night and made me tea and toast at four o'clock in the morning. I slept from four till seven. Then came the leave taking, parting with sisters whom I loved so dearly, for I was undertaking what was then a long journey. My mother and brother George went to Milwaukee with me. It is strange how insignificant things impress themselves on one's mind at such moments of inward emotion. When I think of that morning, I can see the tracks made by the wheels of the buggy as we drove out onto the main road.

The vessel I was to sail on belonged to Uncle John and was bound for Buffalo; it was loaded with 16,000 bushels of wheat. I was to use the captain's room. About seven o'clock in the evening mother, Uncle John, George, and I went on board. Poor mother cried bitterly; I was going far from her, and naturally she felt great anxiety for me. She put her arms around my neck and sobbed till I was also in tears. Uncle John's words were: 'Poor boy, how will you bear up under the disappointment in store for you.' He knew that I had studied hard and was well advanced, but Harvard

had such a reputation for being strict and exacting that he was sure that I could not pass the examination.

The sails were raised and off we went eastward. At first the weather was unfavorable. It was a six days' journey. The second day out great waves went over the deck frequently. In the turmoil a little, fat pig, that was to have been eaten, got loose, sprang into the sea and was drowned. As we approached Detroit the scenery was magnificent. Everywhere along the shore and hills there was the glory of autumn coloring. Just as we were entering Lake Erie a large ship approached under full sail. In the evening light we met, passed, and the ship vanished leaving a never to be forgotten picture in my mind. The finest ship picture I have ever seen.

We reached Buffalo Oct. 12th at night. In the morning I went ashore in time for the early train for New York. I remember the impression New York made on me though it was a village compared with what it is now.

Near where Wanamaker's store is at present there was a Spanish hotel. Judge Beach, a gentleman whom I met on the train, recommended this hotel, and gave me his card to hand to the proprietor. I received every attention and for the first time in my life heard Spanish spoken; naturally I determined to learn the language at once.

The following morning I had a boat ride up Long Island sound. The next day, in the gray of dawn, when I was watching with that expectation which the young alone can feel. Bunker Hill monument appeared in the distance, and Boston was before me, not as it is now, but Boston when it had individuality, when Pemberton square was a residence place for noted men; when Hancock house was standing in perfect condition; when Edward Everett lived at the corner of Summer street, and the Revere house was one of the most elegant hotels in the city.

Only a man who saw the Boston of the early part of the nineteenth century can realize how it has changed since that glorious October morning in 1859 when I saw Bunker Hill monument off in the fog. Boston at that time had the characteristics of colonial days. There is little of the old there now: the bookstore at the corner of Milk and Washington streets, Old South church, the courthouse, and two or three other buildings, and the cemeteries.

It was the morning of the 14th of October. I got into a horse car and went out to Cambridge. The car stopped at a corner near Cushing's bookstore and the post office, both in one building. At the bookstore I inquired about apartments, and was directed to Brattle house where I was fortunate enough to get a room. I ate my breakfast, brushed up, collected my wits, and went to Professor Agassiz' house, carrying Increase Lapham's letter and the Indian skull. Agassiz greeted me cordially and, when I explained my situation, he said: 'I will gladly do what I can for you but I do not know how this can be arranged. I shall talk about it with my brother-in-law, Professor Felton. Come around at two o'clock, and I will tell you what he says.'

I called at the appointed time, and Agassiz walked over and introduced me to Cornelius C. Felton, a celebrated Greek scholar. The first man, I think, who went from Harvard to Athens to study modern Greek. His wife was a daughter of Kerry [Cary], a rich Bostonian; Professor Agassiz had married a second daughter. Felton said: 'You know, it is against our rules to admit anyone out of the regular course. I think, however, that the faculty should make an exception in your case. I am only one man of the faculty, but if you will write a letter to President Walker, stating why you were not here at the beginning of the term, I will present it and do what I can for you. There will be a faculty meeting next Monday. If the members are satisfied that the delay was unavoidable, they will probably admit you. This is your only chance.'

I went back to my room and wrote the letter; then followed an anxious week. On Monday the faculty decided to admit me if I passed all of the examinations. Tuesday morning Professor Felton told me their decision and gave me, written out on a paper, the names of the professors before whom I was to appear and the hour I was to go. I went to them one after another. In Greek I was examined by William W. Goodwin, author of Moods and Tenses and of a Greek grammar; also co-editor of the great Greek lexicon. He was a magnificent scholar. Edwin Hale Abbot and Ephraim W. Gurney examined me in Latin; I offered what the catalogue required, and Livy with some of Horace. Professor Peirce, one of the most distinguished mathematicians Harvard, or America, has ever produced, examined me in arithmetic, algebra, and geometry. I went through the ordeal very well, and was admitted.

The following week a new catalogue appeared, and among the names was 'Jeremiah Curtin, Greenfield, Wisconsin.' I think that nothing ever made me quite as happy as did that blue catalogue with my name among the names of the students at Harvard. Not only had I overcome many obstacles but I had vindicated the confidence which I felt in myself. The 16th of Feb. 1859, I did not know a word of Greek or Latin. I entered Harvard in October of that same year offering more of each language than was required.

It was a happy moment in my life when I mailed some of those Harvard catalogues to friends in Milwaukee, and there was great rejoicing when one of them reached the stone house in Greenfield. I wrote to my mother: I was admitted to Harvard university yesterday. The examination was very strict; it lasted for two days. I had to appear before five professors. However. I surmounted every obstacle and am now a student of Harvard, the oldest and best college in the United States.

CHAPTER: 2

College Life

I retained my room at Brattle house, taking my meals at Mrs. Stewart's, where I met a large number of students. Next to me at table sat John Hudson of Lynn. He had entered college that term and was in all of my classes. He was a pleasant young man, not brilliant, but strong and solid, with calm, quiet ways. In after years Hudson became a distinguished lawyer. There was a young Frenchman among the boarders, and I noticed at once that he spoke English with great difficulty. I made his acquaintance, and we began to help each other; I taught him English, and he taught me French. We worked together in this way for more than a year: nights, Saturdays, and Sundays after services. At the end of the year he spoke English well, and I could converse freely in French.

One morning when hurrying to recitation, I met John Fiske, opposite Appleton's chapel. Being in the same classes, of course, we knew each other by name, but now we began talking and from that hour to the hour of his death we were intimate friends. Fiske was remarkably thin in those days as much so as he was remarkably thick in after years. He had an intellectual face but was not handsome; he was tall and lank and had bright auburn hair; his eyes were beautiful, but, being near-sighted, he wore spectacles. At that time Fiske was what the students called 'A roaring infidel.' Obliged to be present at chapel, he carried a volume of Voltaire in his pocket and, taking it out cautiously, read it during services.

The first student I knew intimately was John Hudson, the second was John Fiske. Hudson was well prepared for college, and he had a phenomenal, unrivaled ability of writing rapidly. When other students were pulling through the second half of an examination, John had finished. He won the high opinion of the faculty and held it firmly for four years. My third friend was Hercules Warren Fay, a man who resembled Fiske in that he was tall and thin and wore spectacles. As our seats were alphabetically arranged, the

men who sat near me at recitations were Crocker, Cross, and Comte. Cross, though a dull student, later won celebrity as a physician; Crocker died before graduation; Comte is now a lawyer in San Francisco. Among my first friends were McCarthy; Dennett; Gibbert; John Patrick [Murray] Brown; Dillon; Moriarty; Greenhalge, afterward governor of Massachusetts; and Jim Kilbreth, afterward collector of the port of New York.

Hudson, Fiske, and I were in the German class and at that time were the only students at Harvard who had any knowledge of the language.

In July, 1859 [1860], I wrote to my sister: *During vacation I am reading German, French, Swedish, and Danish. I have decided to study at Exeter the coming year. It will cost much less, and the studies are the same that I would have to take up at Harvard; many men are studying there, among others Robert Todd Lincoln, son of Senator Lincoln of Illinois. It is said that they have at Exeter now the best class of students that has been there for years. A large number of those men are coming to Harvard next year. I have studied French since leaving home. I speak it now as readily as English. There is a French priest in Boston from whom I take three or four lessons a week and correct his sermons in payment, not having a very good command of English, he is obliged to write them.'

When the holiday vacation of 1860-61 was at hand. I wrote to my sister: 'Three weeks from now the term will close and I shall then have a six weeks' vacation. A splendid time for reading and studying subjects not connected with the regular course. I shall read thousands of pages of German, Swedish, and French. I have all the libraries in Boston at my command, one of the finest is the Athenaeum. A Boston friend has been kind enough to give me a card, so I can take out what books I please. I am sending you the Harvard magazine. The articles are all written by students. It may interest you to see it, as one of the articles is written by me.'

I planned a long walk for that vacation. I had found out that there was a Dane in Salem who had a large number of Danish and Swedish books. 1 decided to go to him and ask him to loan me a few of those books. I walked to Boston and, though it was desperately cold, started for Salem. When I had walked a couple of miles, a man in a sleigh overtook me. He looked at

me. then, without saying a word, stopped his horse, pulled down the buffalo robe, and I got into the sleigh. He began conversation and soon told me that he was a Unitarian minister and that his home was in Cambridgeport. I found that his brother was John Hudson's chum at college. We had a long talk and a delightful sleigh ride. He took me to the Dane's house. I borrowed The Improvisatore and Only a Fiddler, by Hans Andersen, and three Swedish books. Then I went to Lynn and spent the night with John Hudson, meeting his mother and sister for the first time. I remember that John and I slept in a cold room, so cold that in the morning the water in the pitcher was frozen solid. The next day I walked into Boston, not, however, without suffering a good deal from cold, and after lunch walked to Cambridge.

During the vacation I wrote to my sister: 'I study Italian with Lowell. He has invited a few of us to come to his house twice a week from 8:00 p.m. till 10:00. We have just finished Dante. I have never passed pleasanter hours; I have a good mastery of Italian. I now know nine languages and can speak and read them readily, as also Greek and Latin. Eleven languages are a commencement. In German I am reading Kant's Kritik der reinen Vernvmft, which is about as difficult German as can be found. Swedish and Danish I speak and read fluently; Scandinavian literature is almost unknown in America though it embraces some of the finest literature of Europe. The richness of the Danish is astonishing. There is no country in Europe which holds a higher position in letters than Denmark, and none that has done more for literary men. Madvig is probably the best classical scholar in Europe. Thorvaldsen was surpassed by no sculptor of modern times. Oehlenschlager had a European reputation; there are scores of names equally famous. Among the Swedes we have Linnams, the founder of the modern system of botany. A general interest in northern literatures and antiquities is beginning to be manifested, and I hope to do something to spread the knowledge of these subjects. I would like to translate Stiernhielm's History of Viking Expeditions, a volume of 600 pages. It gives a history of Northmen and their conquests in France, England, and wherever they went, and that was almost everywhere, for they conquered a part of France, all of southern Italy, and Sicily, probably founded the Russian empire; discovered America, and colonized Greenland and Iceland. There is also a description of the ancient language, laws, manners, and

literature. The book contains an amount of information which is not to be had in the English language.'

About this time Longfellow ordered a large number of Scandinavian books, but they were lost on the way over, greatly to his regret and, as he was always glad to loan me books, to mine also. Longfellow was exceedingly kind to me during my college life, showing warm interest in my work and suggesting books which would be useful. He understood the Spanish and Italian side of the Latin world remarkably well. I passed a very happy vacation with my books, studying and reading almost constantly.

March, 1861, 1 wrote to my sister: 'The present term began on the 28th of Feb. We have four lectures a week. Two by Professor Agassiz on zoology and entomology, and two by Professor Cooke on chemistry, Agassiz' lectures are superb. It is a perfect delight to listen to him, Cooke's lectures are good and are illustrated by experiments for which the university has the finest instruments in the world. In Greek we are reading Clouds of Aristophanes, a play. It is the best I have read so far. Our other studies are Latin, physics, botany, mathematics, and English composition. The advantages of living here are unsurpassed. In Lowell Institute of Boston, three courses of lectures, twelve in a course, are delivered each year. The lecturers are always eminent men. It was to deliver a course of lectures in Lowell institute that Agassiz first came to America.

'I have been at Longfellow's several times recently and have had interesting conversations with him on northern literature. I mentioned the History of the Viking Expeditions and before I told him of my wish to translate it he said: 'That is the book for you to translate. The field is entirely clear, and there is no work of the kind on the market.'

In Aug. 1861, I wrote home: 'I have visited James K. Lowell twice this vacation. I like him best of all the men connected with the college. I have attended a Methodist camp meeting at Cape Cod held in a beautiful grove, the ocean visible from both sides. I had heard much about these meetings and was curious to see how they were conducted. More than 3,000 persons were present. I saw no great display of emotion on the part of the newly converted — ten, I believe, in number. I spent a day on the Cape and was agreeably surprised by meeting three of my classmates.

June 5, 1862, I wrote to my sister Joe: 'I am to read my essay, "The Germanic Element in Civilization" in public on Monday in Harvard hall. There are sixty-eight closely written pages. It will occupy about an hour. I suppose you know that the English prize essay wins the highest honor in college. There are a number of competitors, and I am a little fearful of failure. I have worked hard on the article; I was the last man to hand his paper in. The papers were to be received up to midnight. I arrived with mine five minutes before twelve; delayed by a last reading.'

Monday I wrote: 'I have read my essay before a large audience. It was a complete success. Dr. Peabody, acting president, complimented me highly. I won the prize so clearly that even the competitors acknowledged the justice of the judges.

'I have never been busier than I am now; recitations of double length keep us alert. We have had the first really pleasant spring that I have seen since my arrival in New England. Cambridge is a perfect paradise in comparison with any western place. The evenings are wonderfully pleasant, and I must soon leave all this. I suppose I shall look back on my college days as the best portion of my life. One charm of college life is that you have a number of intimate friends who have the same studies and sympathies as yourself.

'I am going to have an elegant dinner some day this week. Last summer John Fiske fell desperately in love. He made me a confidant, and I told him I knew he would be accepted and engaged to the young lady within a year. He said if my prediction proved true, we would have, at his expense, the best dinner that could be got in Boston. He has been completely successful, and we are to have a grand time over it.'

The class of '63 was wonderfully fortunate. Our teachers were the first scholars of the country, men who had obtained wide fame. The instructor in English literature was Professor Child. I became well acquainted with him and after college days from time to time, as long as he lived, we exchanged letters. Another professor, who became my friend, was Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, professor of Greek, a native of Greece; a very peculiar man. He boarded himself and kept chickens for pets, always carrying, in his vest pockets, wheat to feed them. I think that he had a more intimate knowledge of Greek than any other man living in his time. A

student could always go to him for an unusual word, or for information on church history, and it was at his tongue's end. It has always been a mystery how a man so devoted to his own country could voluntarily exile himself from it.

About halfway between the old elm and the college grounds there was a house where Sophocles frequently visited. One day when passing, I saw him sitting at the side of this house. On his knee was a hen which was eating out of his hand as though he were the greatest friend she had. Many years later, when visiting Cambridge, I called on the old professor and found him petting a chicken that had a broken leg; the leg was in splints, and Sophocles was feeding the bird wheat and bread crumbs. An old Irish woman who was regulating the room looked at me and threw up both hands, as if to say: 'Poor man, he has lost his mind.' But this was not the case; his mind was as clear as ever. He had few intimates and, but for his pets, would have led a lonely life. Not long after ray visit Sophocles ordered Little, Brown and company to send me a copy of his Greek lexicon of the Roman and Byzantine periods. Later Brown wrote to me, saying: 'When we received Professor Sophocles' letter, I thought: 'Curtin must be one of the strangest men in the world for Sophocles to want to make him a present of his Lexicon, for he is so unspeakably proud of Greek that he thinks no man in America worthy of the book.' The mystery was how I got so near the old man's heart.

James Russell Lowell was professor of modern languages. He taught Spanish and Italian. He was probably the best Spanish scholar in America, except, perhaps Ticknor, who wrote the History of Spanish Literature. My second year in college I began to study Italian with Lowell. We read a great historical novel; the following year we read the Inferno. I studied Spanish as an extra, in German and Italian I got rank.

During my second year in college ten students, three from my class, were rusticated. The trouble grew out of a practice which had long existed of hazing freshmen, visiting their rooms and carrying them off, either to give them a bath in Charles river, or take them to some place and 'put them through a course of sprouts.' This now was forbidden. The class held an indignation meeting in a livery stable. Corute, Greenhalge, Fiske, and many

others were there. Comte made a fiery speech. When the time came for the men to leave Cambridge and study six months under a clergyman who was a friend of the college and would watch over them closely, the class hired a carriage, tied long ropes to it, seated the rusticated students in it, and drew the carriage to Cambridgeport amidst great crowds of people and immense cheering. I kept out of the trouble, for I had no time to waste. Then the students came back in a body and, standing before the president's house, hooted, hissed, and screamed. Afterward they walked defiantly across the college grounds shouting meanwhile. Six or seven of the ringleaders of this rebellion were rusticated for six months. The morning after they left, across the from the granite college building, appeared, printed in large tar letters: 'Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God.' This was done by our class.

While I was in college, another class stole the chaplain's bible and sent it to a western college with a letter, as if it were from the faculty, expressing sincere friendship for their western sister. There was a diligent search for Dr. Peabody's bible; no student had seen it or knew anything about it. A couple of weeks later a letter came from the institution to which the bible had been sent, thanking Harvard for its kind words and beautiful gift. The faculty made every endeavor to discover the guilty party but failed completely.

Soon after our men were rusticated, there was a great row between two of my classmates, Dennett and McCarthy, who were rivals in literary ability. Dennett was one of the editors of the Harvard magazine. The trouble arose over the management of the magazine. For six weeks they did not speak to each other. At last McCabe, the peace-maker of the class, decided the quarrel must end and he began to work to bring about a reconciliation. He was successful. At the end of a month's effort on his part, twelve or fifteen members of the class met in McCabe's room— Fiske, Hudson, and I were of the number. The rivals shook hands and promised friendship. A pitcher of beer was sent for, and each of us drank a glass to commemorate the event. Just as we were congratulating Dennett and McCarthy, Fiske leaned over to speak to Hudson, his chair slipped, and he went onto the floor to the great amusement of the crowd. All the students liked John. He was a fine scholar but he was also fond of having a good time. He and I were with each other a great deal, for, besides our college work together, we studied Hebrew as an

extra and recited to Dr. Noyes, a professor in the Divinity school. We also took up Sanskrit and Icelandic; there was no one in Cambridge to recite to, but we got along nicely.

In 1861 war broke out, and there was tremendous excitement in Harvard. The southerners, and those whose sympathies inclined toward the South, left college at once. Then gradually the students began to enlist. I wished with all my soul for the North to conquer and was ready to enlist if it came to the absolute need, but until that time came, I did not want to leave Harvard.

I had no chum in college; I roomed alone during the whole four years. At the end of the first half of the third year, a German professor decided that he must enlist, that fame awaited him in the army. Through my desire to know German as a German knows it, I had made his acquaintance soon after entering college. We had met often, always conversing in German — we were both disciples of Immanuel Kant. He now asked me to occupy his rooms and care for his treasures till I went or he returned. I remained in those rooms till I was graduated. That year I heard recitations in German and arithmetic, meanwhile keeping up with all my classes and half a dozen outside studies, such as Hebrew, Spanish, Sanskrit. Icelandic, etc., and during the year I read the new testament in Gaelic, occasionally finding a man from whom I could get the pronunciation.

During these three years changes had taken place at the stone house in Greenfield. Half of the farm had been exchanged for houses in Milwaukee, and the family had moved into the city.

One day during the summer vacation of my third year at Harvard, I walked from Cambridge to Concord, about seventeen miles, taking with me a letter of introduction to Ralph Waldo Emerson. I called at his house and found him unoccupied. He seemed pleased to talk with me, kept me long, and then urged me to remain for the evening meal. At the table was his daughter, a fresh, rosy, young woman; and a nephew, who was to enter the incoming class at Harvard. One sentiment which Emerson expressed that warm, beautiful afternoon has always remained in my memory. Its lack of humanity and narrowness struck me as a wonderful emanation from the mind of a 'sage': 'I care no more,' said he, 'for the history of savage peoples

than for the history of so many wolves.' We were speaking of the studies at Harvard, especially of history, and I remarked that it seemed to me that the more we knew about primitive men the better we understood our own history. Emerson cared nothing for an undeveloped mind. He took no interest below where he thought people were high enough to be of worth. He was a great stickler for the correct use of words; he spoke that afternoon of the improper use of the word 'balance' as meaning 'rest.' He asked if I had read Plutarch's Lives and asserted that, aside from the bible, no book was ever written which could be compared with it, especially for a young man.

During that summer vacation I worked out the Finnish language. I set before myself the task to read the Finnish new testament with no other aid than the English testament. I could have had a lexicon and a grammar but I took this way as a good exercise in handling a new language. It was also a school of reasoning, a process something like deciphering hieroglyphics. I did not know a word of Finnish and had no knowledge whatever of the structure of the language. I read carefully, sentence by sentence, the 'Gospel of St. John.' The recurrence of words assisted me. Where I found sentences too difficult, I left them and later returned to them. I would come upon a sentence in which I could not get all the words; I could not corner them. I made working theories for myself as to what those words must be and in another and easier sentence solved the question. The great interest was to corner a word, then I said to myself: 'Now I know who you are, you will not escape me again.' When I understood about half of the 'Gospel of St. John,' I began at the beginning of the testament at 'St. Matthew,' and fought through that book. It was more difficult than 'St. John' and richer in words. I accomplished my task in less than a month.

When I had finished the testament, I was tired of study and the following day, taking the book with me, I went to call on James Russell Lowell. He was living on KImwood avenue in the house in which he was born and where years later he died. I was glad that I had finished the testament and I thought that I would like to tell Lowell about it, for he was fond of good work and was a wonderfully sympathetic man. I had often gone to his house to read Spanish and Italian; I had also studied with him during vacations, as the journey to Wisconsin was in those days long and expensive, and I rarely went there. When Lowell was not busy at the college, he was usually at

home. If any one called whom he cared to see, he gave them a cordial welcome; if he did not wish to see the person, the servant said that he was occupied. Lowell, without losing any of the strength which is a necessary element of good manners, showed more gentleness than Longfellow, who was at times slightly austere. In dealing with men, if it were necessary, Lowell could be as austere as Longfellow, but in Longfellow austerity was sometimes to be seen when it was unnecessary.

It was a beautiful afternoon; the sunlight was illuminating certain objects in the library. Lowell was very handsome as he sat there surrounded by his books, the sunlight on his bronze beard. After examining some eastern work, that had recently been presented to him, he had taken up the bible, and, as I came in, had just finished reading a few chapters of 'Esdras.' I sat down, at his invitation, and he began at once to speak of what was uppermost in his mind. 'The East,' said he, 'is a wonderful country, not so much for its size as for a thing which men in the West do not yet understand; for the great mental labor that has been done there, and done, as nowhere else, without a thought of material benefit.' He had some Sanskrit books by him and, placing his hand on them, he added: 'Here is the richest treasure of the white race, and you and John Fiske are the only men among all our students, who have turned a thought towards it. But now I want to call your attention to something which few people think of, though it is in the bible, being in the "Apocrypha" they do not read it.'

Then he turned to the 'Book of Esdras' and read the third and the fourth chapters to me. The essence of them is that when Darius, the king, was sleeping, three young men of the guard came and looked at him, and they said: 'We will place three written sentences under Ihe pillow of the king. When he wakens each man of us will explain and defend his sentence, and the man to whom the king will award the victory shall receive a gold chain, and rich presents, and be called the cousin of Darius.' The sentence to be written was: 'What is the strongest thing in the world?' The first man said: 'The king is the strongest'; the second said: 'Wine is the strongest'; the third said: 'Woman is the strongest, but truth conquereth all things.'

When the king woke, the three chamberlains stood before him and told what they had done. The sentences were taken from under his pillow, and

the first man told what the power of the king was. Darius listened. The second man told what the power of wine was; the third what the power of woman was, and gave examples: 'She gives birth to men, she makes garments for men, and without woman cannot man be. But above all things truth beareth away the victory. As for truth it endureth and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth forevermore.' Lowell's face lighted up with enthusiasm as he read the last paragraph. After a while I showed him the Finnish testament and explained the process by which I had worked it out.

He looked at me, but all he said was: 'Will you leave this testament with me?'

'With delight.' I answered. He turned and put the volume in his bookcase. We talked awhile longer, and then I left.

In the senior year philosophy and metaphysics were the heavy studies; we had to write an article on them each week. During that year Lowell delivered before my class twenty lectures on Latin literature. Agassiz delivered lectures in the scientific room, and any student who so desired could listen to them. He did not prepare his lectures; he stood before a blackboard and talked, making drawings to explain what he said. He thought that many things seemed to lead to the Darwinian theory, still he believed in separate creations. He delivered twelve lectures at the Lowell institute in Boston. I attended them all, walking in and out each time. I also attended a series of lectures by Benjamin Peirce, professor of mathematics. I think I have never listened to lectures which gave me more pleasure. He simply talked. Lowell always had a manuscript; he wrote out his lectures with immense care. I consider that I was wonderfully fortunate in knowing in student days so intimately three of the greatest men that America has yet produced: Lowell, Longfellow, and Peirce, and the great man who came to us, Agassiz.

There was much less sport and far more study at Harvard in my day than now. The men found little time for ball playing and boat racing. They were striving for knowledge, and every hour counted. There were a few who wasted time, but not many. The class of '63 had a good deal of sport with Daniel Pratt, a kind of man that has now vanished from New England. He was a clever humbug, quite strong enough to sustain a battle of wit, but it is

not in any one man to get the advantage of a group of students. Pratt was the court fool of Harvard, but always in a quiet way, for he had wisdom enough not to offend anybody. On one occasion the students invited him to make a speech. He arrived, and at about eight o'clock in the evening they conducted him quietly to the gymnasium and to a box which looked like a platform. The student who had been appointed to introduce him did so with due respect. Pratt looked at the man and at us, then said: 'Gentlemen, I think that you and I are worthy of each other,' and without another word he left the platform. The applause was tremendous. He was not offended, he simply took in the joke. He was not only the butt of jokes at Cambridge but also in parts of Boston.

Pratt published a paper called the Gridiron, and he sold razors. At Harvard he got a good number of subscriptions for the Gridiron at fifty cents a year. He sent out the first number which was also the last to that subscriber. The razors he delivered in person. Pratt was a perpetual candidate for the presidency of the United States. On one occasion his pretended partisans, men who enjoyed a joke, gave him a reception. In an old carriage drawn by horses scarcely able to move they took him to a square and presented him with an address, which he received with a speech and thanks. The last time I saw Daniel Pratt, he was standing on Harvard square. His day had passed. The old ties were broken, a new generation of students had come in. A crowd of them was nearby and they had evidently offended him. One of the men approached and said. 'Mr. Pratt, please — 'I lost the rest of his words but I heard Pratt's angry answer: 'Harvard college would be an insane asylum if there were brains enough in it!' And getting onto a street car he started for Boston.

College days were nearly over for the class of '63. We counted the weeks and grew serious. Each man was thinking of the future, asking himself: 'Will my life be a success or a failure?' Each student had a number of intimate friends whom he would like to keep near him always, and he dreaded the parting of ways. Graduation day was bright and beautiful. We had elected, among other officers, a chaplain, our classmate, Thomas Wetmore Bishop. Only our class and the official chaplain of the college, Andrew P. Peabody, a man whom we all respected, could be in Appleton's chapel on graduation morning. At the end of four years of hard study, it was

a morning of highest dignity for us. Bishop made a prayer which was touching and beautiful, and 116 men, in full dress, listened to it with deep reverence. After the prayer we came out to the square where we formed in line, two abreast, and, conducted by a band of music, went by special invitation to the home of Jared Sparks, the former president of Harvard college, where Mrs. Sparks received us with much cordiality and grace, and a fine breakfast was served.

John Tyler Hassam had been elected class poet, but after pondering over it for four or five weeks had resigned. Charles Malcolm Boyd was then elected, and, though he had a short time for writing it, his poem was excellent. The oration was delivered by Edward Dorr McCarthy and was received with applause.

CHAPTER: 3

A New York Interlude

A few days after graduation, I went to New York to begin the study of law. James Russell Lowell gave me letters to George William Curtis, editor of Harper's Weekly, to Dr. Cummings, and to others. Professor Child gave me a letter to Henry D. Sedgwick, a distinguished lawyer, and letters to other friends of his. I soon became well acquainted with the Sedgwick family; they were in trouble at the time, for Grace Sedgwick, to the great grief of her parents, had recently become a Catholic. My first home in New York was a boarding house on the northeast corner of Gramercy square, 106 East 21st street, The house was kept by Seflora Cuppia to whom I carried a letter. The room she gave me fronted south and out onto the square; it was sheltered, the sun came in but no wind could trouble me. I arranged my belongings in this room and then said to myself: 'The first practical thing I can do is to call on Dr. Bellows.' He was the pastor of a great Unitarian church, and was the most celebrated New York preacher of his day; a magnificent man and a hard worker. He was very cordial and, when I told him that I was not only going to read law but get some occupation by which I could meet expenses, he said: 'I am president of the sanitary commission. There is a place vacant just now. It does not require much time, but unfortunately the salary is small, only fifty dollars a month. I said at once that I would accept the position and the next day I began work for the commission.

I soon made the acquaintance of, and began to give lessons to, a rich Irishman who could not read English. And the following autumn and winter I gave German lessons to different persons. Through a Cambridge letter to the president of a college in New York, I made the acquaintance of a German doctor. He later sent to me one of his rich patients who lived in an elegant home near the end of the island. She wished her daughters to learn German. It would require a good deal of time to go back and forth, time which it was difficult for me to spare, so I put a price on my services which

she was unwilling to pay. A few months later I met this woman and her daughters at Lord Clarendon's in London. When I was introduced to her, she said nothing, but I saw that she was greatly surprised.

That fall, though I was studying law and knew well the value of it, I could not give myself to it entirely; with law I was studying languages. I had decided to take up Russian. I hardly knew what led me to this. I seemed impelled toward it. Possibly, the thought had been in my subconscious mind from one day, three years earlier, when Longfellow called my attention to Krylov, the Russian fabulist, and told me that he had begun to study Russian because he wanted to come into touch with Russian literature and study Krylov "face to face' as there was an ocean of wisdom in his fables.

'There is not one fable,' said Longfellow, 'in Krylov's book which if it stood alone would not make a literary reputation. No man in modern times has dug down deeper into the sources where the motives of human action are found than has Krylov.'

I was a great admirer of Longfellow, and his words sank deep into my mind. I rejoice that Longfellow gave so many magnificent poems to the world but I have always regretted that he did not trace to its source the material used in 'Hiawatha.' The Iroquois were mortal enemies of the Algonkins, and it was by their adherence to the English that English dominion in North America was secured. The Algonkin force was on the French side. The Iroquois held all water communication between Lake Eric and Lake Ontario, at that time the greatest strategic position on the continent. They cut the Algonkins in two and prevented France from receiving their undivided assistance. Had the Iroquois been friends of the Algonkins and acted with them, there could have been no doubt of the triumph of France. In the face of all this Schoolcraft makes Hiawatha, who is peculiarly Iroquois, the leading character in the Algonkin conglomerate. Hiawatha, being an Iroquois of central New York, is connected more particularly with the region about Schenectady, while the actions to which Schoolcraft relates him pertain to the Algonkin Chippewa near Lake Superior. It is as if Europeans of some future age were to have placed before them a great epic narrative of French heroic deeds in which Prince Bismarck would appear as the chief and central figure in the glory and

triumph of France. The error and absurdity would be, as the Germans say 'colossal'; not greater, however, than in Schoolcraft's Hiawatha.

Longfellow, of course, could not have freed himself from the error contained in his material without a good deal of personal research. The thought did not come to him that Schoolcraft's statements might be incorrect, and the error did not prevent him from giving his work that indescribable charm which is inseparable from everything which he did.

The man who was teaching Longfellow Russian left Boston, and Longfellow was obliged to abandon the language, greatly to his regret, as he told me. I had studied Polish in college, working it out by myself as I had worked out Danish. I had bought Rieff's Russian grammar, looked it over, and learned the alphabet, but at that time I could not take up another language. When I decided to study Russian, I asked Dr. Bellows to give me a letter to Baron Robert Ostensacken, then Russian consul in New York. He did this and at the same time gave me a letter to George Bancroft, the historian, who was then living on Fifth avenue.

Ostensacken and I became great friends. He had many Russian books and periodicals, among them the Moskovski Vaistnih* and in it, running as a serial, was the celebrated Fathers and Sons by Turgenev, a magnificent story. In this novel, published in 1862, the word '*Nihilist*' is used for the first time, coined by Turgenev. Ostensacken loaned me books and also a Russian-German lexicon. I learned Russian through German, as there was no other way of learning it.

I was pleasantly situated, and with my teaching and studies all the hours of the day and many night hours were occupied. I had been in New York about three months when Sefior Gherardo Barrios, the president of San Salvador, and his wife came to board at Madame Cuppia's. Barrios had recently been driven from power by a revolution from which he and his wife had barely escaped with their lives. The president had been provident enough in his days of prosperity to place funds in New York, so, in a financial way he was well-to-do. Barrios had Indian as well as Spanish blood. He was a man of splendid physique, a large and tremendously strong person, apparently resolute in character, but, as it seemed to me then, insufficiently gifted with that keenness and craft used by men to obtain power and keep it. Seflora

Barrios, of pure Spanish blood, was a charming woman, a good-sized, elegantly formed person. with what one rarely sees in a woman, strength and still naivety. I was introduced to them by a man from Panama, a friend of John Dillon, the Irish member of parliament, who had given him a letter to me and sent him to Madame Cuppia's to board while doing legal work in the city. Sefior Barrios and I soon became friends, for I spoke with him in his own language — neither Barrios nor his wife knew one word of English.

That winter the Russian fleet came to New York to express friendship for America in her hour of need. Alexander II had once before during the Civil war shown his friendship most effectively, when, in reply to a letter sent by Napoleon III, he answered: 'Russia cannot become a party to any combination with other powers for the purpose of interfering in the affairs of a friendly nation engaged in a war to maintain its territorial integrity, and in event of interference by other powers, Russia reserves the right to take independent action.' Prince Gortchakov showed this letter to Andrew G. Curtin when he held the office of United States minister to Russia.

Admiral Lisovskii was in command of the fleet. The flagship was the Alexander Nevskii so named for the grandson of Yuri Dolgoruki; the other ships of the fleet were Peresviet (the light shines over) and the Osliabia named for a holy hermit. Dmitri Donskoi, when he made up his mind to attack the Mongols, went to the monastery of St. Sergius, about fifty miles from Moscow, to pray and to get the blessing of Osliabia, 'who was so holy that the birds and beasts were brothers and sisters to him.'

Baron Ostensacken took me on board the flagship and introduced me to Admiral Lisovskii, who made me acquainted with Captain Fedorovski and other officers and showed me every courtesy. I now had an opportunity to get a correct pronunciation of Russian. I had commenced with no idea whatever of the pronunciation. When I bought my Russian grammar, I learned, besides the alphabet, perhaps a hundred words. That was the extent of my knowledge Feb. 16, 1884, when I began Russian seriously. Among the officers was a Pole who for a time assisted me in speaking his own language. I could already read it but later I devoted all my leisure to Russian and studied with the same determination and energy with which I

had studied Latin and Greek in Greenfield, seizing every chance minute and going twice a week to the flagship. For a time the fleet was in the river, and I had to go out in a boat, but after the visit to Norfolk the Alexander Nevskii was at the wharf.

Towards the end of the winter Admiral Lisovskii's wife arrived in New York; she was the only lady who came out to her husband. She was older than the admiral and was very plain-looking. Not long after her arrival, a ball was given on the flagship. I had spoken with Lisovskii about Seflor and Seflora Barrios, and at my suggestion he sent them an invitation to the ball. There was a large number of New York society people present, and Seflora Barrios was happy, for if she could not talk she could dance. Not long after the ball Admiral Lisovskii and his wife called on the president and Seflora Barrios, and I had the task of talking for both sides using French and Spanish.

Some time passed, then there was a counter-movement in San Salvador; Barrios returned to the country, expecting to be given his former office. On landing he learned that his cause had failed. He reembarked at once but, while moving out from shore, a terrible storm rose; lightning struck the ship and disabled it. Barrios was captured by his enemies; they took the ill-fated man to land and shot him. Years later Senora Barrios, blind, poor, and old was obliged to enter a charity home in New Orleans. The day following the admiral's visit he and I had luncheon with the governor of Alaska, Maksutof, and his wife. They were interesting people. He was leaving almost immediately for his post — Maksutof was the last Russian governor sent to Alaska. He was an excellent man, cool, and self-contained, exactly the right person to send to Alaska at that time.

In May, Dr. Bellows sent a message asking me if I could call on him at a certain hour. After we had greeted each other and conversed for a few minutes, he said: 'Mr. Curtin, there is a Unitarian church in the city whose pastor has resigned. May I offer you the vacant pulpit?'

For a moment I was so surprised that I could not answer, then I said; 'I would take it with the utmost delight since you make the proposition, but I was reared a Catholic. How could I officiate in a Unitarian church?'

He was amazed. 'I thought,' said he, 'that you were a Unitarian.'

'It is natural that you should have thought so from the letters I brought and from my connection with Harvard college.'

'Well,' said he, 'I understand that you cannot become a pastor of a Unitarian church yet a while.' We had a hearty laugh over the affair, and I have laughed many times since when I have thought of our mutual surprise, and of my first and last opportunity to become the pastor of a church.

I still worked for the sanitary commission, gave lessons in German, and read law. Sundays I went to the French Catholic church, where the services were in French. In the afternoon I went to the Protestant French church and in the evening to a German church. I did this regularly all winter and summer, partly from habit and partly to train my ear. At my boarding place I spoke Spanish, a language of never ending delight for me.

Each one of the three languages which owes its vocabulary to Latin has its own greatness and its own special qualities. A man who knows all three of them and likes them, likes them for reasons altogether different. The Italian is descended not from Rome's literary language, but from the living word of Tuscany, one of the many forms of speech within Italian territory. French, though its vocabulary is Latin, is Latin greatly changed. It is not Latin in spirit; its spirit is composite, like the make-up of the French nation. But taken all in all, the predominant trait in French, the ruling note and the main mental quality is Celtic. In Spain the language has received and retained a certain something of Roman grandeur added to grandeur of its own. This places Spanish in the very first rank of remarkable languages and among the most noble form of human speech. Gloom, mysticism, tremendous and pitiless literal faith, producing a fanatical intolerance without parallel, from very remote ages, have left deep traces in the language.

But now the pressure came which caused me to leave all languages for one. That spring there came to New York a Russian officer, a skillful engineer by the name of Kishkin. I first met him on the Russian flagship. He rendered me immense service in the study of Russian. He had a fine voice and a beautiful accent. Kishkin remained all summer in New York. His rooms were not far from Union square, and to be near him I secured a room in the

next block. He worked on his commission during the day, but his evenings were free, and we spent them together; either he came to me or I went to him, and we conversed in Russian. Never in my life have hours passed as swiftly as during that summer.

I now, influenced by the Russians whom I had met, opened a correspondence with Washington regarding the secretaryship in St. Petersburg. Henry Bergh of New York was secretary but he had had trouble with Clay, the minister, and it was reported that he was about to resign. James Russell Lowell wrote to Seward about me, and so did George W. Curtis; Samuel B. Ruggles, an old New York lawyer and Wall street man. gave me a letter to Senator Foster of Connecticut, and Lowell sent me one to Charles Sumner. There was no man Sumner cared more for than for Lowell, unless it was Longfellow. I went to Washington and made an application for the office.

Sumner was very friendly. He advised me to ask Foster to go with me to Seward and he introduced me to Foster, who at once promised to do all he could for me. Seward received me cordially, spoke of his friendship for Lowell and assured me of the office in case Bergh resigned. I had never seen Seward before; his personality impressed me strongly. He was a small man with a peculiarly shrewd expression of face.

I went back to New York and giving up all other work devoted my time during July and August to the study of Russian. I worked by myself during the day and with Kishkin in the evening. In the fall of 1864 Bergh resigned, and President Lincoln appointed me secretary of legation to St. Petersburg with the salary of $1,800. I had not seen my mother or any member of my family since the summer vacation of 1862 and now I had no opportunity to visit Milwaukee, for I sailed almost immediately after receiving my appointment.

CHAPTER: 4

Introduction to Russia

I crossed the ocean on a French steamer and after spending a day at Havre went to London. On the steamer I had met an Englishman who recommended Hatchett's hotel on Piccadilly as being in the vicinity of the best antiquarian bookstores in London, so I went there. Near the hotel was the Albany clubhouse where Bulwer Lytton is said to have formed Platonic relations with a lady whom one day his wife found sitting on his knee. Unfortunately, Lady Lytton did not believe in Platonic love.

I called on Benjamin Moran, a Philadelphian, at that time secretary of legation in London. A splendid man, strong and faithful, a man who holding his own opinions was still able to avoid offending anyone. The English, without reference to party, were fond of him. Moran retained his place in London for twenty-five years, and was then appointed minister to Portugal. Though the position was higher, he would have preferred to remain in London. I chanced to be in the city when he started for his new home and went to the station to see him off. I never saw him again.

I had a letter to Charles Francis Adams and also one to Dallas, minister to France. I presented my letter to Adams and had an interesting call. He was an affable person and a pleasant conversationalist. In Paris, where I spent several days, I met Dallas and other Americans. The libraries and bookstores of the city attracted me greatly. I wanted to buy out every antiquarian bookstore in Paris, but lack of money and fear of Russian censorship limited my purchases to one book, a large French lexicon. From Paris I went to Berlin, where I remained a few days, then started for St. Petersburg, between the two capitals there is little to interest a railway traveler. It was near the end of October and bad weather; I was glad when the journey was over.

A few days later Cassius M. Clay, United States minister to Russia, presented me to the chancellor of the empire, Prince Gortchakov, and to

other official people. There was very little legation work to do, our duties at that season of the year were mainly social. Baron Ostensacken had given me two letters: one to his brother, who was secretary of the St. Petersburg geographical society, and one to Theodore Turner, a Russianized German, now a senator. At that time he had two young sisters, very attractive girls; they are with him yet. no longer young, but still unmarried.

January 1st, 1865 O.S. At the New Year's ball in the Winter palace I was presented to the emperor, Alexander II. This ball which takes place annually is a reception, ball, and supper in one. There are present many governors and generals from remote parts of the empire.

The effect of a ball at the Winter palace is remarkable. There is a certain immenseness. richness, and lavishness about it; then there is the contrast between the external cold and dreary weather and the warmth, brilliancy, and comfort inside. On entering the palace, careful servants relieve the guests of furs and wraps. There is no haste, no slowness. Persons who are to meet the emperor assemble in a large, beautiful hall and stand in order of precedence. The Spanish ambassador, Due d' Ossuna, was at that time dean of the diplomatic corps. Sir Andrew Buchanan was the English ambassador, and Count Talleyrand-Perigord was ambassador from France. After the ambassadors came the ministers; charge d'affaires and secretaries in the order of their arrival in the country; then private persons who had already been accepted. No one is accepted who has not been presented to his own sovereign or the head of his nation. This rule does not apply to Americans, for each American is considered as being able to meet his president at any time.

I had recently arrived and was, therefore, near the end of the line of diplomats. The work of the evening for the emperor is to meet the ambassadors and ministers, receive their greetings, and have introduced to him the newcomers of the diplomatic corps and the strangers. The emperor, in hussar uniform, entered the room accompanied by the master of ceremonies and court officials. Alexander II was a magnificent man. tall and majestic, with penetrating eyes and intellectual face. His bearing was full of dignity and simple honesty which seemed to give the man, without his seeking it, just that manner which was requisite in meeting all persons

with whom his duty brought him in contact. He seemed to have no more thought to look down on one man than to look up to another. I watched him attentively as he came along the line. He gave less time to one man than another, and a different kind of attention, but he gave the shortest time with as good a spirit and the different kind of attention with as honest an estimate. He said a word or two to the secretary of the Turkish embassy, who stood at my side, then he addressed me in French, saying: 'On m-a dit que vous venez d' arriver.'

I said in Russian: 'Your Majesty, I speak the Russian language.

He looked at me with astonishment and asked in his own language: 'Where did you learn Russian?'

'Your Majesty, I began alone, then the Russian fleet came to New York and I — '

He thought that I hesitated took advantage —'

'Of the opportunity and received instruction from the officers,' said I hurriedly lest he finish the sentence. 'It was and it was not, ya vospols ovalsya etim dutchaem' which literally means, 'I fitted myself with this happening.' The expression is quite idiomatic.

'Why did you enter the diplomatic service?'

'Your Majesty, I came to Russia to study the Russian people and the Russian state.'

'There is good literature in Russia,' said he, 'and our history is not without value.'

He was interested and talked for several minutes, till it attracted a good deal of attention and one and another was asking: 'Who is the man with whom the emperor is speaking so long?'

Then he said: 'You have begun well. I wish you success,' and he left me.

After the reception comes the ball. On this occasion there were 2,400 invited guests. The minute the emperor enters the ballroom the orchestra begins to play the polonaise, which is really a march or promenade. The emperor walks around the ballroom with the wife of the dean of the diplomatic corps, and all the gentlemen, taking ladies, follow him. This promenade opens the ball, dancing begins. The emperor waltzes once around the room with some lady of high rank. then takes another lady. After a few minutes he stands back and converses with different groups of men and women, always selecting them, no one speaks to him first. After about two hours of dancing and talking, supper is announced. At midnight the grand marshal opens the doors of an immense banquet hall which is decorated with palms, myrtles, flowering trees, and exotic plants. It is like a tropical forest. But among the trees and plants are tables. There is a table apart for the emperor, empress, and a few of the imperial family, but the emperor does not sit down until the supper is partly over; he passes around among the tables and speaks with one guest and another. Only four persons sit at a table, and there is a waiter for each table. Each person is perfectly served to an elegant supper. Meanwhile, there is music and singing. When the banquet is over, there is one more dance, a cotillion, and the ball is ended.

A few days after this event, at a large diplomatic ball, the emperor met General Clay, and said: General, your secretary speaks Russian wonderfully well. I heard some interesting words from him.'

Clay was pleased and repeating the emperor's words to me, said: 'You have made a great hit, a great hit!' Undoubtedly, it was the first time a foreigner had spoken Russian to the emperor and it gave him a genuine surprise, broke the monotony of an official reception, and hence pleased him. I met and talked with him at another ball during that winter, then at Gortchakov's reception, and at a reception given by the Grand Duke Vladimir. The impression made by his sympathetic face and calm dignity was ever the same; he always asked how I was getting along with my Russian.

I often met Alexander II riding in an open sleigh with no other attendant than his driver and a large Newfoundland dog that sat upright in the sleigh in front of the emperor. I have seen him walking unattended with the dog

close to his heels. Everyone on the street saluted him as he passed, and the salute was always noticed and returned. He was remarkable among the sovereigns of Europe for the quiet, unassuming manner in which he appeared before his people.

A week after the ball at the Winter palace Count Hitrovat, a court official, gave a ball at which Alexander II was present for a few minutes. There I met the governor-general of St. Petersburg, Prince Alexander Suvorof.

In greeting me he said: 'You have pleased our emperor. The officers of the Russian fleet tell me that ten months ago you could not speak one sentence in Russian, and now you speak as we do.' Suvorof knew the English language and enjoyed speaking it. He presented me to the princess and to his only daughter, Alexandra Alexandrovna, who spoke English perfectly and was curious to know all about the United States. I remember that the following day I sent her a copy of De Tocqueville's Democracy in America; she read it and made many interesting notes along the margins. When spring came, the family moved to their country residence in the suburbs of St. Petersburg, where there was open house for me. and I was often a guest there.

Prince Alexander Suvorof was a grandson of the great Suvorof, the Stormer of Ismail, and he told me many things regarding his grandfather. He related the following: (It is a historical event, but I give it in words of the grandson of the hero.) During his Italian campaign Suvorof, with an army reduced, weary from fighting and marching, and weakened by scant rations, had to turn northward and begin his celebrated passage of the Alps. On a certain day the soldiers were so exhausted that they refused to go farther and asked to be led back. Suvorof drew them up in line and gave command to dig a grave in front of the army. When it was dug, he stood on the brink and said: 'You wish to retreat? Bury me before you go, I cannot return with you.' With that he sprang into the grave and commanded: 'Now cover me!' There was a mighty outcry in the ranks and great wonder. No earth was put into the grave and there was no further talk of retreat. That Russian army crossed the Alps.

The storming of Ismail, at that time a Turkish fortress on what is now the Russian bank of the Danube, bears in every feature of it the stamp of

Suvorof's character and mind. A Russian army was encamped before Ismail, a strong fortress well provisioned and occupied by an army larger than that outside its walls. On the rear of the fortress was the river by which relief and provisions could be brought. The place could not be taken by siege without a long and tedious investment by water as well as by land. Winter was drawing near, a timely warning to take Ismail, or withdraw. The Russians were in doubt. They were discontented and low-spirited when early one morning a small, slender man with one Cossack attendant rode out of the mist and came slowly over the steppe toward the camp. When the two had drawn near, it was seen that the small, slender man was Suvorof. Then there was great rejoicing, for all knew that he had come to command the Russians and take Ismail. The attack and the plan of it were soon determined. The Russian soldiers, roused to the highest enthusiasm, were confident in themselves and sure of Suvorof. One morning before daybreak the Russians were under the walls and the storm began. Resolution on the Turkish side was not inferior to that on the Russian. The day before action Suvorof had summoned the Turkish pasha to surrender.

The answer was: 'Sooner will the sky touch the earth than the Russians enter Ismail.'

To which Suvorof replied: 'Tomorrow, before sunset, the Russian flag will be waving on the square of Ismail.' On the Turkish side every missile that could be hurled was hurled, every weapon that could be raised was raised against the Russians while they were before the walls and climbing the walls. On the walls, inside the walls, everywhere, the Russians were met face to face, hand to hand, with a furious, a raging resistance.

When Kutuzoff, who led one of the storming divisions, reached the top of the wall and held it amidst desperate fighting, he feared defeat and sent an adjutant to Suvorof with words to that effect. 'Tell Kutuzoff that I make him commander of Ismail!' was the answer sent back by Suvorof.

With the supreme effort, Kutuzoff and his men entered Ismail; the other divisions entered as well. On the streets, on the market place, in the houses, wherever men could fight, the Turks fought. It was only when resistance became impossible that fighting ceased. At four o'clock in the afternoon the Russian flag was raised over Ismail.

Never had a fortress been more gallantly defended, never had there been an attack which deserved the name 'storm' more completely. So perfect was the union between brain and muscle, between the head and the members of that complex body, an army, that the onset of the Russians was like the action of an elemental force. If there was any wavering, or rather halt, as when Kutuzoff was on the wall, the scale was soon turned by that impelling power in the rear of the storm: the brain of Suvorof.

When his work was done at Ismail, Suvorof, the small, slender man, mounted his horse and rode away over the steppe with his one attendant.' It is not to be wondered at that Prince Alexander Suvorof was proud of such a grandfather.

I was anxious to see the ancient city of Moscow, and one evening when dining at Suvorof's, I remarked that I would be absent from the city a few days, for I was going to Moscow. 'Well, Yeremi Davidovich, do not go till I give you letters to some of my friends there.' The next morning Suvorof sent me several letters, one to the governor-general, Ofrosimoff, and one to the chief of his chancellery, as well as one to Count Kreitz and to Nikolai Shimanovski, a man with whom Suvorof had campaigned on the Caucasus. I arrived in Moscow Friday evening, and 'Holy Saturday,' the day before Easter, I called on the governor. Ofrosimoff won distinction in the siege of Sevastopol. He had a great regard for the living as well as the dead Suvorofs. When my call was over, he sent his adjutant with me to Count Kreitz, who received me in a wonderfully friendly manner. He spoke of Easter and the midnight mass in the Uspenskiy Sobor, the cathedral where the emperor of Russia is crowned, and asked me to accompany him there. About half past ten in the evening he came to the hotel in an equipage drawn by a pair of Orloff stallions, one running at the side, Russian fashion, and I went with him to the cathedral.

For me the mass was remarkable, mainly because of the music which is wholly vocal and cannot be surpassed in eastern Orthodoxy. There was a tremendous bass voice with power which never touched its limit. At times it seemed to shake the air, the walls, the church, and to go down toward the very bowels of the earth, so deep, strong, and searchingly earnest was it; again it danced and delighted in its own beauty. The voices of the young

boys, wonderfully sweet, thin, buoyant seemed to pierce the roof and soar, swift as thought, toward the starry dome. And might not a believer think that those voices went straight to Him who sits on the right hand of the Eternal. It was to me marvelous music. It bore my soul away, made me forget time and place. Then the great moment came. The whole congregation formed in a procession, each person carrying a candle, and went around the church. When they were about to enter the building again, we slipped away and went to the home chapel of the governor-general, going in quietly ten or fifteen minutes before the service closed. The mass was, of course, poor if compared with the ceremony at the cathedral. It lacked the element of majesty which is present only in great churches, or under the open sky during night hours. When the end came, we heard the joyful words. 'Christ os voskres!' ('Christ has arisen!') and the response, 'Vo istyeva vonkria!' (In truth he has arisen!') And then followed kissing in sign of brotherhood, in sign that we are all eternal children of one eternal, almighty, ail-just Father.

The ceremony of kissing was most impressive. There was an earnestness and a simple cordiality that to me were a revelation. Before me were many persons; some of those persons formed part of the first society of Moscow and bore names among the most prominent in Russian history; before me also stood others who were servants of people of small import as the world considers them, but they all had their places in that great festival, master and servant, superior and subordinate mingled in that cathedral as naturally as sunlight, or the flowing of water, and saluted each other with 'Christos voshres? 'Vo istyena voskres!'

After the services the governor conducted us to the dining room 'to breakfast.' for that is the meaning of razgovlyatsya, the first meal after Lent which ends on Easter night. It is breakfast after the Easter midnight mass. There were many invited guests. General Ofrosimoff gave us an entertainment at once simple and elegant. There was no apparent effort to please anyone in particular, but he pleased all. Before parting lie had said or done something pleasant for each guest and had given each one an Easter egg of some style as a keepsake.

Each day during Easter week I was invited to a dinner. Perhaps the finest of those dinners was given by Count Kreitz. The dinner, though splendid as a gastronomic product, was surpassed by the social enjoyment obtained at it. The count had invited several very clever persons and among others Count Sollogob, a distinguished Russian writer. This man had unmeasured power of describing things just as they seemed to him, and, as he looked at everything from a visionary standpoint, his words were very striking. All that he said was strange in some degree, at times true, at times problematical. He was one of those persons who by their own unaffected originality, and without effort, provoke conversation in others.

The following day, with Kazarinoff, the governor's adjutant, I visited many of the historic places in and around Moscow, and climbed the tower of Ivan Vaeliki, which is 325 feet high. From the top of the tower there is a grand view of Moscow with its churches, its palaces, its golden domes, and green-roofed houses. Moscow is unique in its beauty and more attractive for the student than any city in the empire aside from Kief. How Moscow has met the enemies of Russia is well known. The last Mongol battles were fought around Moscow, and in that famous city John the Terrible lived and ruled. I dined with the governor's brother-in-law at a celebrated restaurant where a thoroughly Russian dinner was served: fish soup, fish eggs, young pig, and other delicacies. After dinner I went with the governor to the theater. The play was Gore ot vma or Woe from Wit. It was amusing and also tragic. The play was written by one of the most noted Russian writers, Griboyedov, a remarkable man. When Russian minister to Persia, Griboyedov was killed in Tehran by a Persian mob, for having allowed a native woman, whom they were abusing, to take refuge in the legation. His wife was a Georgian princess, a very beautiful woman.

After the dinner at Kren's came a dinner given by the ex-mayor of Moscow, Mihail Leontyevich Korolyoff. The dinner was gotten up without regard for cost and was a magnificent affair, a Lucullus feast. Korolyoff's residence was beyond the Moscow river in that part of the city which for centuries has been the stronghold of the merchant class. The houses of the well-to-do people in that quarter occupy broad spaces. At the side of each house is a wide, double gate opening into an enclosure in which there is room for everything: kitchens, servants' quarters, and storehouses. The Korolyoff

mansion was a broad and deep, two-story structure: both stories were occupied, but the front upper story was for large, social gatherings and receptions. I appeared at the house just as the clock struck five. Twenty-one men had been invited, so with the host twenty-two sat down, but first we had the zakuska, or bite, which is intended to rouse the appetite.

In Russian houses the zakttska is served sometimes in an adjoining room, but usually in the dining room itself at a side table. This was the case at Korolyoff's: first a small glass of vodka, pure or modified by various herbs and berries. The most remarkable of those modified drinks is called sorokotrmmaya (infused with forty grasses). This drink will ward off forty ailments if a man is in health or cure those same forty in case they come on him. The glass holds, perhaps, two tablespoonfuls. When this is drunk, everyone falls to eating. Fresh caviar is the tidbit whenever attainable; next follows preserved small fish, among which the herring holds, generally, the first place; then fish of medium size and large fish; preserved mushrooms; and still hosts of things impossible for one to describe, who is not a master of cooking. All the cunning of Moscow gastronomy and welcome was before us. The food was enticing, the host was persuasive: 'Gentlemen do me a kindness. Do not reject my bread and salt. Eat and drink in good health.' With these words and others of similar import, did our host plead his case to us. Then he turned to me and said: 'Yeremi Davidovich, eat and drink to your good health. America and Russia are big countries. The man who serves America well or who serves Russia faithfully must be strong, and he cannot be strong unless he eats generously and, when he eats, he must empty a small glass to moisten his throat properly.' This remark was duly applauded.

As soon as the zakuska was finished, our host, pointing to the dinner table, said: 'Now, gentlemen, perform an act of grace toward me.' He indicated the seat at his right hand to me and that on his left to Shimanovski. When seated, we waited a moment in silence. Then came in a swiftly moving line of servants with the first course which was a soup made of sterlet, a member of that family of fishes which includes the sturgeon. The sturgeon might he looked on as the rugged, rough worker, the giver of good substantial food; the sterlet as one that gives a dainty dish. The sterlet is the patrician of the family, and is one of the finest of fish, boneless and

exquisite in taste and flavor. It must be taken from the water, killed directly, and cooked at once. The high rank of this fish is involved in the life of its body. With sterlet soup is served a pate known as rastegdi, which when well made is delicious; soup and rastegdi are inseparable, each is at its best with the other. When the soup and fish had disappeared and the fragrant Cheau-Yquem had comforted each man, words began to come. Later they came more quickly, and, about the middle of the dinner, the highest exaltation was reached. The heart of man was glad at that board, his stomach was satisfied, and his brain reached a high activity. Ivan Leontyevich, brother of our host, sat at the opposite end of the table and was a kind of second host. At times there was one company at the table when the host conversed with some guest at the lower end of the table, or if he spoke, as he did occasionally, to all; again, it separated into parts. Ivan Iveontyevich entertained his friends, and the company talked in pairs till some joke or remark enlivened the whole party.

At our end of the table there was great animation. Shimanovski, who had served on the Caucasus, in the Crimea, and in other parts of the empire, had a large fund of anecdotes. He knew all shades of Moscow life thoroughly and was intimately acquainted with merchants. His vivacity and love of fun were infectious.

The ex-mayor was of those men whom Americans call self-made. His father was a peasant in a remote village of the province of Moscow. Mihail gained all his own weal. He rose to be 'honorary citizen,' a rank next to noble, and finally was made mayor of the great Russian capital.

At first he worked with his brother Ivan, and the two aided each other loyally. But at this time they were in business separately. Ivan confined himself to mercantile affairs strictly; Mihail attained distinction both in merchant circles and beyond them. Aware of his public services and his worth, the emperor, Alexander II. had visited in that house and had 'tasted of bread and salt' in the room where we were dining. Korolyoff loved reputation greatly. He wished to have a fame as wide as Russia. He desired first of all to be known as an honest man and a sound merchant; he wished to be esteemed also for his fortune and as a giver of splendid hospitality.

In the drawing-room, after dinner was over, twelve male singers entertained us with the national songs of Russia: 'Down on Mother Volga,' 'Rooms, My Rooms, Ye Oaken Rooms,' etc. Then the son-in-law of our host said: 'Sing "The Battle of Poltava," and I will lead the chorus.' Byron wrote of that battle:

And Moscow's walls were safe again; Until a day more dark and drear; And a more memorable year; Should give to slaughter and to shame; A mightier host and haughtier name.

The song was soul-stirring. That evening is one of the most delightful I have ever passed.

The next day I was informed that the merchants of Moscow wished to give a banquet in my honor. The banquet was in preparation when news came of the death of the heir to the throne, news which threw all Russia into mourning. I returned to St. Petersburg hut only after promising that I would come again for the banquet. The morning after my return came the terrible news of the assassination of President Lincoln.

I spent that summer and autumn in St. Petersburg occupied with official duties, and studying Slav languages: Serbian, Bohemian, Polish. Lithuanian. I also took up the Hungarian language.

CHAPTER: 5

A Moscow Banquet

I did not visit Moscow again till 1866 when I spent a leave of thirty days there, and in those thirty days I had but one opportunity of dining at my hotel. The banquet which was proposed the previous spring was arranged and announced when unexpectedly General Clay appeared in Moscow.

Shimanovski asked: 'Is it possible that the minister came purposely to ruin our banquet?'

'Oh, no,' I answered, 'the banquet will be all the more interesting now. You can make an international thing of it.'

'Koly Mohdets!' [What a fellow!] replied Shimanovski, 'but I think that he came for no other purpose.'

Clay was invited, of course, to the banquet and accepted the invitation. Then an official was sent to him to say: 'We are afraid that Prince Gortchakov will not permit this dinner to be given, not because he does not want it, but because it may offend France and England. The merchants were preparing the banquet for Mr. Curtin as a personal honor, but now that it is to be the American legation, we must get the chancellor's consent.'

They wrote to Prince Gortchakov, and he answered: 'Of course, give it, but it must be done in a certain way. It must be stated by General Clay that the banquet is given to Mr. Curtin and that he himself is simply one of the guests.' This answer was communicated to Clay.

Shimanovski was determined to have the orchestra play American as well as Russian music, so the day previous to the dinner he hurried off to Nicholas Rubinstein, who was at that time at the head of the conservatory of music in Moscow, and asked him if it would be possible to get two or three American pieces arranged for the band. Rubinstein sent in every

direction for musicians to assist him, and by the evening of the banquet the music was ready. This was the first time that American music was played at a dinner in Moscow. And the dinner was the first in Russian history given by the merchants of Moscow in their private and collective capacity to representatives of a foreign nation. The banquet came off in the great hall of Merchant's academy, an institution founded to give higher education to men occupied in mercantile affairs. There were 150 guests present. As we entered the dining hall, the orchestra welcomed us with American music. It was an elegant dinner given in the grand style of old-time Moscow hospitality. Moscow nobles wished to take part in getting up the banquet, but the merchants would not permit them to do so. The only nobles present were Katkoff, editor of the Moscow Gazette— the greatest editor Russia has ever known and one of the greatest the world has ever known — Shimanovski, the intimate friend of Suvorof and Prince Scherbatoff, mayor of Moscow. The merchants were just at this time beginning to get power. They were proud of their wealth and influence and wanted to make it felt as against the nobles.

The first toast at a Russian dinner is to the emperor. As soon as this was made, the orchestra played 'God Save Our Tsar,' then came a toast to the president of the United States, followed by 'Hail Columbia.' General Clay was then called on. He had written both of his speeches the day preceding the banquet. I have copied one of them, together with my own, from the diplomatic reports sent to America. The first was: 'Gentlemen, I am unexpectedly in Moscow, the cradle of Russian nationality. You had prepared this entertainment for my esteemed friend, Jeremiah Curtin, who has done himself the honor to learn your magnificent language, and I would not be present on your invitation did I not know that the Russian heart is large enough to include us both. I am proud to hear the name of the president of the United States associated with that of Alexander II, the illustrious sovereign whom God has given to our times, for the good of Russia, and the glory of all ages. It is the fortune of both of these rulers of two great nations to devote their lives to the liberation of the enslaved, and to the elevation of the whole people to equality before law. I cannot but regard the coincidence as the work of Providence which inscrutably designs, and ever advances in monarchies and in republics, the liberties and the civilization of the human race. Let us bow in submission to the Divine

will and hold the friendship between the people of Russia and America, which he has indelibly written in the annals of history, sacred to the family hearthstone, as the love of country, and as that honor which, though often reddened with the blood of the heroic martyrs of liberty, yet lives forever untarnished.'

After prolonged applause Mr. M.A. Gorboff responded. Following his speech the orchestra played 'The Star Spangled Banner.' Then I was called on. I said: 'Gentlemen, General Clay, the representative of the United States of America to Russia, is unacquainted with your language, and, as thanks for a Russian greeting are difficult in a strange language, it becomes my pleasant duty to answer your words of welcome in your mother tongue. With my whole soul I thank you for the honor you have shown my country. Knowing how dear Russia is to the hearts of ail who surround me here, I have the assurance that the toast for the prosperity of Russia and America, and for the continuance of their mutual friendship is not empty words, but expresses a sincere wish and a joyful greeting. For me, and for every one of my countrymen, nothing could be pleasanter than this toast which I hear today in the ancient capital of the Russian empire.

'In the history of our relations with foreign powers, for us Americans the brightest fact is the unshaken friendship and kindly disposition toward us of the Russian people. In this kindly disposition we rejoice; this friendship we highly prize.

'In an hour of bitter trial the friendship of Russia did not betray us. From her we heard words of sympathy and encouragement. Those words are graven upon the hearts of the American people. We cannot forget them. Our friendship is not the result of accident, or caprice; it is founded on permanent and natural principles, and is of such character that we may rely on its continuance and development. We are bound together by pleasant memories, by mental sympathies, and by religious tendencies.

'It is known that in New York at the present time a Russian church is about to be built with Russian and American money. As regards material relations, Russia and America have joined hands. I allude to the Russian-American telegraph, an enterprise of worldwide significance. I was in America when that bright thought, now in the course of realization, was first conceived. I

remember the enthusiasm with which it was received and I can boldly say that never has an undertaking had such popularity as the proposed union of your fatherland with mine. My countrymen are waiting impatiently for that moment when, expressing their feelings of respect and gratitude, the president of the United States shall send by the newly constructed line his greeting to the Russian emperor. You have spoken of the past and future of Russia and America. To this I answer that for the past we have no reason to blush and for the future we need not fear. In the past, with unshaken reliance on God, both Russia and America have battled for independence from foreign power and against foreign interference in whatever form it might appear; with what result is known to the world; and it is our prayer that as the Lord has been merciful to our fathers, so He may be to us, and to our posterity.

'In the future, knowing each other better, we shall draw closer together, for I am sure that if my countrymen knew Russia, even as I know her. they would love her still more than they do now.

'The year that I have spent in Russia is one of the pleasantest of all my life. My only regret is that I am not able to express even a small part of the feeling which I entertain toward you and your country. I am still an insufficient master of the Russian tongue and I say that which I can, not that which I could wish to say. But I rejoice that here in ancient Moscow, on the hearthstone of Russian hospitality, I can give you in Russian words my soul felt thanks for your friendship to my country, for your kindness and your noble hospitality to myself, and it will ever be the brightest recollection of my life that I have been the welcome guest of one of the most heroic and famous cities of which history makes mention. In closing I will say with one of our American poets:

God bless the great Empire

That loves oar dear Union;

Success to her people;

Long life to her Tsar!'

A copy from a Russian newspaper: 'Mr. Curtin spoke with feeling his sentiments, and the Russian words with winch he expressed them carried all hearers to enthusiasm. Nearly every sentence of his speech was interrupted by deafening plaudits, and long after its close guests crowded around him, hastening one before another to embrace him.' When I finished speaking. Katkoff left his place at the table, came to me and kissed me; there were tears in his eyes.

The most developed and perhaps the keenest of the Moscow merchants, the translator of Dante's Inferno, made a speech and proposed my health. He said: 'Gentlemen, never have I so desired to speak well as at the present moment. I have no speech prepared. But what need have I of a speech! I feel that no matter how early I might have begun it, no matter how I might have labored upon it. I should not have attained that warmth. that force, that heartfelt sympathy which we have heard in our mother tongue in the speech of our dear guest. I have risen to thank this guest whom, to the great gratification of us all, I can name as we name ourselves in Russia, with his own name and the name of his father, to thank Yeremi Davidovich Curtin [Bravo! bravo!]. Permit me gentlemen, permit me; again you interrupt me! What remains now for me to do? I shall do that which he himself has done. He finished his speech with a verse from an American poet, I shall finish mine with a line from the greatest of our poets. Yeremi Davidovich neither do I know, nor does anyone present know, how to thank you as we could wish for all you have said "Where there is much feeling there are few words." — To the health of Yeremi Davidovich!' It is impossible to give an idea of the prevailing enthusiasm.

Clay's second speech was an attack on England. The English were at that time preaching free trade; Russia and America were for protection.

Soon after this in a diplomatic report of Feb. 6, 1866 Clay states : 'Much of the good feeling existing towards this legation is owing to the character and merits of Mr. Curtin. who has learned the Russian language and speaks it fluently. In this language he delivered his speech in Moscow to the delight of all Russia. He is a great acquisition to the legation.' I note this because later Clay became my enemy.

When the banquet was over and we were going away, Katkoff said: 'Yeremi Davidovich, we must have a correct account of this dinner. We cannot get it into tomorrow's paper — we are not equal to that yet in Russia — but will you come to my office tomorrow evening and assist me in correcting the speeches?* I went at the appointed time, carrying Clay's speeches. Katkoff and his partner, Leontieff, a small, humpbacked man, mentally great, however, met me. Katkoff was a stern, unbending, puritanical man with a marvelous command of the Russian language. We went to work. I put Clay's speeches into Russian while Katkoff wrote a leading article; the whole staff was at work. I left the office at five o'clock in the morning just as the bells of Moscow were ringing for early service. I went to the Hotel Dresden, where I was stopping, and slept till ten o'clock. When I woke, the paper with a full account of the dinner was on the stand by my bed.

Clay went back to St. Petersburg that day, and I returned a day later. The first call I made was on Prince Suvorof. It was Sunday. The Russians attend services Sabbath morning and in the afternoon receive or make calls. There were twenty-five or thirty persons present. The princess had a queenly way of receiving guests. In a corner of a beautiful drawing-room, adorned with tropical plants and with cut flowers, was an elaborately carved armchair; in that chair the princess sat, never rising unless some lady of very high rank came. When I entered the drawing room, Suvorof was speaking with some gentlemen. The moment he saw me, he called out: 'Oh, Yeremi Davidovich, how glad I am that you are here!' and coming forward he kissed me three times, 'in Orthodox fashion.' as he said. Then, turning to his guests, he said: Just think, Katkoff has kissed this man!' — It seemed wonderfully strange to him that such a stern, unbending man should yield to emotion so far as to kiss another man. He was delighted with the reception given me in Moscow.

That afternoon I called on Admiral Shestakoff. When the servant announced me, the admiral rushed out, kissed me, and exclaimed, 'Magnificent! magnificent!'

Through the papers all Russia knew of the Moscow banquet, and wherever I went I was met with demonstrations of goodwill and affection. As I could speak their language, they seemed to take me at once into their hearts — I

was not 'a foreigner. The London Times had a reporter in Berlin whose duty it was to watch for Russian events and send an account of them to his paper. He translated Katkoffs report of the banquet, and the Times published it together with an editorial which created a sensation in Russia and England. An attempt was made to attach a political significance to the banquet. Men had not forgotten the alliance between the English government and that of Napoleon III, and there were not wanting those who saw the foreshadowing of an alliance between Russia and the United States. At all events, these Moscow speeches were eagerly read in London; they were also read in the remotest corners of the Russian empire; and the names of the accredited representatives of the United States became household words.

CHAPTER: 6

Fox's Visit to Russia

On February 19th, the anniversary of the succession of Alexander II to the throne, and the anniversary of the abolition of serfdom. General Clay and I were invited to a banquet given by the Mercantile club of St. Petersburg. We were received with enthusiasm and were made honorary members for life. There was a good deal of speech making. General Clay made a fine speech, and to a toast 'To the strengthening of the bond of friendship between Russia and America' I said: 'Gentlemen, in this assembly and on the present occasion it is unnecessary to dwell either on the causes or the significance of the friendship between Russia and America, that it is sincere and heartfelt no one can doubt and in the present century, when moral influence is steadily increasing in strength, everyone will agree that the united voices and sentiment of Russia and America possess a value and an efficacy which form a new element in the politics of the age. With your permission I shall therefore speak of Russia alone.

'Shortly after my arrival in St. Petersburg, I heard for the first time your national opera, Life for the Tsar. After witnessing the principal scenes, the self-sacrifice, and the death of Susanin, and the young tsar's triumphal entry into Moscow amid the blessings of a delivered people, I could not but exclaim to myself: "How remarkable and how pathetic was the origin of the house of Romanoff!"

'In time of peril and danger, when a merciless enemy was hoping to ruin and enslave Russia, Michael Fedeorovich Romanoff, by the universal voice of his countrymen, was chosen tsar. The life of the newly elected monarch being in danger, a simple peasant, van Susanin, gladly laid down his life that the nation's chief might live. At the present time when Russia, powerful and firmly established, fears no enemy, Alexander Romanoff, the descendant of him whom Susunin saved, in granting liberty to all peasants has given them life in the highest sense of the word, and thus nobly repaid

the debt of gratitude incurred by the founder of his line. Where in history are we to seek a similar example? Where are we to find such a bond of union between a sovereign and his people?

Since the greatness and development of Russia began with the house of Romanoff, and since one of the principal supports of this house was the toiling and devoted peasantry, the men who did the work and Michael Fedeorovich Romanoff, the son of the metropolitan of Ilostof, was only sixteen years of age when he was asked to leave the monastery, where he was being educated, and accept the throne of Russia. He was unwilling to do this, but he was at last persuaded and took up his residence on the Romanoff estate in Kostroma. The Poles, still determined to get possession of the country, sent a party of men to assassinate the young tsar. When near Kostroma, those men separated into small bands and arranged to meet at the tsar's residence. One of the bands, meeting a peasant, inquired the way to the Romanoff estate, telling him they had been sent to the tsar on Important business. Ivan Susanin at once suspected foul play, for be detected the Polish accent. A fearful snowstorm was raging; he conducted the men to his cottage, which was nearby, 'for rest and food,' Meanwhile, he sent a trusty messenger to warn the tsar.

A little after midnight, guided by Ivan, the Poles started. Snow was falling, and the wind was carrying it along in drifts. Ivan led the men by ft roundabout way into the depth of the forest and, when they were completely exhausted, he told them that he had missed the road. They accused him of treachery and were furiously angry. Thinking that the tsar was safe, Ivan fearlessly declared that he had purposely led them astray. Their wrath was unbounded; they seized him and literally chopped him to pieces. Most of the band perished In the forest, but a few escaped to tell of Ivan Susanin's 'treachery.'

During the reign of the Emperor Nicholas a beautiful monument was erected on the square of Kostroma in memory of Ivan Susanin, the peasant who sacrificed his life for the tsar, fought the battles; on this ever memorable day in Russian history, on the 19th of February, the anniversary of the succession of the present beloved tsar to the throne; and the anniversary of the day when the serfs of Russia became freemen, permit

me, gentlemen, to offer the following sentiment: May your country, free and powerful, flourish through all coming time; may the house of Romanoff, which has seen the rise and growth of your greatness, ever continue to direct the destinies of your nation, and assist in the path of progress those newborn freemen whose day we are now celebrating.' This dinner was in February, 1866. On the 16th of the following April, Karakozov, a man of Tartar origin, fired at Alexander II, whose life was saved by the providential presence and quick comprehension of a peasant.

Ossip Komissaroff had left his home that morning to go to a little chapel on an island in the Neva to thank God for restoring his health after illness. When he reached the river, he found that the movable bridge leading to the island had been taken away lest the spring break-up of ice should destroy it. He then started to go to the palace quay. On approaching the summer garden, he saw an imperial carriage standing near the gate and, hoping to get a glimpse of the tsar, he pushed into the crowd of people waiting for the sovereign to pass. Suddenly he noticed a large man, who seemed determined to get to the very front. Wishing to get there himself, he followed the man closely. Alexander II soon appeared, accompanied by the Duke of Leuchlenberg and the Princess of Baden. Before getting into the carriage he stopped to put on an overcoat. At that moment the man whom Komissaroff had followed drew a pistol from his pocket, aimed and fired at the emperor. He was so near that the shot must have been fatal had not Komissaroff struck up his arm just as he pulled the trigger, causing the pistol to discharge in the air. The crowd rushed at the would-be assassin to tear him to pieces and would have accomplished their purpose had not the emperor, who was perfectly calm, called loudly: 'Let him alone, children! Let him alone!' There was silence at once, and the police secured the man.

'Who art thou asked the emperor.'

'A Russian.'

'Russian?! Why then do you wish to kill me?'

Because you have deceived us and given us liberty without land.* This endeavor to personate a discontented peasant was not successful; under the

red shirt of a serf was fine linen, and in the man's possession were papers proving his connection with the Nihilists.

The emperor went first to the Kazan cathedral to give thanks to God for preserving his life, and afterward to the Winter palace where at an impromptu reception, he called for Kornissaroff. General Todleben, one of the leading officers of the Russian army, the hero of Sevastopol, had brought the man in his carriage and he now led him forward. The emperor embraced Kornissaroff and proclaimed him a noble from that hour. When asked where his birthplace was, his answer, 'In Kostroma,' made a deep impression upon Alexander II and upon every person who heard it, and afterward upon the people of all Russia, for Kostroma was the birthplace of the peasant Ivan Susanin, who in 1613 saved the life of the founder of the house of Romanoff. The rescue was now regarded as a direct interposition of God in behalf of the sovereign who had liberated so many of his people.

Kornissaroff was authorized to add to his name Kostromski to distinguish him and his descendants forever. Indescribable joy and enthusiasm reigned, processions filled the streets, the national hymn was heard in every part of the city, throngs of people, determined to see for themselves that their beloved sovereign was safe, surrounded the Winter palace and hurrahed till His Majesty came again and again to the balcony. They even camped and remained all night, and the next day demanded to see the emperor, and as one multitude saw him another succeeded until probably nearly every man, woman and child in St. Petersburg had looked on the sovereign. Several times I drove to the neighborhood of the palace and I think that I never before, nor have I since, looked upon such a mass of people.

The day of the attempted assassination I was dining at the English club— a club about which there is nothing English but the name. The news caused immense excitement; every man seized his hat and rushed away to get more accurate information, and satisfy himself that the emperor was uninjured.

Komissaroff was given houses, land, and treasures. In a few hours a poor peasant, a newly emancipated serf, became a rich noble. The following week he was the guest of honor at a banquet given by the English club. During the speech making I by chance said a few words which roused the company greatly. I recall only one clause: 'The unseen hand of the Lord

directed the hand of this young man, who is your guest today, in saving the life of the sovereign who has liberated more men than any person in human history has been able to enslave.' The people were still excited over the event, and those simple words were followed by embraces, kisses, and immense applause.

Pushkin, the great Russian poet, was killed in a duel. Among the 150 guests present at this banquet was his second in the duel, Danzas. a very old man; after my speech he said: 'Yeremi Davidovich, do you know that you are a magician, a wizard?' I suppose it seemed strange to him that a foreigner should speak sympathetic, appreciative words in Russian. Foreigners in Russia at that time, if they spoke any language aside from their own, spoke French.

As soon as Mr. Seward received official notification of the attempted assassination and the emperor's escape, he sent a dispatch to General Clay instructing him to seek a personal interview with Alexander II and congratulate him in the name of the United States. On the 29th of May, Clay delivered the message to the emperor. Meanwhile, the Republican party in congress thought that something more than a formal message was due to a sovereign who had stood by us in our hour of peril, and the following resolution was passed by the house and senate: 'Be it resolved by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America in congress assembled, that the congress of the United States of America has learned with deep regret of the attempt made upon the life of the emperor of Russia by an enemy of emancipation. The congress sends greeting to His Imperial Majesty, and to the Russian nation, and congratulates the 20,000,000 of serfs upon the providential escape from danger of the sovereign to whose head and heart they owe the blessings of their freedom.

'And be it further resolved, that the president of the United States be requested to forward a copy of this resolution to the emperor of Russia.' To give this action as much importance as possible it was resolved to send the message by a special envoy. Gustavus Vasa Fox, assistant secretary of the navy, was selected as envoy, and he asked that he be sent on a monitor, as no vessel of that class had ever crossed the Atlantic The Miantonomach was

chosen and was accompanied by the steamer Angusta. Such honor had never been shown Russia by any nation.

When the steamers reached Copenhagen, Fox was told that it was dangerous to proceed to St. Petersburg as cholera was raging there — exaggerated reports, undoubtedly put in circulation to prevent the success of the enterprise. He telegraphed to Clay saying: 'If the danger is great. I will leave the ships here and come by rail.' Clay answered that there was no danger, to bring the ships if it took all summer. Fox, not satisfied, telegraphed again. Then Clay said I had better go to Copenhagen and assure Fox that there was no cholera in St. Petersburg. He telegraphed to Fox that I was on the way, but that it would be wise not to wait. The steamers left port a few hours before my arrival. When I returned to Russia, they were anchored at Kronstadt, and Fox was on his way to St. Petersburg on August 6th.

The emperor was at Peterhof, and there, with great honor and ceremony, he received the congratulations of the congress of the United States. Then he appointed Admiral Lisovskii chief of a committee to show hospitality to the envoy and his officers. Beautiful rooms in the Hotel de France were assigned to Fox. The first banquet was given by the members of the Kronstadt naval club, and it was perhaps the most impressive banquet of the whole series. There were 450 guests present. A great crowd had assembled in front of the building to see 'the Americans' as they passed. A naval band, stationed by the entrance, played 'Hail Columbia.' A committee of naval officers received the guests of honor at the door and conducted them to the dining hall, which was magnificently decorated with portraits, banners, wreaths, and tropical plants. The orchestra of Ladoff from St. Petersburg occupied one gallery, and the port hand of Kronstadt the other.

A splendid dinner, of luxuries not to be obtained in Kronstadt or the north, was perfectly served. Many speeches were made, and the enthusiasm became so great, so elemental, that when Fox made his last speech, gave out the last great words, both he and Admiral Lisovskii, who translated for him sentence by sentence, were standing on the table among the dishes and bottles, and each man of the 450 was on his feet shouting and applauding.

At Fox's table, which was at the head of the room, sat several specially distinguished men, among them Prince Paul Gagarin, president of the council of the empire, an old man, certainly the most austere and self contained person in Russia; he had less to say and to do with people than any other man in St. Petersburg. When the tempest was at its height, Gagarin said to me: 'Mr. Curtin, will you be so kind as to convey to the Honorable Mr. Fox how deeply we feel this?' and tears were in his eyes. It was the honor shown to Russia which moved him.

When the banquet was over, Lisovskii invited Fox to the house of Peter the Great to meet a party of well known men and women. But a large number of people remained in the dining hall. When I returned to the hall an hour later, I found an excited crowd and from the midst of it I heard an angry voice say in English: 'I'll not allow any one to insult an American officer!' Pushing my way into the throng, I found Captain Murray with his hand on his sword. The instant he caught sight of me he shouted: 'Be so good as to call a carriage! Unfortunately, I cannot say a word to this mob; I'll get out of the place and never, set foot in it again.' He wanted to go directly to the ship. I could not convince him that what he thought an insult was in fact a testimony of high respect. They had wished to toss him up in the air. I explained to the Russians, who were surprised and troubled, that the commander had never witnessed the ceremony, or heard of it, and had completely misunderstood their intentions. I sent for a carriage, and we entered it together, but in place of taking him to the ship I told the driver to go to the house of Peter the Great.

Lisovskii, by marvelous good luck, chanced to be at the door and immediately got hold of the commander, saying: 'How glad I am that you are here! How good of you to cornel' and before Murray knew where he was he was surrounded by people and seated by a young Russian lady, who spoke Knglish perfectly, Countess Rebinder; his anger was gone.

The next evening a banquet was to be given by the mayor of Kronstadt in the name of the municipal corporation; and the following day there was to be a reception at General Clay's in St. Petersburg. Clay, knowing the order of the festivities, had issued invitations to the entire diplomatic corps, and to all the officials whose position entitled them to meet Captain Fox, the

assistant secretary of the United States navy. When an invitation was shown to Fox. he said: 'I cannot meet anyone on that invitation; it would stultify the whole position. I am assistant secretary of the navy. I think that in the history of the United States there has never been so high an official sent to deliver a message, and it was done to show special honor to the emperor. I cannot meet people as "Captain Fox." He had been a sea captain in early life, and the title still clung to him in America. Clay had made the blunder simply from lack of forethought, and now he was in an awkward position.

I was present when the conversation took place but said nothing until Fox left the room. Clay was chagrined and troubled. His first question was: 'How is it possible to get out of such a position as this? If I recall the invitations, what reason can I give for doing so? What is to be done?'

I thought a moment and then said: 'With your permission I will hurry off to St. Petersburg and have new invitations printed and sent out to each person on your list. The Russians will think it some American formality; the position will be saved and Fox satisfied.' This was done but it required so much hard work that I missed the steamer going from St. Petersburg to Kronstadt. There was no way but to go by rail to Peterhof and then by steamer, but, as there was no regular steamer, I found that I could not arrive in time for the banquet and I telegraphed to the mayor why I could not be present.

He replied: 'Come at once. A steamer will be waiting for you at Peterhof,' and there I found it ready to leave the moment the train arrived.

The banquet was given at the city hall. It was an elegant affair. Among the 150 guests were many men known throughout Russia. Many speeches were made. When called upon, I said in Russian: 'After Peter the Great had opened a window looking upon Europe he founded Kronstadt and created a military fleet that it might stand guard before this window. The Baltic fleet has religiously fulfilled this duty bequeathed to it by the great reformer of Russia. For more than a century has Kronstadt and her fleet jealously kept this sacred post, and not one of the many foes who has made war against Russia has been able to close the window opened by the powerful hand of Peter I, and I am convinced that in the future also, no one will be able to close it. I, therefore, beg leave to propose a toast to the city and fortress of

Kronstadt, to all Russian seamen, and to all the present inhabitants of Kronstadt.'

I quote from Fox's report: 'Mr. Curtin's speech in the Russian tongue, which he has learned to use with fluency, and his happy allusion to a verse of Pushkin, one of Russia's most popular poets, that Peter the Great had opened a window into Europe, created a tremendous burst of applause, loud and prolonged.' The reception and standing lunch given by General Clay was a decided success. There were no speeches.

The next banquet was given by the Merchant's association of St. Petersburg at their clubhouse on Nevsky Prospect. The broad street in front of the club was packed with people, and as we drove up to the entrance, we were greeted with deafening shouts. Four hundred persons sat down at tables glittering with silver and glass and adorned with beautiful vases filled with flowers; an unusual decoration was ripe pineapples growing in ornamented boxes. These and many other exotic plants were from the conservatory of Mr. Outine whose splendid country seat is at Kamenoi-Ostroff.

When the dinner was over, Admiral Gorkovenko and I stepped out onto the balcony. The square and the streets leading to it were so densely packed with human beings that all traffic was suspended. As we stood looking down on the throng, Gorkovenko asked: 'Isn't this a fine sight?' and added: 'All these people have assembled to show honor to the envoy who comes with such a kindly message from a foreign nation.'

Aug. 18 the Russian Merchant's society gave a great banquet at their summer clubhouse on one of the islands of the Neva. August 20th there was a review at Krasnoe Selo, and later a lunch given by the empress, at which the empress was present and many of the imperial family. That evening one of the finest of all the entertainments was given by Vassili Fedeorovich Gromof, a rich lumber merchant, one of the most patriotic and liberal-hearted men I have ever known. The fete took place at his villa on an island in the Neva. The villa is surrounded by a magnificent park celebrated for its natural beauty. The lawn in front of the villa was illuminated by a great number of lanterns arranged in appropriate designs. In the center blazed: 'Russia-America 1863-1866.' The date of Russia's visit to America and America's to Russia. In the building, lighted by a thousand lanterns, military

bands were playing. Grottos, fountains, and the bridges of the canal which crosses the park were brilliantly illuminated. Among the many guests were ministers of the government, navy and army officers, foreign diplomats, and leading society people of the city.

At midnight a supper was served at which the luxuries of many countries appeared. Afterward came songs by a celebrated singer from the Don. Then, to do all that was possible to honor his American guests, our host himself played on the piano 'Hail Columbia.' Later there was dancing. The elaborate character of this entertainment may be judged by the fact that it cost upward of $25,000.

Aug. 22nd I was at a banquet given by the emperor in honor of the American mission and 100 invited guests. Besides the emperor and empress, there were many of the imperial family present. The only toast given was by the emperor, who said in French: 'I drink to the prosperity of the United States and to the continuance of friendly relations between the two countries.'

Court dinners are ceremonious affairs and fortunately are soon over. It was an ideal summer evening. We walked around the grounds and listened to music by military bands. We spent the night in the palace and returned to St. Petersburg the following morning.

Before the dinner an amusing incident occurred. I went to the palace with Abaza. secretary of the department of ceremonies of the imperial court, somewhat in advance of Mr. Fox and General Clay. As we were walking around waiting for them, a little Russian girl, perhaps nine years old, came up to me and asked: "Where are the Americans? Will they come soon?'

Evidently she was tired of waiting.

At that moment the party appeared, and I said: "There they are now.'

'Oh, no, no!' said she, 'those gentlemen are Russians; the Americans are red people. When do you think they will come?' I could not convince her and was obliged to leave the child waiting impatiently for red men.

Aug. 23 Secretary Fox and party and about twenty officers with gentlemen of the receiving committee set out for Moscow; General Clay and I accompanied them. We went in two special cars provided for the occasion by the city of Moscow. The coaches, both inside and outside, were elaborately decorated with red, white, and blue; and in one a fine lunch was awaiting us. It is 400 miles from St. Petersburg to Moscow. The country seen from the railroad was at that time uninteresting; half of it, at least, being covered with forests of spruce and birch. But it was a glorious day, and the journey was enjoyable. Dinner was served in the refreshment rooms of the Luban station. At the Tchudova station a Novgorod deputation composed of the governor, the president of the provincial council of Novgorod, and many other distinguished men awaited us. The governor read an address and then with several gentlemen of the delegation accompanied us as far as the Wolkof river — Novgorod is about forty-five miles from the St. Petersburg and Moscow railroad. At the Volga, though it was five o'clock in the morning, another delegation was waiting. At eleven o'clock we reached Moscow.

Throngs of people had come to welcome the American envoy and his officers. As the train pulled into the station, military bands played 'Hail Columbia,' and the people cheered lustily. The mayor of the city and many high officials were there, wearing buttonhole decorations made of red, white, and blue ribbon. They welcomed us and informed Mr. Fox that he was made an honorary citizen of Moscow. We were driven to the Kokoreff hotel in open carriages, the drivers wearing American cockades, and the horses gaily decked. The streets through which we passed were literally packed with people, the men cheering and tossing their caps in the air. The first ceremony was a visit to the governor-general, who at that time was a descendant of the renowned Yuri Dolgoruki of Suzdal (1156).

That evening a banquet was given by the governor-general. The exterior of his palace was hung with Russian and American flags and with beautiful garlands. The vestibule was adorned with the ensigns and banners of both countries. The broad staircase, decorated on each side with flowers and tropical plants, was lined with footmen in scarlet liveries, powdered wigs, and long silk stockings. At the entrance of the immense hall where the banquet was given was a portrait of the emperor; on the opposite side of the

hall hung a large American flag. Along the walls like statues, stood liveried footmen. The entire dinner service was solid silver; the tables were magnificent, so rich with silver, cut glass, and rare flowers that it seemed as though our host not only owned an old historical name but Aladdin's lamp. Dolgoruki was famous for giving splendid dinners, always keeping in his employ a celebrated chef. He was a wonderfully interesting man, a man universally honored. With him the family died out. During the dinner a military band played national airs on the lawn in front of the house. Loud and repeated cheers proclaimed that there was a large assemblage of people outside. There were calls for the envoy and, when he appeared on the balcony, prolonged cheers greeted him. It was a glorious evening. At ten o'clock the company went to the zoological gardens where a fete was held in honor of the Americans. The grounds were illuminated by thousands of colored lanterns; a band of Tyroleans, dressed in their national costume, entertained us with songs and dances. At midnight supper was served on the terrace.

The following day was spent in sight-seeing; open carriages were provided, some with three and others with four horses abreast. After visiting several places of historical interest, we went to the Plain of Kudinskoe where 30,000 soldiers were encamped. The commander of the military district, General Guldeixstaube, had the men drawn up in line, and, surrounded by his staff, he welcomed the Americans. Then he called from the ranks a number of men to sing Russian soldiers' songs. They began by chanting, then the time grew quicker and quicker till the singers, holding in each hand a staff ornamented with ribbons and bells, began a wild dance, reminding me at once of the war dances of our American Indians. I have since seen the mountaineers of the Carpathians sing and dance in a similar way.

A day later came a banquet given by the municipality of Moscow. Four immense rooms in the city hall were adorned with palms, tropical trees, rare flowers, flags, banners, and shields. On the walls hung the portraits of Washington, Lincoln, Johnson, Fox, Murray, Heaumont, and Clay draped with our national colors. The dinner was of many courses. Four hundred guests sat down at the tables at seven o'clock and rose at eleven; during that time many speeches were made. All the preceding day I had been busy putting into English the speeches of two or three gentlemen who wished to

have what they said read to the envoy in his own language. They were good friends of mine, and I could not refuse to do this, but it left me scarcely time to dress for the dinner. Hence, though I knew I was expected to speak, I had no time to prepare myself. I only knew that I wished to say something pleasant about Russia, especially about Moscow.

Rezanoff, the dean of the corporation of Moscow, gave a toast: 'To the health and long sojourn in Russia of General Clay and Mr. Curtin.' Clay responded with a toast to Prince Gortchakov.

Then I said in Russian: 'Gentlemen, I thank you for the honor you have done me by the toast just given. In reply permit me to propose a toast dear to my heart. There is in Russia a city around which cluster many great memories of Russia's history and of Russia's life. It was in this city that the grand idea of the unity of the Russian empire was born. In this city was always found the living source of Russian strength which has borne gladly all reverses, and supported all losses to create, strengthen, and cause to flourish a great and united Russian empire. This thought has animated all the Russian people, and the desired object has been obtained. When I remember that this city during so many centuries has been the rampart of Russian power and the sanctuary of Russian faith, and that in those sorrowful days, when others lost courage, she remained steadfast; when 1 remember also how she received her enemies; and when I experience how she welcomes her friends — (There was a shout from every man of the 400 who understood the Russian language, and every man was on his feet. They roared like a lot of lions. When the noise subsided, I finished) — and when I experience how she receives her friends, I cannot help exclaiming! "Great Moscow, I render thee homage!"

Gentlemen, I have the honor to give a toast to the mother of the Russian land — Moscow.'

This was a grand moment. There was universal, uncontrolled enthusiasm, like the roar of a vast multitude. The mayor, Prince Scherhatoff, left his place, touched his glass to mine, and kissed me. Men pressed around me, clasped my hands, and embraced me. Prince Galitzin and a crowd seized me and tossed me into the air with tremendous enthusiasm. When I got back to my seat, Gorboff, the translator of Dante, who was overcome with

emotion, took me by the shoulder and said: 'Yeremi Davidovich, you must marry, for we in Russia want to see a son begotten by you.'

The excitement could not be described. Of course, the Russian words touched their hearts. I had not the remotest thought of causing any excitement, but Clay was angry; he could not show his feelings at the table but later he accused me of carrying off the honors of the occasion.

Aug. 28 the American party went to the monastery of St. Sergius, a monastery founded by Bartholomy about the middle of the fourteenth century, and held in special reverence by Orthodox Russians, for not only has it given them spiritual aid for hundreds of years, but it has successfully withstood the attacks of Poles and Mongols. Near where the monastery now stands, Bartholomy lived for many years, laboring for the poor and afflicted. A colony grew up around him and, when the monastery was founded (1341), he was its first abbot. The monastery soon grew rich and powerful, but Bartholomy did not change; he lived, as he had always lived, a self-sacrificing life, and died in 1882, beloved by all Russia. He was canonized as St. Sergius, and in 1412 his remains were taken from the tomb and placed in a magnificent silver shrine.

The next day we went to Nijni-Novgorod on the Volga, passing through the old city of Vladimir where a delegation met us, and a midday dinner was served in the refreshment rooms of the station. It was midnight when we reached Nijni, but there was a vast crowd at the station and in the near-by streets. Mr. Fox was welcomed by a large delegation, and the party was conveyed in carriages, preceded by Cossack guards, to clear a passage through the multitude to the residence of Mr. Jouravleff, where we were to remain while in the city. The drive was delightful, like a journey through dreamland. Hundreds of vessels on the Volga mid the houses along the banks were illuminated; Menin's tower, on the summit of the mountain, was blazing with Bengal lights. The effect was wonderfully fine.

The first ceremony the next morning was to call on the governor, Lieutenant General OdintzorT and then General Ogareff, temporary governor, appointed to serve during the fair. After conversing with us a while, Ogareff conducted us to the broad piazza of the palace, from where we had a grand view of the country for fifty miles around of the old town with its Kremlin

built on three hills rising to the height of 400 feet and enclosed within battlemented walls; of the lower town along the bank of the river; and of 'Mother Volga' stretching away to the horizon. In the foreground below us. where the Volga and the Oka meet, was the celebrated Nijni-Novgorod fair, the streets thronged with people of all nationalities; its bazaar, of 3,000 shops and more, crowded with busy buyers and sellers. The fair is not confined to the bazaar, it extends for a distance of some miles along the banks of the Volga and Oka rivers.

The Oka is navigable for nearly 1.000 miles. On the Volga, one of the finest rivers in the world, it is passible to navigate 2,000 miles of its course of 2,320 miles. The two rivers have several tributaries, the most important of which is the Kama. In the time of the fair the Volga, in the neighborhood of the city, is so packed with vessels, boats, barges, steamers, and river craft of every description, that only here and there can the water of the river he seen. It is stated that during the two months of the fair 200,000 people come to it daily, and that the business transacted amounts in its totality to a sum exceeding $200,000,000. At a later hour of the day we visited this unique fair, and during the forty-eight hours of our stay in the city I spent every possible moment on the grounds, attracted there by people speaking languages which I had not heard spoken before.

The chief social event of our visit was the banquet at the Exchange, presided over by General Odintzoff. Among the J 50 guests present there were distinguished representatives of several nationalities: Persian, Tartar, Armenian, and merchants from Siberia and the Caucasus. Koroleff, an old ex-mayor of Moscow, a proud and greatly respected man, was at the banquet, but by some inadvertency he was given a seat far from the guest of honor. I said to Fox at whose side I was sitting: 'There is one of our officers opposite. Can you arrange with him to exchange places with Koroleff?' The officer was willing, and Fox sent for the old man, who was touched to the heart by the kindness of the American envoy. There were many speeches made, among them one by Mr. Ter-Akapoif in Armenian, which interested me greatly as I had recently learned the language. Fox made a fine speech; it was poetic, well turned, and powerful. He always spoke well, but on this occasion he was eloquent. After the banquet a band of gypsies, in bright, picturesque costumes, entertained us with songs and dances.

September 1st we went up the Volga on a steamboat called the Sarapoulets. The mayor of Nijni-Novgorod, many officials, and a large deputation of merchants accompanied us. As the steamer left the wharf, military bands played 'Hail Columbia' and the throng on shore cheered lime after time. As soon as we were out in the river, an elegant breakfast was served in the saloon, while near the door a band of gypsies played on guitars and sang weird songs. When about twenty miles up the river, we met the Dispatch, a steamboat chartered by government to convey the party to Tver. After we had stepped from the Sarapoulets to the Dispatch, there were parting words and toasts, then each man drained his glass and threw it overboard, a Russian custom. The gypsies on the Sarapoulets sang a pathetic farewell song as the steamers, each flying the American flag, drew slowly away in opposite directions, the Sarapoulets to return to Nijni-Novgorod, the Dispatch going toward Kostroma. The weather was perfect; a light summer haze lay over the country, and the voyage up the Volga was delightful. Early the following day we were in sight of Kostroma. From the water the city with its domes and bell towers, rising in every direction, is picturesque. The place is historically interesting. In olden times it suffered much from Mongols and Poles. On the day of our arrival, the pier was carpeted and decorated with flags. We found the governor. Lieutenant General Rudzevich, and his suite waiting for us. His first words after welcoming Mr. Fox were: 'Where is Yeremi Davidovich Curtin?' I went forward and he greeted me most cordially, saying: 'For months I have been wishing to see you. Your knowledge of our language and our people has endeared you to every Russian. We feel that you should have been born among us.'

When our ceremonial calls were over, the governor, the mayor, and the marshal lunched with us on the deck of the steamer. There were crowds of people everywhere, on the banks and in the boats around us, and whenever an American was seen, there was loud and repeated cheering. Later we left the boat and went to rooms in the hotel. Both sides of the road were black with people. As Mr. Fox stepped up the bank, a peasant drew off his coat and threw it in front of our envoy. Fox started to walk around it, as if he did not understand, that instant thirty or forty coats covered the road, and he had to walk over them. At the end he turned and taking off bis hat bowed to the crowd. It was very nicely done.

In the evening a banquet was given at the Nobles' club in honor of Mr. Fox and those who were with him. The first toast was proposed by the marshal of the nobility, Mr. Kartzcff. Mr. Fox responded in the following words: 'To the Liberator, that illustrious Romanoff, who has inherited the benediction given by a pious mother at Kostroma to the chief of this dynasty, and to whose heart the blessing has been transmitted, producing the divine fruit manifested in efforts for the benefit of his people, Alexander II, Emperor of Russia.'

Loud applause followed this toast, and the orchestra played the Russian national hymn. When I was called upon, I said in Russian : 'There are places so hallowed by glorious and sacred traditions that our hearts at sight of them are involuntarily filled with emotion. In one of those places sacred to the past we find ourselves today. In a time of suffering and trial, when Russia stood an orphan without a tsar, and her foes were preparing to ruin and destroy her, Kostroma had a youthful boyar [nobleman] who possessed merit enough to be chosen tsar by the unanimous will of the Russian people. When the life of the newly elected tsar was in danger, Kostroma had a peasant who gladly offered up his life for his sovereign and the Russian land. When two centuries and a half later a criminal hand was raised against the descendant of Michael Fedeorovich, Divine Providence, watching over the destinies of Russia, prevented the accomplishment of the crime, and by the hand of a peasant of Kostroma again preserved Russia from dire calamity. Such is the significance of Kostroma. She once gave and has twice preserved to Russia a tsar. This is why she is honored by Russia. This is why we Americans have come from our remote country to greet Kostroma and congratulate you, her inhabitants, on the preservation of your emperor's life and on the heroism of your illustrious townsmen, Susanin and Komissaroff Kostromski. This is why I beg leave to proclaim a toast to thee, 'Kostroma the beautiful.' This speech in their own language roused enthusiasm which found vent in uproarious cheers and in tossing me in the air.

Opposite the club was a large, open square. That space, as well as the streets leading into it, was packed with people. It was estimated that there were present at least 80,000. When the banquet ended, singing began on the square. It was grander than anything I have heard since that day; thousands

and thousands of powerful voices singing in the open air glorious old Russian songs, such as 'Russia Our Russia,' 'Down Mother Volga' etc. The idea was in every person's mind: 'These are the men who have come from far off beyond the sea to do honor to our emperor,' and their songs were as a love offering.

At midnight we bade adieu to Kostroma. Accompanied by the governor and a large party of officials we went to the landing, followed by the crowd still singing their national songs. It was with regret and wishes that we might some day return that we pushed out into the river. The morning of Sept. 3 we spent on the Volga. The river grows narrower above Kostroma and there is little to be seen. The villages are small and far apart. The first large place is Yaroslaff, a town founded in the eleventh century by Yaroslaff the lawgiver. It should be a very holy place, for it gives spiritual aid to a population of 30,000 people; it has seventy-seven churches. That afternoon we reached Ribinsk where the canal system begins which connects the Volga with the Baltic sea. As we ascended the river, we found it still narrower and the banks of greater height. September 4 we were in Uglich, a town often mentioned in the annals of Russia, for it was in that place that Demetrius, the youngest son of Ivan the Terrible, was confined during the reign of Tsar Feodor, and there he was murdered in 1591 by the order, it is said, of Boris Godunof. The bell that rang out the alarm on that occasion was banished to Tobolsk where it remained until 1792 when it was brought back to Uglich. On leaving Uglich we continued up the river till the afternoon of the following day when we reached Tver. This was the end of our river journey. The marshal of the nobility, Prince Mestcherski, the governor, and many of the leading citizens of Tver were at the steamboat landing to receive the American envoy. We were conducted to every place of interest in the city and later to a banquet. After several toasts had been proposed and responded to. Glinka, a soldier who had fought in the great battle of Borodino, read a poem of his own composition, celebrating the friendship of Russia and America. The last toast, given just as the train arrived, was by Prince Bagration. who drank to the health of the families of his guests and to all the American ladies.

The next morning we were in St. Petersburg. That evening a banquet was given by the English club. There were 250 guests. Prince Gortchakov sat at

the head of the principal table. Three toasts were proposed: to the emperor; to the empress; to the prosperity of America. After dinner coffee was served in an adjoining room; then, following a custom of the club, the guests returned to the dining hall for punch and speeches. The first speech was made by Prince Gortchakov. It was long, finely delivered, and scholarly. At the end many crowded around to thank him for giving expression to sentiments which they felt in their hearts but could not express. Captain Murray's speech pleased the Russians. I recall only this clause: 'Gentlemen, I am greatly pleased with this club; the only fault I can find with it is its name, that it is called the English club.' This caused great applause.

I had not intended to speak, but Prince Gortchakov's son came to me and said: 'My father wishes you to speak if you are willing.'

I could not refuse so I said in Russian: Gentlemen, we are met here in a family reunion. In this family circle you all remember that recently, by a stroke of his powerful pen. Prince Gortchakov dispersed the clouds which threatened Russia [applause which seemed likely to prevent my speaking further]. His Excellency has said that there has been a misunderstanding. [Gortchakov had stated that the resolution of congress contained an error, which only distance could account for. when it mentioned 'an enemy of emancipation.' The madman alluded to belonged to no nationality, he represented the blind chance of birth only.] I rejoice that he spoke of it. I, who have lived in Russia for nearly two years, know well that there is no discord. That Russia is like a single man in feeling, that if there is any rivalry in Russia, it is only in the devotion of Russia to the sovereign of Russia. Europe and the world do not yet fully appreciate the sacrifices that the nobility have made in the great reform and if in history Alexander II has the glory of having freed instead of having conquered men, history will not forget that he was aided l»y Russia's nobles. The world does not yet appreciate this act. because it is the first example in history where a class has made such a sacrifice. Do not forget what the labor of 20,000,000 men signifies. It is a great capital in our avaricious age. The most notable feature of this reform, of this reorganization, is that all classes have advanced with the emperor hand in hand. The emperor made the plan, the nobility executed it, and the peasants enjoy all the benefits of which they were deprived. Gentlemen, in this assembly, which includes the learning and

statesmanship of Russia, where are united many of the best of Russia's nobles, permit me to propose a toast to the Russian nobility: May its glory be eternal!' Many speeches and toasts followed.

Prince Gortchakov's speech, word for word, was telegraphed to the New York Herald, at a cost of $7,000.

The following day I received a letter from some unknown woman, who signed herself 'A Russian Noble Woman,' saying: I cannot tell you what pleasure I have received from the speech which you made last evening. I knew that Americans understand with the head, but that they can understand with the heart, as you have done, I did not know.' Later came a dinner at the foreign office given by Prince Gortchakov to Fox, Clay, the two American captains, and myself. At this dinner the ministers of the Russian government were present. It was the final courtesy of the government.

September 15th a farewell breakfast was given by Admiral Grabbe on his yacht Rurik. The yacht was decked with American and Russian flags and a profusion of flowers. When Admiral Lisovskii reminded Mr. Fox that it was six o'clock and that prayers for the safety of the Americans on their voyage home were being offered in the Alexander institute, the envoy was deeply moved.

'Until this moment,' said he, 'I had supposed that my heart was as firm as the ice that in winter covers the waters of the Neva, and like that reflected the warmth that fell upon it. Bxit now. in these last moments, the esteem of my Russian friends overpowers me; words fail to reach my lips. The kindness which surrounds me dissolves my heart. To Russia and our Russian friends, farewell!'

As Fox left the Rurik, it saluted him with seventeen guns, to which the Augusta replied. The squadron left port under escort of a number of Russian ships, two of which remained with it until it was out of the Gulf of Finland. Salutes thundered from the forts. Only in the evening did Admiral Grabbe bid the envoy farewell and turn back.

When I think of the friendship shown us by Russia in our hour of peril and the goodwill she has always shown toward us. I blush for the course taken

by the American government during the Russo-Japanese war; a course disloyal to the white race and detrimental to the United States. That a Russian fleet came to American waters in 1863-64 is a fact well known. It is not so well known that Napoleon III wrote a letter to Alexander II, tsar of Russia, stating that the governments of Great Britain and France were ready to recognize the independence of the confederate states of America and requested the emperor to associate himself with them in that act. The emperor refused the request and in his answer stated: "The people of the United States have a government of their own choice which they are defending with their best blood and treasure, and I will never do anything to weaken them.' He stated, moreover, that if the confederacy were recognized by England and France, he reserved to himself perfect freedom to act as he thought best under the circumstances.

The confederacy was not recognized. England and France did not think it best to leave Russia a free hand on the eastern continent by involving themselves in our affairs. Andrew G. Curtin, the Pennsylvania war governor, told me in Washington that while he was United States minister at St. Petersburg, Prince Gortehakov took him to the archives of the foreign office and showed him the autograph letter written by Napoleon III to the emperor of Russia, also a copy of the answer sent by Alexander II. Of this answer Curtin remembered the substance, and literally the words as enclosed in the quotation above.

An American, who had had long experience in diplomatic affairs, told me the following in London: 'Our legation in London did its best to discover who the prime mover was in this attempt. Napoleon III was formally the principal and, though we could not prove any other initiative in a legal sense, Mr. Adams was convinced morally that Napoleon was pushed forward by forces in London.' There is no one now in any country, no man, friend or enemy of ours, who denies the immense importance of the triumph of our union, and Russia's friendship at the critical moment.

In December, 1866, I spent a couple of weeks in Moscow. One morning a servant came to my room and said that two English-speaking gentlemen wished to see me. I told him to conduct them to my room, and what was my surprise to see before me my classmate Nathan Appleton and with him

Charles Longfellow, the poet's son. They remained several days in Moscow, and we had some pleasant talks, walks, and rides. In a hook which Appleton published after this journey, he says: 'In the evening Curtin took us to a Russian party, and I passed about the pleasantest evening there that I spent in Europe. This party was at the house of General Behring, a lineal descendant of the man who discovered the straits. The soirée began with private theatricals in Russian and French, afterward came dancing, then the mazourka, and later a "sit down supper," the universal custom at Russian parties, and finally the cotillion, and home between four and five in the morning.'

CHAPTER: 7

Adventures in the Caucasus

In June, 1867, I went to Novgorod to begin a journey to the Caucasus, a journey I had long had in mind. The previous winter I had met in society in St. Petersburg Madame Karamzin, the daughter-in-law of Karanusin the historian, the man who wrote the first history of Russia that is worth speaking of. Her husband's estate was about thirty miles from Nijni-Novgorod, and I promised to visit him if I went to that city again. On the road to Xijni I met Turchanief, a friend, who when I asked him if he knew the Karamzins, said: 'Yes, their estate joins mine. I have a carriage and servant at Nijni. Take post horses, my carriage and servant, and go out there.' I did so arriving early in the evening. They lived in a beautiful country place; the house almost hidden in the grove which surrounded it.

Karamzin and his wife gave me a hearty welcome. A samovar was brought at once, and tea was served. We talked about Russian history till supper was announced at eleven o'clock. Karamzin was the first man of rank whom I saw dressed as a peasant. When I spoke of my contemplated visit to the Caucasus, Madame Karamzin gave me a letter to her sister, the wife of Potapoff, the acting ataman of the Don Cossacks. I spent a part of the following day at Karainzin's home; then returned to Nijni to take the steamer going to Tsaritsvn.

In Tsaritsyn I saw for the first time Kalmucks, a hundred or more were camped near the city. They are like the Buriats of Siberia and speak the same language, or so nearly the same as to be able to converse with those people. Socially, they are less advanced than the Buriats, but they are more advanced in another way: they are Buddhists while the Buriats are pagans, or still believe in their original deities. They live usually in tents while the Buriats live in houses. I was interested in the Kalmucks and examined into their domestic economy, language, and mode of living as much as was possible in a short time. The southern part of the province of Kursk is the

celebrated Ukraine, the original home of the Cossacks, so magnificently described in Gogol's novel Taras Bvlba.

At Tsaritsyn I took a steamer going down the Don. As I went aboard, I saw a large, rather good-looking, man walking rapidly up and down the deck. His hands were clasped behind him, and a heavy scowl was on his face. He was talking to himself and as he passed near where I was standing, I caught the words; 'If I can get out of this country, no one will ever see me here again.'

I followed the man and addressed him in English. I shall never forget the delight expressed by his face as well as by his words. The cloud went from his brow, and an immense weight seemed to be lifted from his mind. He had been waiting two or three days for the steamer and had been unable to speak with anyone, or make himself understood except by signs. He had supposed he would be in the same condition all the way down the Don.

I at once ordered a samovar, and we sat down to Hrink Russian tea together and become acquainted. His name was Graves; his home was in San Francisco. Traveling for pleasure he was going to the Caucasus and from there to Odessa and Vienna. Among other interesting things he told me he had been a member of the celebrated vigilance committee which a few years before had succeeded in establishing order in San Francisco. The committee was remarkable in this, that after it had put down the turbulent element and a working code of laws had been introduced with executive power behind it, every member resigned, making no claims, satisfied in having established order in the city. We passed three pleasant days together. It was toward the end of June, and the weather was delightful. All day both sides of the river could be examined. There was not a place along the western bank where the black soil was less than five feet in depth and often it was ten. This interested Graves, as he was a man who had an eye for the productive qualities of the earth. We parted at Novo Tcherkask. the capital of the Don Cossacks, where I was to remain several days. I had introduced Graves to a fellow traveler, a Russian, who spoke English and was on his way to Odessa.

The Don Cossacks are an interesting people. They serve in the army for a certain number of years without remuneration, furnishing their own horses.

They are a privileged people for they do not pay taxes. The heir to the Russian throne is their ataman. They are exempted from taxes because they are the descendants of the people who fought against the Poles along the borderland. They might be called the border settlers of Russia. There are many divisions of the Cossacks: the Cossacks of the Don; the Cossacks of the Ural; the Black sea Cossacks, etc. There is a Tartar element among them, a Polovtsi element, but they are thoroughly Orthodox in religion and thoroughly Russian, in fact the most Russian of the Russians.

Novo Tcherkask is a Cossack city. It has a population of about 20,000. I called on the Potapoffs. They were not at home, but I met Yermoloff. the ataman's adjutant, and promised to come again to the Don country. From Novo Tcherkask I went with horses to Taganrog, then by steamer to Yalta. I arrived in Yalta in the evening. The next morning, when I looked out of the window of my room, the first object to meet my eyes was a steamer flying the American flag. I was surprised and delighted. Immediately after breakfast I hired a boat and rowed out to the steamer. It was the *Quaker City* from New York and had on board a large party of tourists, people from every part of the United States. Learning in Constantinople that Alexander II was at Livadia, his country seat near Yalta, the tourists resolved to go to Yalta and present their respects to him. The steamer called at Odessa, and the tourists invited Timothy Smith of Vermont, the American consul at that port, to accompany them. Mr. Smith accepted the invitation.

When I boarded the steamer, there was a lively discussion going on in the saloon. The tourists had appointed a committee to prepare an address to be delivered to the emperor. The address had been written. The question under debate was whether it should be signed simply by the committee or by all the passengers; and over this point there was a good deal of wrangling, as is usually the case when Americans assemble for the purpose of exercising some of their sovereign rights. By request Mr. Smith and I read the address, and we were both of the opinion that to preserve American dignity it would be necessary to tone down a few laudatory phrases, which were a trifle extravagant. This done, it was really a fine address. After a heated discussion, it was signed by the committee only. Mr. Smith saw the proper court officials, and the emperor mentioned an hour for receiving the party.

The next day the passengers and officers of the *Quaker City*, arrayed in their best, assembled on deck and then went ashore; each person mounted a Tartar horse, and ail proceeded to Livadia, which is about three quarters of a mile from Yalta. The entire company went with the exception of a young officer, who had been so fascinated by the winning ways of a Russian 'grass widow' from the city of Kharkof that he did not wish to accompany us; she spoke English fluently and was a fine-looking woman. He preferred taking her for a ride over the lovely roads of Yalta to meeting the sovereign of Russia. Like a true American, he had the courage to say so. But he had either never read, or had forgotten the words of the poet:

O woman! in our hours of ease,

Uncertain, coy, and bard to please —

The widow did not take a drive with him. He passed the day alone, the only American on the steamer who did not pay his respects to Alexander II.

At the appointed hour the party assembled at Livadia, and in a few minutes the emperor made his appearance accompanied by the empress; his only daughter, the present Duchess of Edinburgh, then a rosy, young girl; and his two young sons, Sergius and Paul. Prince Dolgoruki, the minister of war, introduced Consul Smith, who explained the object of their coming, introduced the tourists, and read the address. At the conclusion of the reading the emperor took the document and thanked the company cordially for their kindly feelings. Then he presented to them the empress and his three children, saying: 'This is my wife; this is my daughter; these are my two sons.' Turning to me — I had been standing a little aside — he said to the empress: 'And here is Mr. Curtin, the secretary of the American legation, who speaks Russian like one of us.'

She spoke pleasantly, and he talked with me for a few minutes in Russian. Though the emperor used the English language correctly, and even elegantly, he did not like to speak it and only did so when it was unavoidable. The empress talked with the ladies, and the emperor spoke with a number of the visitors. After a time spent in this way, he said: 'Perhaps, gentlemen and ladies, you would like to see my house.' Then he conducted us, as an ordinary country gentleman would, through the palace,

saying, as we passed from one room to another: 'This is the reception room; this is the drawing room, etc' When we reached the chapel, the empress and her daughter left us, but the emperor led us into the library, where he said: 'This is the room in which I do my work.' Then, pointing to three large oil paintings, he added: 'This is the portrait of my father; that is the portrait of my eldest son, now dead; the other is of my eldest living son. After a few words more, he took leave of the party, saying: 'Maybe you would like to visit my son's house?'

Prince Dolgoruki and two or three other gentlemen accompanied us to the villa of the heir to the throne, later Alexander III. We were introduced and received with much cordiality. Then we visited the Grand Duke Michael, the youngest brother of Alexander II, and one of the most interesting members of the imperial family. In the spring of 1864 he and his generals celebrated the conquest of the plain of Kabarda, which has now become historical; the name, however, has been changed to Romanovskoc Pole or the Romanof field. The grand duke with the grand duchess, Olga Feodorovna, met the company on the lawn in front of the villa at Orianda. The villa is near the sea and has a double frontage so that the view of both the sea and the mountains can be enjoyed. The lawn faces the mountains.

Our consul was greatly impressed by the grand duke's reception; it was so affable and courteous, so entirely free of ceremony and stiffness. He conducted the party through an arch to the piazza overlooking the sea. We were given seats, and the grand duke sat down with us. Then, taking a cigar case from his pocket, he passed it to each man — a servant bringing a box to replenish it from — smoking commenced. Presently small tables were brought, and an elegant lunch was served. All were invited to 'pot luck,' or, as it is called in Russian Chaim Bog poslal — what God has sent. The grand duke and his wife did not sit down; they went from table to table conversing a while at each one and doing all in their power to make the guests feel at home. When this impromptu meal was over, the party returned to the steamer, charmed by the simplicity of the emperor's reception and the genial hospitality shown them by the grand duke.

They declared it a real recognition of American popular sovereignty, for the emperor had received them on terms of equality — received them as any

well bred private gentleman would have done. I am certain that no other sovereign in Europe would have met a party of Americans in the way the emperor of Russia met the tourists of the *Quaker City*. It is also certain that Alexander II would have received no other people in the same way. It was America which the imperial family welcomed in that group of Americans. The following day the empress sent, through the governor-general, a beautiful bouquet to the ladies of the party. I was sorry that they were only ordinarily good-looking women, for at that time much was being said in Russia about the beauty of American women. Mr. Clemens, who had not then, to any noted degree, become distinguished, was one of the tourists on the *Quaker City*, and soon after returning to America he gave us that remarkably apt and humorous book Innocents Abroad.

The day the steamer left Yalta, Mr. Smith and I went out to Alupka to visit Prince Vorontsov. The views along the road are fine, and we enjoyed the ride immensely. Vorontsov's palace is built on a spot where rocks approach the sea. It is 150 feet above the water, but the gardens extend to the shore. Behind the palace rises Mount Ai Petri to a height of 3,900 feet. The buildings and grounds exhibit the refined taste and great wealth of the owner. In the large dining hall are two fountains which fed by mountain rills, play always, the water falling into magnificent vases made of Crimean marble. When young, Princess Vorontsov was very beautiful. Though she was somewhat advanced in years when I made her acquaintance, she was still beautiful. and I found her an attractive conversationalist. In her youth the Emperor Nicholas was fond of her and, wishing her to make a great marriage, selected Prince Alexander Baryatinsky for her future husband. Baryatinsky, as the elder son of his father, inherited three great estates which belonged in former times to Mazeppa. He is The Mazeppa whom Byron wrote about.

Mazeppa in his youth was a page to Jan Kazimir, king of Poland, but an intrigue with a woman incensed the king, and Mazeppa was tied to the back of a wild horse of the steppe and driven away. The horse carried him to the Ukraine, where later he became hetman, and the confidential friend of Peter the Great, whom afterwards he betrayed.

Mazeppa when false to Peter the Great forfeited his estates and they came to the Baryatinsky family. The three estates join and are called Ivanovka, Stepanovka, and Mazeppovka, from Mazeppa's name which was Ivan Stephanovich.

Alexander Baryatinsky was an exceedingly proud man, too proud to marry even the most beautiful and talented woman in the world at a sovereign's suggestion, and it was to avoid this marriage, it is said, that he gave his three estates to his brother and went to the Caucasus. Of course, when the prince was without wealth, the emperor no longer desired the marriage.

Baryatinsky remained in the Caucasus till he got possession of the eastern part and captured Shamyl, who long defended himself in the gorges of Daghestan; that is, Baryatinsky conquered everything east of the Georgian military road. The whole country is divided by two rivers which rise in the 'Prometheus Mountain' or Kazbek; one flows south, the other north, and up and down the two great ravines winds the Georgian military road. In olden times these ravines, or rocky valleys, were called the 'Gates of the Caucasus.' In speaking about his early manhood, Baryatinsky told me that when he conceived the idea of conquering the Caucasus, he saw at once that it would be impossible for him to manage estates in Russia; hence he gave them to his brother so as to be free to devote his entire life, if need be, to the conquest. The princess married Simeon Vorontsov, who was very rich. His father had been governor-general of southern Russia and was one of Russia's great men. His sister was the mother of Lord Raglan, the commander in chief of the English army at the siege of Sevastopol.

Upon our return to Yalta, I spent a day at the villa of a family connected by marriage with the Witte family and dined under a large and beautiful Mongol tent, made of white felt. Later I was at a banquet given by the emperor in the palace where the Quaker City tourists had been received. At this banquet I met for the first time Count Ignatiev and I had a long conversation with him. I also met again Yermoloff, the adjutant of the ataman of the Don Cossacks. Yermoloff had come from Novo Tcherkask to be present at the fete. He had to visit Sevastopol and return to Yalta and he invited me to accompany him, saying that we would go by steamer and come back with courier horses. This we did.

Sevastopol, famous the world over for its defense of eleven months' duration against the combined armies of France, England, Italy, and Turkey is an attractive city. The harbor, though not the largest, is by far the finest in Europe. It is in great part land-locked so that no storm can disturb its waters. Being three quarters of a mile wide, and jutting into the land for a distance of four miles, it is large enough to shelter a great fleet. Its banks are perpendicular under water, hence ships can come to the shore everywhere. The sides of the harbor are natural walls of limestone. Nature herself has made a quay. It needs but a finishing touch to bring it to a perfect condition. The harbor presents such facilities for shipping that the city cannot fail to become, in time, the great commercial port of the Black sea.

The environs of Sevastopol are historically very interesting. About two miles south are the ruins of Kherson, the chief city of the Tauric-Chersonese, in ancient times a flourishing republic, founded by the Greeks before the Christian era.

Kherson was captured at the beginning of the tenth century by the Russian Grand Duke Vladimir, who was baptized in the principal church of the city and then married to the sister of the Greek emperor. The ruins of that ancient church are preserved beneath the floor of a modern church, the floor being elevated ten or twelve feet above the ground. In Roman times Pope Clement was sent there in exile to work as a convict in the stone quarries of Inkerman. For converting some persons in this place of banishment he was thrown into the Black sea and drowned.

Eight miles cast of Kherson is the monastery of St. George, the headquarters of Marshal Pelissier during the siege of Sevastopol. The monastery, built on a lofty shore, commands a fine view of the sea. It is on the spot where Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon, was transported by Divine interposition when about to be sacrificed to obtain propitious gales for the Grecian fleet before it started for the siege of Troy. All who have read Greek will remember the pathetic story. As I stood in front of the monastery and looked down at the waves of the sea dashing on the shore far below me, and then looked out on the blue expanse, broad, seemingly limitless, I involuntarily called to mind the beautiful lines of Goethe which

represent Iphigenia as standing where I was standing and saying in her grief:

And day by day upon the shore I stand. The land of Hellas seeking with my soul; But to my sighs, the hollow-sounding waves Bring, save their own hoarse murmurs, no reply.

Three miles east of the monastery is the little land-locked harbor of Halaklava where the British fleet had its headquarters, and in the vicinity of which the celebrated charge of the 'six hundred' took place. Balaklava is today a small village whose interest lies, almost exclusively, in the past. Every spot in its neighborhood has historical reminiscences. Barbarians, Greeks, Goths, Celts, Hebrews, Italians, Tartars, Turks, Russians, and English have all been there, and each race has left some trace or tradition behind.

From the barbarians we have the story of Iphigenia's stay in the Crimea and the visit of Orestes and his friend Pylades, with other legends of pre-historic times, preserved and handed down to us by the Greeks. The Greeks founded cities of which there remain only the ruins and the names. Of Goths and Celts there are left but semi-historical traditions. The Carian Jews, who emigrated from Palestine before the birth of Christ, and later settled in the Crimea, built the town of Chuful-Kaleh, which is now a mass of ruins. The Italians, in their day the great merchants of the East, are remembered by the ruins of the fortresses with which they guarded their trading posts and colonies. One of those fortresses stands on a lofty cliff near the entrance of the harbor of Balaklava, a picturesque ruin. The Tartars still remain and at Baktshi Serai have a town of about 8.000 inhabitants. Of Turkish influence there is not a trace; the English have left enormous piles of broken ale and porter bottles, a wooden wharf at Balaklava, and a large number of graveyards. Before leaving Sevastopol they blew up the magnificent docks of that city, giving another proof of the civilizing power and the underlying motives of Christian England.

We drove to Baktshi Serai, about thirty miles away, and spent a day roaming around the town where there are many relics of the old time. There Mengli Girai khan, the conqueror of the Crimea, came in 1480 and built, as is said, the 'Palace of the Khans,' which is still in a good state of

preservation. Pushkin has written a very beautiful poem called 'The Fountain of Baktshi Serai in which he gives the history of the captivity of Countess Pototski, who was seized by the Mongols and taken to the Crimea.

Our return journey to Yalta was one to be always remembered. After ascending and descending hills for a distance of some fourteen versts, we entered the 'Vale of Baidar,' called by the Russians Baidar Skaya Dolyna. It is a valley twelve miles in length and of marvelous beauty. In it, here and there, hidden in groves of walnut trees and oaks, or surrounded by luxurious vineyards, are a number of Tartar villages and the little town of Baidar. Without noticing the rise we gradually ascended till the Pass of Phoros or 'Gate of Baidar, was reached. When near the pass, Yermoloff said: 'Do not look forward till I tell you.' All at once he said: 'Now look!' My surprise was great. From an elevation of a thousand feet or more I looked down upon one of the grandest views in the whole world. The sea in front extended to the horizon blue, and from a distance, apparently perfectly quiet, stretching away to the left was the southern coast of the Crimea dotted with villages, churches, villas, palaces, groves, and vineyards.

No winter comes to this favored seacoast which is 5 miles wide and 120 long and is protected from wind by mountains that rise from 3,000 to 5,000 feet in height; hence, the beauty of the view is enhanced by a rich and varied vegetation. There are magnificent oaks and beeches; there are cypress and mulberry trees, and fig trees as well. The broad road cut into the mountain side, built out upon walls over gorges and ravines, has made this wonderful coast accessible by land and has immortalized the name of Prince Michael Vorontsov.

From Yalta I went by steamer to Theodosia. It is supposed that the fertility of the surrounding country, which was the granary of ancient Greece, caused the town to be called Theodosia or God's gift. It has, as have all the towns of the Black sea coast, passed many times from the possession of one people to that of another. At the beginning of the third century before Christ, Theodosia, together with Kertch, became a Roman possession. Five centuries later it was nearly destroyed. In the thirteenth century the Genoese bought the territory of Khan Timur and built a town which they called

Kaffa. The Venetians destroyed the place. Later the Genoese conquered their enemies and rebuilt the town. In 1871 it passed to the Russians and its historical name was restored.

It is but a few miles either by sea or land from Theodosia to Kertch the ancient Panticapaeum on the Cimmerian Bosporus at the entrance to the Sea of Azof. In the century preceding the birth of Christ, Mithridates, king of Pontus, ruled there. It was from the hill overlooking the sea that he reviewed his fleet preparatory to waging war against the Romans, his irreconcilable enemies. The Scythians, Romans, Khazars, Genoese, and Turks have in turn ruled in that ancient city. For a student, Kertch is of great interest. In the immediate vicinity there are many tombs dating from the first centuries after the founding of the city by the Greeks of Miletus. The tomb of Mithridates is on a nearby hill overlooking the city and the harbor — the hill from which he reviewed his fleet. The journey from Kertch to Sukhum Kale was enjoyable; the mountain views are fine. At certain points the snow-capped summits of Elbruz and Kazbek are seen.

On the steamer was an old Russian general, Prince Orbeliani. We became friends and had long talks about the Caucasus and the native peoples. He was the father-in-law of Prince Baryatinsky, who, some years after refusing the bride chosen for him by the Emperor Nicholas, married Orbeliani's daughter.

The large steamer only went as far as Sukhum; from there the journey was continued in a small steamer. We had to wait two days for this boat and, when it came, I saw that it was overladen, so much so as to make the voyage dangerous. Orbeliani was astonished that the captain took such risks and he spoke to him about it. There was a battle of words. The captain was determined to carry every pound of freight he had on for he received a certain percent. At last the passengers drew up a protest and signed it. This brought him to terms, and he lightened the boat.

At Poti I took a steamer going up the Rion to Orpiri, a military camp about sixteen miles from Kutais. The Rion is a winding river. The scenery is wonderful. Straight in front is the main chain of the Caucasus. From time to time on each bank there are trees with limbs drooping to the water, then comes an opening through which one catches a view of the mountains.

I had a delightful breakfast on deck with that glorious scenery in front of me, that unrivaled beauty of nature. For one who has read Eschylus' Prometheus Unbound it is a matchless series of pictures. I spoke to Prince Orbeliani about the old Greek myth and asked him if he had heard any folk tales of Prometheus among the native peoples of the Caucasus. He said: 'Among the Georgians there is a story of how, when Prometheus was bound to Mount Kazbek, a mouse came to rescue him; she gnawed at his chains, working to free him, gnawed with her little sharp teeth for a whole year, and she was the only creature near him. At midnight, exactly at midnight, at the end of the year, when the mouse had but one more gnaw to give and Prometheus would be free, the midnight hour struck and that moment the chains grew together. Meanwhile, an ugly old eagle was eating the victim's liver.'

The Rion is a renowned river, for it is the ancient Phasis, and hither came the Argonauts in quest of the Golden Fleece. Prince Orbeliani stopped at Orpiri, and I went with post horses to Kutais, a place I had long wanted to see. It is Cyta, the chief city of ancient Colchis, where Jason obtained the Golden Fleece; where he met Medea and where, later on, Medea, enraged by Jason, killed their child. Alfieri has written a poem based on this mythological story, and from the poem a fine opera has been arranged. I was drawn to Kutais by Strabo's statement that in his day 'seventy languages were spoken in the markets of Colchis.' I was studying several of those languages and I wished to hear them spoken.

I had been in Kutais but a few days when Prince Orbeliani arrived. After we had greeted each other, he said: 'I have been traveling with an interesting man, Major General Fadeyev; he wishes to be introduced to you.' I had read General Fadeyev's Letters from the Caucasus and I was glad to meet him. The general was carrying out an imperial order to inspect the garrisons on the Turkish boundary. I was anxious to see the western Caucasus and was in a quandary whether to go to Tiflis or wait in Kutais till Count Levenhoff, the newly appointed governor-general of the western Caucasus, arrived; I could not make the journey without the governor's permission. I decided to wait. Levenhoff came on the next steamer. I had met him in the Crimea, and he was now very friendly. When I told him that I wished to visit the western part of the mountains, he laughed and said: 'You cannot go unless you go

with me.' And immediately made arrangements for me to accompany him on a tour of inspection. There were forty gentlemen in the governor's party. Each day I had a different saddle and a different horse. Only twice during those fourteen days did we have a regular dinner.

I had a fine opportunity to study Mingrelian customs. In a Mingrelian house there are always three things for nourishment: mutton, thin bread, and red wine. The Mingrelian way of serving a meal is peculiar: long benches are placed each side of a white, board table; each man takes the place that is assigned him, and a round, thin piece of bread, the size of a dinner plate, is placed in front of him on the table. On the bread is put a large piece of mutton which has been roasted on a spit. Each man cuts his meat with his own knife and eats both bread and meat with his fingers. Before and after eating, a bowl and a towel are carried to each man, and water is poured onto his hands from a pitcher. The beds are benches which extend the length of each side of the principal room of the one-story structure. During the day the benches are used as seats; at night quilts and blankets are taken from trunks and boxes and are spread on the benches. If you are tired enough, you will sleep. Every article that is prized, or is of value, is packed away: bed quilts, clothing, knickknacks. If an article is mentioned which the master of the house wishes to exhibit, it is taken out of some trunk or box. The journey was of great interest, and I had every opportunity for studying the manners and customs of the Imeritians, Mingrelians, and Georgians.

General Fadeyev was in Kutais when we returned, and he urged me to go with him to the Armenian boundary on a tour of inspection. Thinking it an excellent chance to see the country and the people, I accepted his invitation. We dined with the governor and at nine o'clock in the evening began the journey.

The general had a carriage and three horses, a troika, and we went forward rapidly for two hours, then stopped and spent the night in a small town, starting again early in the morning. The whole journey was of immense interest to me. Fadeyev was an excellent talker and he gave me a great amount of useful information about the Mingrelians, Armenians, and Georgians, and about the political conditions of the country. When the journey was over, I spent two weeks in Tiflis at Hotel Martin kept by

Madame Martin. Though the hotel was the best in the city, it was overrun with mice. I had an uncomfortable experience with one the first night of my stay there. The 'chambermaids,' always men on the Caucasus, have the habit of filling the wash-bowl, as well as the pitcher, with fresh water. During the night I heard the pattering, as I supposed, of rain. It surprised me, for the evening had been clear and bright. I listened for a time and then was lulled to sleep by the sound. When I woke in the morning, I found a mouse drowned in the washbowl. Poor little creature! It was his struggle for life that I had thought rain. He had paddled and worked for hours and at last had surrendered, as even men must do when circumstances are too difficult for them. Although mice are a nuisance, if I had known of the sad condition of this particular mouse, I would have put him out of the window and given him another chance to make his way in the world.

The day following my arrival I went with General Fadevev to call on two of his sisters, who at that time were residing in Tiflis. His eldest sister was the wife of Witte, the chief of the domains of the crown on the Caucasus. She had three children, two daughters and a son, Serge Witte (later Count Witte, minister of finance and then chief of the Russo-Japanese peace commission). At that time he was a student in a school in Odessa and home for vacation. Fadeyev's second sister was the celebrated Madame Blavatsky, the founder of Theosophy; his third sister was unmarried. A day or two later I dined with the family and, when leaving, Madame Witte said: 'As long as you remain in Tiflis, there will be a plate on our table for you.' This was not an unusual hospitality in Russia. Nearly every well-to-do family had a number of friends for whom they kept 'open house.'

While I was in Tiflis, I studied Georgian, Mingrelian, and Tartar and spent some hours of each day roaming around in the Asiatic part of the city for the purpose of hearing different languages. The bazaar is similar to the bazaars of Constantinople and Cairo and there, in spite of the din of workshops and the uproar made by donkey drivers, one can hear almost every language under the sun. The streets in that Asiatic part of the town are narrow and so crowded with pack horses, mules, and donkeys, and so much work is done on the sidewalk that it is difficult for a pedestrian to see all he wishes to. The bazaar is composed of long rows of buildings not much better than sheds. These buildings are divided into small compartments, or

shops; there are no windows in these compartments. Each morning the whole front of a shop is drawn up, and the goods inside exposed for sale. The buyer stands on the sidewalk while the merchant exhibits his wares.

Asiatic bakeries are curious. They are large, iron pots sunk in the ground on or near the sidewalk. A fire is built in a pot and, when the pot is sufficiently heated, dough is either slapped on around the hot walls of the pot or placed inside in thin loaves; then the pot is covered and the bread bakes. The shoeing of horses is done on the sidewalk. The sign of a wine shop is three or four sheepskins full of wine. If the wool were on the skins, a stranger would think that sheep had been slaughtered and hung up without dressing.

Later I dined with the family and, when leaving, Madame Witte said: 'As long as you remain in Tiflis, there will be a plate on our table for you.' This was not an unusual hospitality in Russia. Nearly every well- to-do family had a number of friends for whom they kept 'open house.'

While I was in Tiflis, I studied Georgian, Mingrelian, and Tartar and spent some hours of each day roaming around in the Asiatic part of the city for the purpose of hearing different languages. The bazaar is similar to the bazaars of Constantinople and Cairo and there, in spite of the din of workshops and the uproar made by donkey drivers, one can hear almost every language under the sun. The streets in that Asiatic part of the town are narrow and so crowded with pack horses, mules, and donkeys, and so much work is done on the sidewalk that it is difficult for a pedestrian to see all he wishes to. The bazaar is composed of long rows of buildings not much better than sheds. These buildings are divided into small compartments, or shops; there are no windows in these compartments. Each morning the whole front of a shop is drawn up, and the goods inside exposed for sale. The buyer stands on the sidewalk while the merchant exhibits his wares.

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The wine is sold by the skin or by the glass. If by the glass, the merchant uncorks one foot of the skin, and the wine flows out as from a bottle. The shoe shops are attractive; a man sits Turk fashion at the entrance of his shop, or on the sidewalk in front of it. busily at work making or repairing shoes. He pays no heed to what is going on around him unless he is accosted by a would be customer. The hay market is interesting. On a large square, stand hundreds of donkeys; on each donkey's back is strapped such an enormous load of hay that only the head and tail of the animal are visible. The owner, ragged and dirty, his head adorned with a red fez, or a turban, stands near, ready to prod the tired beast if he attempts to he down. In every city and town in the East there should be a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

In Tiflis water is sold by the pailful, an eastern custom. Water carriers are spoken of in the earliest literature of the world. The carrier in Tiflis goes to the river with a horse and two long, leather bags. He fills the bags with water, fastens one bag on each side of the saddle on the horse's back, then travels through the streets, leading the horse and shouting: 'Water! water!' Buffaloes are used there as oxen were used in America a hundred years ago. In the Asiatic part of the town one can buy beautiful things: handiwork of Persia, Turkey, and central Asia. In autumn caravans come from Persia and the East laden with rich stuffs to be exchanged for products of the West. The European part of Tiflis is in striking contrast with the Asiatic part. The streets are broad and the buildings are handsome. There are two public gardens, one overlooking the Kur, and both very beautiful. There are magnificent churches, two theaters, the palace of the viceroy, many government buildings, and fine residences.

I became acquainted with a number of the leading men of the city, among others Filippoff, the renowned animal painter, and Tretyakov, afterward mayor of Moscow. (He presented Moscow with the Tretyakov art gallery and a large and very valuable collection of paintings.) Tretyakov introduced me to a friend of his, an Armenian merchant, and a few days later the Armenian gave a dinner and invited twenty gentlemen to meet me. There were as many Russians present as Armenians, among the former was Prince Orbeliani. The following morning my host of the preceding day asked me to take supper with him, saying that he would call at the hotel to conduct me.

He came about ten o'clock, and we went, not to the house where I had dined, but to a celebrated bathhouse. The water used in this building comes from hot water springs in the near-by mountains. Tiflis gets its name from those springs. The word in Georgian is Tplid or warm, the warm place.

My host had secured two large rooms, one for himself and one for me. When I had bathed in water reaching to my waist, a skilled man massaged me. Half an hour later I was dressed, and he conducted me to a third room. The instant I crossed the threshold, Persian musicians began to play. My host appeared with four or five guests, and soon a table was gleaming with silver and glass, and a fine supper was brought in, the musicians playing meanwhile. Persian music is monotonous but it has a character of its own. It was a delightful entertainment, recalling Epicurean feasts given at the baths of ancient Rome.

The next day Fadeyev said: 'Yeremi Davidovich, I wish to make you acquainted with a very distinguished man, who, as he is old. asks if you, who are young, will be so kind as to come to him.'

I went and was introduced to Prince Bagration-Mukhranski and dined with him that evening. He was a descendant of the royal family of Georgia — a family that held the throne for 1,029 years — and a relative of the Bagration, who at the terrible battle of Borodino charged against Napoleon with 80,000 men and dealt him the heaviest and the first staggering blow he had ever received. Leo Tolstoi in War and Peace describes this charge. He says that an adjutant was present when Kutuzoff, the commander in chief, ordered Bagration to strike Napoleon with his division.

It had been a dreadful day, and the strong, old man who held the argument of the battle in his head had been sitting at his post for many hours. Adjutants were rushing in and out, waiting and carrying his orders. Now he gave the command to send the division of 30,000 against what he considered the weakest part of the French army. The adjutant looked at him, and thought: 'Has he the right to play with men in this way? To send 30,000 men to sure death?' Then he remembered that when that old man was young he had stood on the awful heights of Ismail and had told Suvorof: 'It cannot be done!' and Suvorof had sent back the answer: 'Tell Kutuzoff that I make him commander in chief of Ismail," and as he looked at that old man with

one eye gone, shot out at Ismail, he said to himself: 'he has the right!' — Bagration was fatally wounded in the battle of Borodino. Prince Bagration-Mukhranski was a man who spoke freely of his life and its varied experiences; to know him gave me great pleasure.

While in Tiflis. I was present at a Saturday dinner given by the Tiflis club. This dinner brings together the official people of the city, and I met many interesting men: Russians, Georgians, Armenians, and Tartars.

I had been told so many times that I must not leave Georgia till I had seen Kakhetia, the 'Garden of the trans-Caucasus,' that we decided to visit that region. It is about seventy miles from Tiflis. I traveled the first day with Prince Demetri Orbeliani, and an incident occurred which showed the seriousness of his mind, and the mental difference between two of the great nations of the present day. As we were riding along, a hare, pursued by a dog, suddenly darted out of the bushes by the roadside. Instantly the dog seized the hare and, with one snap broke its back, the hare giving out a cry of anguish as it died. The old prince looked at me and with sadness in his voice said : 'You see, Yeremi Davidovich, what happens in this world.' An Englishman would have gloated over the success of the dog. We spent the night with a friend of Orbeliani, and in the morning I went on alone, keeping the carriage and hiring post horses.

Kakhetia is a rich and prosperous country abounding in vineyards. The best wine of Georgia is made in Kakhetia. There are wide-spreading fig trees, mulberry trees, and pomegranates. I do not wonder that the region is called the 'Garden of the trans-Caucasus.

Towards evening of the second day I arrived at the home of Prince David Chavchavadze. He was away, but I was cordially received by his wife and daughters. The princess is a cultured and attractive woman. The home seemed ideal. The grounds were extensive and beautiful, the house large and commodious. The following day I made a journey of twenty miles to visit Prince Gregory Orbeliani, calling on the way upon the chief of the district, who insisted on my remaining for luncheon. After luncheon, mounting a horse, he rode by my carriage until we reached Orbeliani's. From time to time he called a halt to point out things which he thought might interest me: underground wine vats, underground granaries, etc. The

granaries in that part of the country are large, deep holes dug in the form of an egg, the walls packed hard, and small bundles of straw hung around the sides to absorb all possible moisture. These holes are filled with grain and then so skillfully covered that only a person who knows where they are can find them. My friend opened a granary for me and also a somewhat similar place where wine was stored.

Grapes on the Caucasus are handled in a primitive manner. Deep excavations are made, and into them are sunk enormous earthenware pots or jars. Then, out of a basswood log, thirty or forty feet long, a trough is constructed. It is slightly raised at one end to give the proper inclination, and in the lower end is fixed a spout leading to the jar which is to be filled. Strong stakes are driven into the ground by the side of this trough, and a pole firmly attached to them; the trough is filled with grapes; then three or four men who have stripped their feet and legs and washed them carefully walk up and down in the trough, holding firmly to the pole so as not to slip. They tread on the grapes, the juice of which runs out of the spout into the jar; when one jar is filled, the spout is directed to another. The virtue of pressing juice out with the feet is that the seeds and skin of the grape are not crushed, hence do not affect the flavor of the wine. After a jar is filled, a beveled cover, wider outside than inside, is put on. When the juice begins to ferment, it raises the cover and throws out impurities; as soon as fermentation stops, the cover drops down again. The wine in fact takes care of itself. A shed is built over the jars. Each vineyard has its own wine shed.

Not long after sunset we reached Prince Gregory Orbeliani's. The prince was a man greatly respected, a regular old-fashioned Georgian — the only Georgian who was viceroy of the Caucasus after the Russians took possession of the country in 1799. The chief of the district remained for the night. Tea was served and then, at eleven o'clock, supper. Eleven o'clock is the supper hour on the Caucasus, or was at this time. The war between Austria and north Germany was over, and the north Germans from having been a small people had become a world power. We talked about the war and about the Americans and Germans. One guest remarked how quickly the Austrian war was finished. Prince Gregory answered: 'Yes, because one side was weak and the other shrewd, but not manly.' I never had a

pleasanter visit than at the house of this wise, old man. the great Georgian of his day.

I left early in the morning and traveling rapidly reached Tiflis late in the evening. The event of the next day was a dinner at Witte's, a parting dinner for Serge, who was leaving that evening for Odessa. I noticed in the boy the same remarkable energy, decision, and will power, imperious and strong, which later distinguished Count Witte. I saw him say goodbye to his mother, get into the carriage, and drive away. That night General Fadeyev, his unmarried sister, and I sat up till four o'clock in the morning, talking about Russia, its history and its hopes. This brother and sister were thorough Russians. The whole family inclined toward Spiritualism, were in fact Spiritualists. Miss Fadeyev was a remarkable woman, and so was Madame Blavatsky.

My last day in Tiflis I had many callers. General Zinovielf. master of ceremonies to the Grand Duke Michael, came, followed by a servant with a bottle of wine. 'Yercmi Davidovich' said he, 'it is hard to get the best old wine of Kakhetia, but I have a few bottles in my cellar; I have brought you one of them as a parting gift, hoping that you may go out of the Caucasus without accident and will come back to us soon, for we all love you.'

Prince Orbeliani came early and sat with me until the carriage was ready. I said to him: 'General Zinovieff has given me a bottle of wine, the oldest and best to be had in the Caucasus. Now you and I will drink it, for if I were to hunt the world over, I could not find a better place to drink it than right here with you.'

Ilotisoff, chief of the department of agriculture, called. The time came for starting, the only ceremony left was to attend the guest to his carriage, and Prince Orbeliani and Hotisoff, the two representing marvelously well the two elements on the Caucasus, conducted me to the carriage. I had both a Georgian and an Armenian sendoff.

I had brought from Count Tolstoi, minister of the interior, a letter to the governor of Tiriis, Orlovski. As soon as I delivered the letter, he sent one of his men, wearing the mountain costume, to stand outside my door at the hotel, to be a personal servant. When I left, this man sat on the seat with the

driver and went to where the road turns to meet the mountain road — perhaps, twenty miles. When we parted, he showed real affection for me, and said: 'If ever we meet again, I shall surely try to serve you.'

The governor of Tiflis was a Pole, a clever, self-made man. From being poor he became rich and established his family well and strongly. In doing this he made enemies. I was told some years later that after a time such reports came to St. Petersburg that a 'straight-laced' senator was sent to the Caucasus to ascertain if the reports were true. The Grand Duke Michael was the governor's friend, for, wherever he went, everything was arranged as if by magic; he would have entertained no complaint against the governor. If he had not had so many and such bitter enemies, all would have been smoothed over. But the puritanical senator was coming to the Caucasus determined to find out the truth. When the senator was near Tiflis, the governor suddenly fell ill and by the time he reached the city, Orlovski was dead. I have pleasant recollections of Orlovski, for he was an obliging and courteous man.

After the turn in the road, I traveled on till ten o'clock in the evening with courier horses and a carriage that I had hired for the whole journey. On an average we changed horses every twelve miles. There are three grades of horses: first, the courier horses at special command of the emperor; second, courier horses for government business; third, horses for people going on their own personal business. Each man must take the horses to which he has the right by the paper he has received from government. When a courier is traveling, his yamachik, or driver, when some distance from a station, blows a horn. It is heard at the station, and immediately fresh horses are attached to a wagon; when he arrives, his trunk is put into the new conveyance, and off he goes again. Couriers can drive as fast as they wish, but men who are traveling on their own business can drive but seven versts an hour. In only two European languages are there words to describe the way courier horses are driven. The French have the phrase, 'Belly to the ground'; the Hungarians, 'At horse-death speed' —all that a man can get out of a horse. I had an order for courier horses.

Fifteen miles from Tiflis is the old town of Mtskhet. formerly a capital of Georgia. Several of the native kings and queens are buried in its cathedral

said to have been built in the fourth century. There are many ancient towers in the town, some of them eighty feet high, evidently watch towers. I spent the first night at Mieta, a post station at the foot of the mountain, and was up and off at the gray of dawn. As we began to ascend, the approach of winter became more and more evident. The scenery was magnificent! Three days earlier there had been a fierce snowstorm on the mountain. In fact, this was the first day that that part of the road was open again.

The Georgian military road is an example of what can be done by a man of genius like Prince Michael Vorontsov. Smooth, even, and always of the same width, it winds, like an enormous serpent, through the valleys and climbs the mountains, zigzagging up precipitous heights till it reaches the pass. No better men to drive horses have ever been in the world than the Caucasus drivers. All Georgians are fine horseback riders, but it is in the Russian blood to drive horses, as it was in the Roman blood.

There was wonderful beauty in the scenery and in the atmosphere that day. At times the atmosphere was half-clear, only a thin haze floated along on the mountain side; again every object was shrouded in mystery. About one o'clock we were near the highest part of the mountain, the part where the great snowfall had blocked the road. White snow banks were almost house high above the carriage. When approaching the place where the snow was deepest, we were for a few minutes out of the drifts and above them. The view was beyond the power of words to describe. I looked down and saw eagles floating far below us; still they were high in the air for we were near the summit where the road is 8,000 feet high. I looked up and saw the loftiest peaks of the Caucasus. A glorious landscape of mountains was above and below the summit of the mountain we were crossing.

Beyond the Krestovaya Gora pass the snow gradually decreased. We traveled rapidly, changing horses often, for the post stations over this part of the road are only a few miles apart. About five o'clock in the afternoon we came to the Kazbek station, opposite Mount Kazbek, the great mountain where Zeus bound Prometheus in punishment for stealing fire from heaven and giving it to helpless, shivering mankind. Halfway up the mountain, which is 16,546 feet above the sea, is the monastery of St. George.

The post station was good, and fortunately I was the only guest; there was enough to eat and pleasant service. I asked the station master to have horses ready by six in the morning. I got up very early to see Kazbek as it emerged from darkness into light. I saw it come out of the dawn mists as out of another world. Far up was the monastery, lonely, silent, deep snow around it everywhere. Later, standing out on a nose of rock, like the prow of a ship, I saw the castle of Tsaritsa Tamara; a strong castle built in a marvelous place as it appeared to me in the half mist and light of that wintry day. In the old time it was one of the most defensible fortresses of the Caucasus, the only question was of provisions.

There are two great women in Georgian history: Nina, the saint who brought Christianity into the country and whose cross, made from two pieces of strong grapevine tied together with threads of her hair, is the most holy relic in Georgia; and Queen Tamara, who was an able and strangely fascinating person. In passing Tamara's castle I recalled the great Russian poet's description of it. 'In the deep defile of Dariel, where the Terek is burrowing its way, stands an ancient castle of Tsaritsa Tamara. In that castle on a narrow, lofty place lived Tsaritsa Taniara, lovely as an angel of heaven, cunning and merciless as a demon of hell. To that beautiful castle came all men and there they were received — when the night was over, they were hurled out into death.'

We passed a defile from which an ice river flows out of Kazbek. It moves too slowly to be perceptible, but once or twice in a century it becomes blocked. Then it breaks and floods the whole district around. This has happened only once since the Russian occupation. In Pushkin's works there is a poem describing this river of ice.

All the way down the mountain the scenery is amazingly fine. At times, straight in front is a solid wall of rock and you wonder how it will be possible to pass that wall. You nearly reach it. Then a sharp turn carries you into a shadowy ravine where the sun never shines longer than an hour or two in a day.

That afternoon I had two great surprises: first, we came suddenly upon a remarkable waterfall, one of the unique things of the world. It is seen far up on the mountain, falling straight down, but it does not reach the bottom,

except as mist. It disappears, carried away by the wind, for in its descent it touches nothing and its height is very great. At the station, just beyond the waterfall, a monstrous rock lay in front of the building and not forty feet away. The station master had not recovered from the terror caused by its fall. 'Think/ said he, 'where I and my family would be today if that rock had come forty feet farther.' This was my second surprise: we were but a short distance from the rock station when I saw a carriage approaching rapidly and noticed that its occupant was an official. When near, he decided that I was the man he was in search of. The carriage stopped and he asked: 'Are you Yeremi Davidovich Curtin?'

'I am.'

'The ataman of the Cossacks of the Terek, Loris Melikoff, has sent me to meet you.'

We drove to the next station, my traps were transferred to the officials carriage, and we went on together. Descending gently, we were soon in an almost level country where the Terek, after its wild career over rocks and through terrible ravines on its downward journey from Kazbek, flows peacefully through green meadows. We reached Vladikavkaz (commanding the Caucasus) just at sunset, and I went directly to the ataman's house where a cordial welcome awaited me. I was conducted to a handsome suite of rooms, and a special servant was placed at my command. Tea was brought at once, and at eleven o'clock supper was served — several guests were present. The ataman had recently returned from Vienna and western Europe and he had his attendants bring into the room for our inspection curious machines and various beautiful articles, which he had purchased in Vienna. Among them were presents for the Grand Duke Michael. The next morning the ataman went with me to the most interesting places in the city: the barracks, the market, and to a school where seventy young boys were being educated. Thirty-five of the boys were from the different mountain tribes, and thirty-five were Russian boys. Throughout the room a mountain boy was seated by a Russian boy. There were rules against whispering, but, to a certain degree, it was permitted, since everything must be said in Russian. The ataman in calling my attention to this system of teaching said: 'We know that, do what you please, children will whisper in school. Pupils who

sit side by side get acquainted and are likely to come together on the playground. We find that in a year the mountain children speak Russian fairly well and in two years perfectly.' The Terek, a river made famous by the many battles fought on its banks, by the poems of Lermontof, and the songs of minstrels, divides the city of Vladikavkaz, which might be called a big small town. The population at this time was about 30,000. During the war with Shamyl, Vladikavkaz contained a Russian garrison, which guarded the entrance to the Dariel pass and the Georgian military road, thus securing communication with the South.

The Caucasus range of mountains is cut in two by the deep gorges through which flow the rivers Aragva and Terek, both rising in Mount Kazbek; the first flows southward emptying into the Kura, the ancient Cyrus, at the little Georgian town of Msketi, in whose neighborhood Pompey celebrated the Saturnalian games before returning from his eastern campaign; the second, a raging, rushing river which falls 10,000 feet in thirty-five miles, goes northward and issuing from the gorge at Vladikavkaz reaches the plains beyond and empties its waters into the Caspian sea. Vladikavkaz is situated at the mouth of the gorge and closes its entrance effectively; by its position it barred communication between Shamyl and the mountaineers of the West and enabled Russia to subject first one and then the other part of that mountainous region. In the time of war Vladikavkaz was a distributing point for military supplies and the place where troops met and halted on their way to different fields of action.

After luncheon an adjutant and I went on horseback to an Osset village situated on a tributary of the Terek. Of all the Caucasus people the Ossetes are supposed to be the best representatives of the Aryans. On the northern side of the mountains they are undoubtedly an Aryan people. The Eristofs, the leading family of Gori, though they are now Georgians, claim to have descended from these Ossetians. Georgian, a well developed and interesting language, is not purely Aryan. The people are blue-eyed and remarkably fine-looking. The adjutant took me to the house of the chief man of the village.

The first thing the chief did was to have a lamb killed and roasted on spits. The slaughter of the lamb troubled me; I had no inclination to partake of its

flesh, but I could not refuse. The chief sent for several of his friends who came with great alacrity. They were probably aware that a guest had arrived and knew that a feast would be spread. Pitcher, bowl, and towels were brought, and each man washed his hands. A clean board was put on the floor, and we sat down around it, Turk fashion. Large pieces of thin bread, the shape of a plate, were placed on the board, one in front of each man, then pieces of mutten put on the bread. They gave me a knife, but the native people always use a knife which they carry in a pocket on the sheath of their sword. With the meat you eat your plate and, when both have disappeared, there is a great washing of hands. The village, though small, was a good representative of Osset villages. I saw there one of the handsomest men I have ever seen, a strong, well preserved man, seventy-eight years of age. He had a bright, intellectual face, very white skin, and splendid blue eyes.

The ataman, or governor, of Vladikavkaz. Loris Melikoff, was the man who later on was in command at St. Petersburg and, it is said, drew up, at the suggestion of Alexander II, what was intended to be a new constitution, a constitution which would give more local liberty to Russia than has been known since the foundation of the Moscow power. A few days before this new order was to be promulgated, the emperor was assassinated.

At dinner that evening there were fourteen persons besides myself. When dinner was well under way, General Melikoff, an Armenian by blood, though thoroughly Russian by education and career, turned to me, and said: 'Mr. Curtin, you are an American, but you will understand all I say, for you know the language and the people of each of my guests tonight. You have made a journey over the Caucasus. You have visited Gregory Orbeliani. He, a Georgian, has been viceroy of the Caucasus. I am a Russian, but a Russian of pure Armenian blood. The company present will give you some idea of Russia's power of assimilating foreign elements. Here are fifteen persons, all speaking Russian. My wife is a Georgian; the gentleman sitting at your right-hand comes from Kabarda — halfway between the gates of the Caucasus and Kertch — he was graduated from the University of Moscow and is one of the best Russian speakers in the empire though he has no Russian blood. On my left is the chief of the district, a German by blood, but his language is Russian; he speaks German with difficulty. My adjutant.

Colonel Allison, is the grandson of a Scotchman, but he doesn't know a word of English.

'Now tell me, do you think the English in India could assemble guests like these? Would the English in India put a man like me, a native of that country, with not a drop of English blood in his veins, in a place which was called "commanding Hindustan"? Has there ever been in India, or will there ever be as long as the English occupy the country, a man born in India of native parents, who will be viceroy of India, and commander of the forces, as Gregory Orbeliani has been, or will he hold a position similar to mine: commander of the Cossacks of the Terek, the most Russian of all Russian people?

'I speak thus to show you the difference between the position of Russia and the position of England. The English hold their position through marvelous cleverness and management, while the Russians hold theirs through the strength of their historical and geographical position. In a reasonable length of time, the Caucasus will be as Russian as the center of the empire. It is only a little over sixty years since the trans-Caucasus was joined to Russia, and see what a change has taken place! In 1795 Agha Muhammad khan, shah of Persia, reduced Tiflis to a mass of ruins, put to death all the inhabitants who could not escape and would not accept Mohammedanism; none betrayed their faith.

'The destruction of Tiflis took place only seventy years ago. Such an invasion is now as impossible as is a second appearance of Genghis khan. I consider the possession of the Caucasus of far more importance to Russia than the lordship of India can be to England. India, though an empire in itself, will become more and more embarrassing to England, while the Caucasus will increase in economic value. The strategic position of the Caucasus cannot be overestimated. It is a great natural fortress on the flank of all Asia north of the Hindoo Koosh mountains. At the same time it commands Asia Minor.

'We have made good roads in a country never before traveled except on foot or on horseback. We have stepped from the tenth into the nineteenth century. We Georgians and Armenians have had a full share in this work. One of the best and ablest commanders on the Caucasus was a Georgian,

Prince Tsitsiani. The fame of an Armenian, Prince Bebutof, another commander in chief, is known to all Russia.'

'Russian history differs from every other history in Europe, not only in events, but in its whole logic. In the eleventh century, when Kief was the capital, and Novgorod a kind of loosely attached republic, Russia was more prosperous than England and more advanced than her neighbors on the west. Had there been a way of regulating the succession of princes and securing a single executive head for the whole county, Russia might have advanced rapidly. But a division of power with civil war and the terrible Tartar invasion brought ruin upon the land. It took two centuries and a half to shake off the Tartar yoke. Free from that, Russia had to defend her existence against Poland, and a bitter fight it was. Had the Poles been united and tolerant, they would probably have won; as it was, the Russians maintained their independence and in 1613 elected Michael Romanoff tsar.

'Ancient Russia was lost by a division of powers; middle age Russia was delivered and defended by a concentration of power. Peter the Great made Russia an empire and a European state by the most intense exercise of power, wielded by himself alone. Alexander II gave freedom to 44,000,000 of people; of these 23,000,000 were on estates of proprietors, the remainder on crownlands. This was done against the wish of the majority of proprietors though there was a minority of a high character on the side of the emperor. But when emancipation was inevitable, the proprietors did not stand in its way. They aided in carrying it out.

'As to a Zemsky Sabor, about which Moscow people talk so much, I am not ready to give an opinion. A Zemsky Sahor, or council of the country, would be a consultative parliament, elected from all classes of people, empowered to discuss the needs and wants of the empire and draw up projects of laws to be submitted to the emperor, who would have the right of absolute veto. The value of such an assembly honestly conducted would be great. The information furnished and the opinions expressed by serious, responsible men are always worthy of attention, and no wise ruler would reject them without satisfactory reasons. But no power, unless it wishes to commit suicide, can yield to the demands of wrong-headed men, young or old, who have not been able to learn a lesson in the school of life, or any other

school. Russia's history may be made tragic but never insignificant. No one knows what the future may bring, but we may say with the great Cossack hetman, Khmelnitski: "What will be, will be, and that will be which God shall give." The general was an easy speaker, a man of broad mind, wide experience, and great tact. The dinner was wonderfully fine, an intellectual treat which lasted some hours.

At the first glimmer of dawn, I started for Piatigorsk. Down the northern plain of the foot of the Caucasus we rushed at 'belly to the ground' speed, four horses abreast. At this time traveling in 1867, through that region was not altogether safe; a person might he attacked, captured, and carried off into captivity to await ransom. Hence, there was a line of Cossack posts along the foot of the Caucasus. In front of each station two men were on horseback night and day, fully armed and ready for any emergency. Orders had been given by the governor, and two men rode at breakneck speed by my carriage to the first station, there two other men shot out and followed, the first two stopping. I did not need to halt for refreshment or to change carriage. The governor had given me his carriage to travel in to the Don, and at each station fresh horses stood harnessed, awaiting my arrival. He had also given me a large hamper in which I found substantial food and also dainties. It was a hazy day, but occasionally the veil was swept aside and there was a glorious view of the mountains. About dusk Mount Mashuka was in sight, and on its slopes the town of Piatigorsk, then a small place somewhat celebrated for its mineral springs but now the great health resort of Russia.

Loris Melikoff had, by telegraph, informed the chief of the town that I was coming, and on my arrival at the hotel he was there to welcome me and the following day he went with me to the different springs and to points from whence there were fine views of the mountains; he also conducted me to the tomb of Lermontof, the great Russian poet. At that time Yevdikomoff, one of the heroes of the Caucasus, lived in Piatigorsk, the man who conquered the western half of the country, everywhere west of the gates of the Caucasus. Everything east of them was conquered by Prince Baryatinsky. One of the heroes was by origin a common Cossack, the other was a descendant of Rurik — two kinds of strength, two kinds of pride —

Yevdikomoff was as strong and proud as Baryatinsky, only there was a difference in these qualities.

That evening I said to the chief of the district: 'I thought to leave Piatigorsk tomorrow but there is a great man here whom I would like to meet, General Yevdikomoff. If he will receive me, I will stay another day.' The chief sent a message to the general, and he made an appointment for ten the next morning. At ten, on the tick of the clock, I was at his house. Knowing his history I had wished to see him, and he, knowing his own value and knowing the value of America, was glad to meet a representative of that country who could talk to him in his own language and knew of his heroic work and deeds. He was an old man living alone with an old wife. I spent an hour or so with them. In parting I said: 'General, knowing what you have done, I was very anxious to see you, and I thank you for receiving me. The old man kissed me, and we parted. I was on the road early in the morning and sped forward rapidly all day and the following night. Then I reached a place where at the best possible angle one of the great mountains of the world stood before me, Elbruz, which rises to the height of 18,500 feet. The peculiarity of Elbruz is that it runs farther north than the other peaks of the chain and is higher, so it can be seen at a great distance. As I reached the station at Stavropol, the top of the mountain emerged from the clouds and on the summit was sunlight. A glorious sight! During the night snow had fallen, and now the air was chilly.

There was scant accommodation in the town, so I went at once to the governor whom I had met in the Crimea. He welcomed me with great cordiality, gave me a room, detailed a servant to attend me, and said: 'Now Yeremi Davidovich, as a favor to me be so kind as to consider yourself at home.' Hospitality was extended so quickly and heartily that it was one of the finest welcomes I have ever had. When I was refreshed and rested, my host asked me to drive with him for an hour or two.

The town is on a plain in front of Elbruz; there is a grand view of a mountain which is indescribably fine. Ten guests were invited to dine with us that evening, mainly Cossack officials. Afterward the governor took me to an Italian opera. When he invited me, he said: 'This is the greatest surprise I can give you. I will guarantee that it is the worst opera in the

world, but do not blame me. it was here before I came.' We found, as he said, that the opera's only merit was its unique badness. The company was Italian and they sang in Italian, but they were merely tramp musicians. This 'opera' and the governor's charming reception made the visit memorable for me.

The next morning I started again. The weather was disagreeable, cold, gray, with heavy fog. The road was as bad as it was possible for it to be. Two days later, after traveling day and night through mud and over rocks — the springs of the ataman's carriage had given out and that added in no small degree to the discomfort of the wearisome, onrushing ride — I arrived at Rostof on the Don at two o'clock in the morning of a dark, dreary night. We knocked at the gate of a merchant of Rostof. I had met him and had promised to come directly to his house. He opened a window, looked out, and cried: 'Oh, Yeremi Davidovich, is it you!? Thank God! I am very glad to see you.' And he came down and brought me in with a warm welcome. The year before I had been present in Moscow at his betrothal and marriage. Notwithstanding the time of night, servants were called and supper served. Then I went to bed to get a much needed rest.

I remained one day in Kostof, then went to Novo Tcherkask. Potapoff, the acting ataman of the Don Cossacks, the smallest strong man I have ever seen, was now at home. The weather was as bad as possible, gloomy and rainy. The streets were so muddy that it was difficult to move around. I was forced to spend five days waiting for the ground to freeze. The Emperor Nicholas once visited Rostof in similar weather, and it was all that twelve pairs of oxen could do to draw his carriage into town.

I had two pleasant dinners at the ataman's. The daughter of Prince Mestcherski, a pretty girl, fourteen years of age, was visiting at the house. Yermoloff, the ataman's adjutant, was in love with her, as was also Dokhtoroff, the second adjutant, a young man belonging to a noted Russian family. Dokhtoroff is now a distinguished general in the Russian army.

Frost came on a Tuesday night. On Wednesday at midday I started in a perekladnoi drawn by three horses on a keen run over the surface of a roadless land. At the end of forty-eight hours of such riding, a person's nerves will be greatly roused. If he can hold a firm seat in the perckladnoi,

that is, keep himself from being hurled out by the jolting and pounding, he will surely have short naps, say from two to five minutes' duration. At these times, to judge from my own experience, he may have wonderful visions. From Tiflis to the Don I had traveled in an easy spring carriage, at high speed in the daytime, and I rested at night, except in one instance. Hence, the journey, however interesting in other respects, was of no value in the matter of visions. At the Don I had to leave my spring carriage and take to the perekladnoi. Between the Don and the first railroad station on my route, the distance was 500 miles; the road simply wagon tracks over the country, or the face of the country itself, whenever escape from the tracks could be had. The whole region of southern Russia is exceedingly fertile, a land of deep, black loam with clay mixed in varying measure. In spring there are oceans of mud, dried in due time by the heat; and in autumn other oceans which are hardened by frost as the season advances and then covered with snow. My journey was in the first days of December.

I had resolved to pass over the 500 miles from Novo Tcherkask to the railroad in the shortest time possible, resting neither day nor night. I did this partly for the sensation but mainly because an acquaintance of mine. Prince Obolenski, an adjutant of the emperor, was to start from Novo Tcherkask at noon on Thursday to make the same journey. He seemed to think that no man but a Russian could make a long journey in a post wagon drawn by the highest rate of horse speed. Though a day later in starting, he promised to outstrip my slow progress and reach the railroad first.

I didn't say anything aloud, but I said in my mind: 'You will not get there first if I can help it.' He came out, arranged my seat in the wagon, and said goodbye. laughingly assuring me that we should meet on the road. The road was rough; the mud, not frozen at the bottom, yielded a little as the wagon shot over it, and this, in a small degree, lessened the jolting. During the afternoon dark clouds swept over the sky, and snow began to fall; at dusk it was an inch deep on the ground. At one station I had the fortune to find a new sleigh made on two poles which served both as runners and shafts. Stripped of bark they were quite smooth and slipped along admirably. By a payment of money, I was enabled to retain the new vehicle while the snow lasted. The sleigh was long and went over the road like a swan over water.

On we dashed, the horses at a keen gallop. There was now about three inches of snow.

My new sleigh left the station where it was made at six o'clock in the evening. I kept on all night, changing horses and driver every ten miles. I gave each driver double 'gift money' and told each to do his best. I wanted to go as fast as the horses could travel. At eight o'clock the following morning the ground was bare, and I was in a post wagon again, but in that night I had put 126 miles behind me. It was a night half in moonlight; thick clouds and snow flurries, darkness and wind, followed by clear light and sweet air in a region covered with freshly fallen snow. The drivers were skillful, the horses strong. I urged the drivers, the drivers urged the horses, the beasts galloped on in the darkness and raced in the moonlight.

Over the country and through sleeping villages we hastened and hurried. Through one place we swept in the darkness. All were asleep, no sounds were heard except those from the rush of horses and sleigh. At another a legion of dogs made a dash for us, but no dog could keep pace with that sleigh in the moonlight as we tore out at full speed into open plains.

At noon, twenty-four hours after starting, I had gone 196 miles. It had thawed during the night and forenoon; the road was injured, and we advanced more slowly. The night of Thursday was cold and dark, the mud frozen, the road rough, the journey fatiguing and dreary. I took no rest at any station, and did not doze. I urged drivers and station masters and pressed forward all night and Friday and the following night. I was tired but I was more excited than sleepy, my mind being fiercely intent on the journey.

It was just before daybreak on Saturday morning that I began to be drowsy, drowsy to painfulness. I resolved to sleep a little crouched on the bottom of the wagon, balancing myself and holding to a rope which I had tied across the box. I was asleep the instant I gave myself permission. I had slept a couple of minutes when I was roused by a jolt. I had slept three or four times, perhaps, in this way when all at once I saw a glorious city on the summit and sloping heights of a mountain. It resembled the city of Constantine but was more splendid by far than that Constantinople, which, twenty months later, I saw at its best in an afternoon haze from the deck of

an Austrian steamer sailing in from the Euxine — the Black sea. My dream city came down to the roadside. Crowds of people were there, some standing near, others walking slowly; some not two feet distant looked at me greetingly. To this day I can see their faces distinctly; their features were as real and living as those of near friends.

Soon I became conscious of music; distant singing came to my ears, wonderful singing. I woke; the city and all that was in it melted and vanished. I tried to settle into the same sleep again and bring back that beautiful city, but it was gone to eternity, gone beyond power of recall. Such visions on the road in moments of excessive weariness and nervous excitement have been seen by others during snatches of sleep, sometimes light, but still sleep. When I opened my eyes, the day was just breaking; I had slept about five minutes the last time. Soon we came to a station; I drank hot tea, and my drowsiness ended.

That morning at nine o'clock I arrived at the railroad. The 500 miles were passed over in two days and twenty-one hours. I had traveled night and day, eating a bite which was ready for me as we rushed up to the station, for the horn had been blown as far away as it could possibly be heard. Horses were always in harness, ready to be attached to the sleigh or wagon. With better roads the journey might have been made in somewhat less time, but under the circumstances it was made quickly. The emperor's adjutant left Novo Tcherkask on Thursday at noon, but did not arrive at the railroad till Tuesday of the following week. A thaw came — he had to make, through mud and on wheels, the first 200 miles that I made on frozen ground, and mostly in a sleigh.

To make the journey perfect. I wanted to catch the morning train but. when I came to the second last station, I was obliged to take tired horses, so for that ten miles we were forced to slacken speed. From the last station we went on swiftly, but I was half an hour late for the train.

The driver was hastening on with such mad speed that as he turned a corner near the railroad station at Koslof he landed me in a huge snowdrift; fortunately the snow was soft, and I was unharmed. Koslof was as far south as the railroad was built at that time. I had to wait till evening. I had intended to spend the Sabbath in Tver, but losing a day I did not venture to

stop. I was at St. Petersburg four days earlier than Prince Obolenski. I met him at the English club and said: 'You know, my dear friend, "Great is the God of the Russian land" but also great is the God of the American land.'

CHAPTER: 8

Trouble with Clay

I made this journey during a six months' leave from Washington with the full consent of Clay, for there was almost no work to do. The preceding winter I had been present when a Hungarian Jew, a citizen of the United States, a bitter enemy of Clay, had made a terrible complaint against him to Prince Suvorof, accusing him of a crime. Suvorof's secretary was present at the time. The Jew stated that he had been writing and had already published in Berlin articles exposing Clay. He said he would tell the whole story in print and make the American minister an object of infamy the world over. When I had listened to his detailed accusation as long as I could, I asked: 'Why do you, a citizen of the United States, come to Prince Suvorof, governor-general of St. Petersburg, who represents Russia, to make such a dreadful complaint against the minister of the United States? If these vile things are true, why don't you write to our secretary of state, Mr. Seward?'

My question, which the Jew could not answer, made him fiercely angry; he withdrew almost immediately. Suvorof saw at once what I had done. He recognized that I could not listen to such accusations and was in the right, but he said: 'A Jew is a very revengeful man. You have heard this one doing a dastardly thing.

He will fear exposure and from this hour he will be an active enemy and do all he can to injure you. He will even condone the terrible thing which he says the American minister has done to a member of his family if through him he can reach you.' When I returned from the Caucasus, I found that Suvorof's words were true; Clay was my enemy and was working to make the Jew's son secretary of the American legation. The Jew had told Clay that I was intriguing against him, that I had written the articles which had appeared in the German papers. Clay met me like a thundercloud. Almost his first words were an accusation of plotting against him.

'Why do you make such an accusation when you know that it is false?' I asked.

His answer, perfectly characteristic of the man, was: 'I always reserve the choice of weapons.'

Before my journey to the Caucasus, Clay, though at times annoyed that my knowledge of Russian and other languages made me friends in circles where only his position carried him, was very friendly. In fact, my knowledge of languages and peoples was frequently useful for him. I recall one instance in particular. In 1865 Perry McDonald Collins started the Alaska telegraph. He had long had the project in mind, and had been made commercial consular agent at Nikolaievsk in Siberia, a town at the mouth of the Amur river, as the best point from which to study the possibilities of his scheme. There he met and gained the friendship of Count Muravief, who won the Amur country, which till his time was in the possession of China. Muravief was interested in anything tending toward the development of Siberia. Collins thought only of uniting the two hemispheres by a telegraphic system. Retaining his office he went to America and interested Hiram Sibley in his plans. Sibley was president of the Western union telegraph company. The two came to St. Petersburg to make a contract with the Russian government.

Naturally, the Russians wanted to get all they could, and the Americans were determined to give as little as possible. The Russians thought the line was more essential for America than for Russia, and they insisted on their way of dividing the expected income. This made a good deal of work for the legation. Clay became mixed up in the affair and stubbornly insisted on the American method of division. Gortchakov might have yielded had he been alone, but Count Tolstoy, minister of ways and communications, stood against surrender. In an interview with Gortchakov, Clay was insistent almost to rudeness. Afterward he realized that the Russian government might ask for his recall and he was greatly worried. He came to me, and said, after telling me all that had transpired: 'You know the Russians much better than I do. What can be done to conciliate Gortchakov?'

I thought over this question for a whole day, then I said to Clay: 'I see but one way to get out of the position and that is to go to Gortchakov, and say:

"Personally, we are good friends, but in this Alaskan affair we are of different opinions. Shall we not leave the question to Seward, who is a wise and strictly just man?'

'Strange,' said Clay, 'that I did not think of this way. It has several sides, and each side is good.'

He acted upon the suggestion at once. Gortchakov was willing to make this concession, and the question was referred to Seward. An agreement was reached and everything was harmonious; the company got all they could though it was not what they wanted. While this work was going on. Clay gave a dinner every Sunday to which Collins and Sibley were invited. They gave him $30,000 paid-up stock for his influence in St. Petersburg, and three or four hundred thousand dollars of ordinary stock to distribute in Russia to help on the enterprise, also stock to sell. The first thing Clay did was to sell his own stock. Sergius-Savitch Abaza, a clever, well-connected Russian, and George Kennan crossed the Pacific to explore and begin work in Siberia. For three years they, with a large party of workmen, pushed forward the enterprise as rapidly as possible, exploring, building stations, and preparing poles. They had explored the whole route from the Amur river to Behring strait, built some fifty stations, and prepared 15,000 poles when, in the summer of 1867, the success of the Atlantic cable was assured and the Alaska telegraph, after $3,000,000 had been spent, was abandoned at once.

One incident in connection with Clay's activity in this enterprise was very unpleasant. He had persuaded Alexander Muhanoff, a highly respected man, who had a small fortune to which he held firmly, for he knew the value of money, to buy 7,000 rubles worth of his paid-up stock. Of course, when the scheme collapsed, the stock was worthless. Friends of Muhanoff laid the affair before Clay and asked him to return the money in whole or in part. He replied that he had, as a great favor, sold it from his own paid-up stock; it was impossible for him to return any part of it.

Clay was never friendly after the Jew episode. He went to live in the Jew's house and made every effort to secure the secretaryship for the Jew's son, but his efforts were useless. I retained the office as long as he held the position of United States minister to Russia. In January, 1868, I came to

America, crossing the ocean on the China which was then one of the best steamers of the Cunard line. The weather was cold and stormy; all the way over, the deck of the steamer was covered with ice. One day the sea was so rough that only three passengers appeared at the table.

On reaching New York I went directly to Washington to explain the condition in Russia, and then I learned why Clay had been sent to that country. Senator Foster of Connecticut said: 'I once had a conversation with President Lincoln about Clay. As you know, Clay is in Russia for the second time. During the war, to exhibit a patriotism which he did not feel, he resigned. I am positive that he was intensely disappointed when his resignation was accepted, for he came home and at once began to work for reappointment, telling Seward that he had discovered that he could do more good in Russia than in America. He was reappointed because Lincoln was afraid he would join the anti-unionists in Kentucky and do harm in that state. When this reappointment came up, I and other senators decided not to confirm such a man. We went to Lincoln and asked that Clay's name be withdrawn. Lincoln's answer was: "I ask as a favor that you confirm him; I know things which you do not."

I remained a week in Washington. Matt Carpenter had at that time a law office on Pennsylvania avenue, just across from Willard's hotel. We were friends of long standing. He was boarding at Willard's a table for two was assigned us, and during my stay we met there three times each day. He was greatly occupied, and it was the only opportunity we had for uninterrupted conversation.

Matt Carpenter was a man of remarkable mentality. He was one of the most brilliant speakers I have ever listened to; a man richly endowed with gifts of rare quality. Unlike the majority of lawyers, his mind grasped many things besides law. He was interested, not only in the advancement of America, but in the advancement of the whole civilized world, and he kept in touch with all the great political and scientific questions of the day. Just then he was unusually busy, for he not only had a difficult lawsuit on hand, but was working for senatorship. I spent but one evening with him, and that was for the purpose of meeting his friend Alexander T. Gray, a native of Delaware, who had been secretary of state in Wisconsin.

During those days in Washington, I met for the first time Simon Cameron, a man who impressed me greatly with his strong mental makeup. I dined with Senator Sumner of Massachusetts, and twice spent an evening at Secretary Seward's. When I left St. Petersburg, Gortchakov wrote to the Russian minister requesting him to show the letter to Mr. Seward. In this letter, which Seward showed to me, I was spoken of in the highest terms of praise possible to use.

From Washington I went to Milwaukee. I had not been home since 1862, and during those six years many changes had taken place in my immediate family. My sister Julia, the sister who had sat by me all of the night previous to my starting for Harvard, my sister Mary, and my brother George were no longer living. It was a sad homecoming. The week following my arrival I was given a reception by the chamber of commerce, E. D. Holton introduced me and read a fine address of welcome in behalf of the business public of Milwaukee.

Jolin Plankinton made a short speech which I answered. The chamber was packed with people. In the crowd were men who had known me from boyhood: Alexander Mitchell, David Ferguson, Noonan Joseph Bradford, a friend of my father; Dr. Wolcott, then old, but in his day one of the most skillful surgeons in the West; John Johnston, and many and many another. Nothing could I have prized more highly than the kindly greeting which I met there that day, given by men who were friends of my father; men whom I had known and respected from my boyhood; men who by their worth, ability and energy made Milwaukee one of the most prosperous cities, and certainly the most beautiful city in the Northwest. I recall the last paragraph of that address: 'Wishing you a prosperous return to Russia, we unite in invoking blessings and success to accompany you in all life's journey.'

A few days later I was in Washington where I was given a passport as secretary of legation. On April 4 I sailed for Europe. Except to talk confidentially with Senator Foster and Matt Carpenter, I had said nothing against Clay whom it was in my power to ruin without asking diplomats to rely upon my word. I could have referred them to city officials in St. Petersburg, and what city officials knew Gortchakov knew.

The ocean voyage was delightful; sails were hoisted as soon as we readied the open sea, and were not lowered till we were off the coast of Ireland. I remember only one of the many passengers, a Scotchman whose home was in Texas, and I remember him for the yarns he spun. He told, with lively detail, how five years earlier, when on a visit to Scotland, a notice of his death appeared in a Texas newspaper. The notice was copied by a Glasgow paper; he saw it and returned to Texas where he found that his estate had been divided among the heirs, who were evidently rejoicing over his early demise.

I remained a few days in England and made some pleasant acquaintances, among them John Bright, Mill, and other members of the English parliament. Later I spent a day and night with John Bright at his home. I delivered an address before the National reform union of Manchester, on Russia and the eastern question. Jacob Bright, M.P., presided. On the way to St. Petersburg I stopped at Regensburg, a city interesting in church history. I also spent a day in the ancient town of Prague, the capital of Bohemia; and three days in Budapest, one of the oldest cities in eastern Europe. Though founded in Roman times, it has suffered so much from invasions, inundations, and fires, and has been rebuilt so often that nothing of the old time remains. Since 18G7, when Hungary received the semi-political independence she now enjoys, great progress has been made in building up and ornamenting the city, and today it is one of the handsomest capitals in that part of Europe. Buda, connected with Pest by a colossal suspension bridge, is built at the foot and on the summit of an oblong hill which is equally difficult of access from every side. On the summit are the fortress and the royal castle and also many ancient buildings, not one of which has any architectural beauty. The impression produced is that Buda is an old, dingy place with uninteresting buildings and a population only half awake. All the activity is concentrated in Pest. Pest was attractive for me, for I understood the peculiar political position of the Hungarians and I knew their language. Since college days I have rarely taken up a Hungarian book without thinking of John Fiske's quaint remark about the language. Glancing over a Magyar book which I had been reading, he said: 'Jeremiah, I should like much to know this language, but it has a lurid look.'

While in Budapest I went one evening to Margarethen island, the great pleasure resort of the city. I roamed around for a time and then going into the cafe sat down at a table near the door and ordered a cup of coffee. I was wearing a high silk hat, ignorant of the fact that it was the distinguishing mark of a German. After a few minutes, four gentlemen came in and sat down at a table not far away. I noticed that they looked at me rather closely and were apparently speaking about me.

When the waiter came with my coffee, he said: 'Please to pardon me, but those gentlemen over there would like to know what country you come from.'

'I am from the United States; I am an American.'

He did not go to their table but returned to the kitchen, and soon their waiter entered with the wine they had ordered.

Then one of the gentlemen came to my table, and said: 'I beg your pardon, you are an American?'

'I am.'

'In that case, perhaps you will consent to come and sit with us.'

'Are you a Magyar?* I asked.

'Yes, not only a Magyar but a honored [defender of the country].' I went to their table.

After conversing for a time, they raised their glasses and said: 'Here is to the country which received Kossuth!'

One of the gentlemen then said: 'Forgive us if we were rude in asking what country you came from. We thought you were a German, but as you gave your order in Hungarian, we were not sure. If you had been a German, we wouldn't have harmed you but we might have crushed that glossy hat.'

There is always hostility between the Germans and Magyars, but at that time it was greater than usual; the country was on the verge of revolt.

Americans who have not studied the question can know very little about the conditions which cause the race struggles of Europe, for in the United States we have nothing that parallels them. Our immigrants deal with their language and customs as they see fit. It is to their interest to Americanize themselves, and it is that which leads them to slowly divest themselves of their language and customs.

Hungary forms half of the Austria-Hungary empire. The Magyars entered the country about a thousand years ago and conquered the people who were there before them; they are of Asiatic origin. The grammar of their language is of Turkish pattern, while a considerable portion of their vocabulary is related to the Finnish, and they have a number of borrowed words from Slav and German. The Magyar tongue is as foreign to the Slav and Teuton as the Turkish is. In the kingdom of Hungary are the Roumanians. The Roumanians speak a Latin tongue and are descendants of a Roman colony planted between the Black sea and the Carpathian mountains in the time of the Emperor Trajan. The Serbs and Croats each form a division of the kingdom. In the Austrian part of the empire one of the race divisions is the Czechs. This condition of representation, and the gathering together in one body of men of many languages and traditions, makes the Austrian parliament the worst 'bear-garden' in the world. Clubs and riots are the regular things at the sessions. The Germans, when their arguments fail, begin to talk of their 'Bigger Fatherland,' meaning the German empire. This rouses the ire of all the other divisions, and the right increases in venom. After a few minutes, I said goodbye and left the cafe. Two days later I was in St. Petersburg.

CHAPTER: 9

A Secretary on Vacation

That spring and summer I studied several of the languages of central Asia and learned Persian. In January, 1869, Field Marshal Baryatinsky invited me to visit him at Ivanovka, an estate some sixty miles beyond the Kursk, in the center of a rich agricultural district, a district where a great amount of grain is produced. Three estates, Ivanovka, Stepanovka, and Mazeppovka join and together are seventy miles in length. At this time there were 500 acres of planted forest, most of the trees being over seventy years old. Here and there were beautiful groves, gardens, and lawns. The house which the field marshal occupied was larger than the White House in Washington. Baryatinsky had inherited this vast property but had given it to his brother. The place was simply his home when he was not on the Caucasus. His brother seldom lived there; the whole estate was under the care of agents, a condition which troubled the field marshal, for he once said to me: 'Is it not strange that that brother of mine prefers being an official of the imperial court to being a real power here in his own province?'

The day that I started for Ivanovka I met at the Nikolaief station in St. Petersburg, General Kolosovski, an old and wise man. He had heard that I was going to Ivanovka and had come to the station to see me.

At this time there was a determined fight between Milyutin, the minister of war, and Baryatinsky. 'You are about to visit Prince Baryatinsky' said Kolosovski. 'You know how highly we Russians respect you. You know me. and I trust you will not be offended if I, an old man, give you a word of caution. I hope that you are not and will not become connected with the dispute going on between the minister of war and the field marshal, and that you will be wise enough not to side with either party.' I assured him that his hopes were well placed, that I was going to Ivanovka simply as a guest, that I should not mix up in affairs which in no way concerned me. 'I thought so'

said the old man, 'but you are young, and sometimes young men are incautious.'

I thanked him for his interest in me and his kind words, and said goodbye as I stepped onto the train. I reached Ivanovka in the evening. Baryatinsky was ill and had retired, but the princess was waiting to welcome me. General Fadeyev and General Chernyaeff were guests at the house. At the eleven o'clock supper there were but four at table: Princess Baryatinsky, General Fadeyev, General Chernyaeff, and myself.

The next morning a servant brought coffee to my room, and immediately after Prince Baryatinsky appeared in a dressing gown. He greeted me most cordially, and said: 'Yeremi Davidovich, I was ill last evening but I am much better this morning and have come to see if the servants have carried out my orders and given you the comfort that should be given to a guest who is so welcome in this house.' The forenoon was spent in conversation and in going through the stables where the prince had some magnificent horses. At luncheon I met a man whom I already knew, Demetri Orbeliani, the father of Princess Baryatinsky. The princess was occupied in making a concordance of the bible; there was none in Slav. She was a pleasant, sympathetic woman, with wonderfully expressive eyes. Baryatinsky was of medium height, a fine-looking man. with iron gray hair. They had no children.

During the days I spent at Ivanovka, much of our conversation was about the Caucasus and about central Asia, for we had with us the conquerer of Tashkent, the man who in June, 1865, with 12,000 soldiers had captured a city of more than 80,000 inhabitants, the gem of Turkestan. He had been defeated once in the undertaking and had met with what was for his small army serious loss. His enemies in St. Petersburg, and he had many, left no stone unturned to ruin him and, through their influence, Alexander II sent orders to Chernyaeff not to attempt to take Tashkent. The general was aware that enemies were trying to ruin his career. Hence, he made all haste to capture the city before he received orders to leave the country, and so great was his success that when he read the tsar's dispatches instructing him to withdraw and not attempt the conquest of Tashkent, he could reply: 'Your Majesty's orders, forbidding me to take Tashkent, reached me only in the

city itself, which I have captured and now place at Your Majesty's feet.' He conquered the country but not his enemies, who later took from him, in as far as they could, the laurels of victory.

The people of Tashkent did not know how small the army was which stormed their walls. The place was taken through the surprise and alarm of its populace, a fear of Russia which existed in the East, and the indomitable courage of Chernyaeff who with so few soldiers dared to storm so large a city. Chernyaeff told us that when he was inside the walls and saw the multitude of people, he was amazed at his own success. On the afternoon of his victory, feeling the need of a change of clothes, he went almost unattended to the vapor baths of the city. This showed such confidence in the completion of the work and such fearlessness that no further resistance was made.

He had a battle near the Iron Gates and in speaking of it he stated that the Asiatics had the same military weakness that appeared in Russia in the time of the princes; that is, when there is no professional soldiery, men are likely to stampede and run like a herd of cattle. This happened in the battle at the Iron Gates; a thousand men or more stampeded, threw off their outer garments — the Asiatics in that part of the country wear a short tunic coming just below the hips and over it a long gown, much like an ordinary dressing gown — and ran away perfectly naked as regarded the lower part of the body. This stampede disorganized the other divisions, and the Russians, who were immensely inferior as to number, were victorious. Chernyaeff enjoyed telling how ridiculous those men looked running away from the battlefield.

It was a rare treat to hear those three noted warriors: Baryatinsky, the conqueror of the Caucasus; Chernyaeff, the hero of Tashkent; and General Fadeyev, describe the battles and adventures in which they had taken the leading part. Several times it was daylight before we retired; if we started, some chance word would waken another reminiscence, and again we would sit down.

One afternoon, when Baryatinsky, Chernyaeff. and I were having a sleigh ride, the isvostick, who was very proud of the three spirited stallions he was driving, managed to overturn the sleigh and throw us into the snow. For a

moment I was under both of the generals. As we were not injured, I found the affair amusing, and, while shaking off the snow. I said: 'You see how wonderfully strong America is? I am an American and I am able to hold up both of you. The Caucasus could not hold and resist one of you. and central Asia could not resist the other.' This idea pleased the field marshal who laughed till tears came to his eyes. Altogether the tip-over roused a good deal of mirth, in the way of jokes and repartee.

The following day the prince and I went alone to a rather large peasant village which he wished to show me. We talked during this ride about what was greatly on the general's mind: getting communication with central Asia. 'It is a matter of first importance to have railroads,' said he, 'but in St. Petersburg they are backward, and money sufficient for the enterprise is not in evidence.' He remarked that he had nothing against Englishmen in general but he had a good deal against the English government which was ever trying to defame Russia. 'They will always threaten us,' said he, 'until we are in the position to threaten them. Then, perhaps, we may live in peace.

The only way for America to live in long continued peace with England is to expand rapidly, and quietly assume the headship of the English-speaking world. The greatness of a nation depends upon the devotion of the people to a few intelligent men. In Russia, you understand that the imperial family is only one of the incidents in Russian history, but it is a very important incident. If today, for any reason, the imperial family should fail in understanding its position, which is simply the signboard of Russian unity, and should cease to be useful, we would remove them, and put up another signboard, whatever it might be. Though they may not realize it, our imperial family amounts to nothing aside from us, the people. In England the royal family have accepted this position; the intelligence of the nation has the family in hand. The most interesting thing in England is that the people are said to rule, while in reality it is the few.'

The prince had been in England and had studied English politics. The supreme effort in Baryatinsky's conquest of the Caucasus was the capture of the mountain fortress of Gunib and the great leader, Shamyl. For upward of sixty years Russia had been carrying on a desultory warfare with the

peoples of the Caucasus. In 1801 they had taken possession of Georgia but they had never conquered Daghestan. The country was difficult of access. The Daghestan communities thought that no power on earth could conquer them; first, because of the great number and inaccessibility of their villages and then, because of the defensive power of each village, for the houses were built of stone and when one was taken, the defenders slipped into another, and when one part of the village was in the hands of the enemy, the other part defended itself gallantly, and if they saw that they could not overpower their opponent, they fled to the mountains.

In 1843 Shamyl, a great warrior, a man like the best of the Kalifs of Baghdad, roused the entire country against the Russians. For sixteen years he held Russian armies at bay, for the right man had not come. Again there were many in Russia who were profiting by the war; there were merchants in Moscow who thought war a good thing and opposed every drastic plan for ending it. But at last the man appeared, one of those men of nerve and greatness, in the line of old Russian princes, and he said, 'I will do it.'

Prince Baryatinsky went to the Caucasus as captain, but soon became colonel, and then major general with the promise of promotion, and with power of sending couriers back and forth continually. Very soon he was commander in chief and then he was master of the army of the Caucasus. During the time that he was captain, he had leisure to study the position and come in contact with men whom he must work with later on.

The first thing to do was to subdue Daghestan, for the heart of the opposition was there — Daghestan now means everything on the east side of the mountains. Baryatinsky began at the northern edge and captured one place after another, and many a desperate battle he fought before Shamyl and his forces were driven to the height of Guni

b.

Shamyl thought that no commander on earth could take Gunib, which is a natural fortress on the top of a gigantic mass of rock. This mountain of rock is isolated and rises 4,500 feet above the valley around and nearly 8,000 above the sea. There is soil on the summit of the rock and it spreads over a surface averaging three miles in width by five in length. The district is well

watered, and enough food could be produced to sustain the defenders. It had three approaches, two of which were supposed to be impregnable. As Shamyl thought the third approach the only one which would be attempted, he had it well fortified. In this wonderful stronghold he felt secure, but one morning the old warrior found his stronghold occupied. The Russians had rushed up over the rocks where Shamyl, a mountaineer, had never dreamed it possible that any man could come.

The first man to reach the summit of Gunib was Prince Tarkanorv, a Georgian. Then directly enough men were there to defend themselves. Baryatinsky fixed his camp on the fortified side, and the Russian front was there. Many were dead, but the Russian flag floated from the summit of Gunib. Terror held sway over the surviving defenders. The Caucasus were lost; Shamyl was a prisoner. He was brought with all who were left of his warriors to Baryatinsky's camp. With their Asiatic idea of a conqueror they supposed their last hour had struck, that they would be executed at once. Baryatinsky received the defeated leader with kindness; he was sent to Russia, and none of his men were killed.

Five or six years after his capture, I met Shamyl at a court ball in the Winter palace. He had been invited to the ball as the government wished to show him every honor. He was residing in Tula with distinguished surroundings, not as a prisoner, though in reality he was one. Shamyl was a strong, dark-complexioned man of medium height. He was gray-bearded and white-haired, and had wonderfully hard gray eyes with a tremendously concentrated expression. He gave one a peculiar impression as he stood there in that elegant hall: he was conquered, but still dignified and cold as ice. He looked like a magnificent tiger that had had its teeth and claws pulled out and felt its utter helplessness, but still tried to hide the fact that it realized or felt that it had lost power of defense. So gallant and brave was the man that his face gave no expression to his sorrow but concealed his feelings, and dignity was preserved on both sides. Everyone at that ball who was introduced to Shamyl or passed him rendered him the honor which belongs to a man who has fought long and wisely for his home and country. The perfect recognition of the Russians was fine to see. With the conquest of the Caucasus, Prince Baryatinsky's active career ended.

After spending a week in Ivanovka, General Chernyaeff and I returned to St. Petersburg. To catch the morning train we had to leave the house at two o'clock in the night. The prince kept the horses waiting and sat with us till the last moment. Meanwhile, we all took a hand at story-telling. The prince told how he went once, when major general, from the Caucasus to St. Petersburg to have an interview with the emperor and make arrangements for the necessary power to conquer the country. He had been successful and was returning. At a post station beyond the Don he changed his Russian uniform for his ordinary Circassian costume. He was traveling with two carriages; in one was his trunk and outfit in charge of his Cossack attendant, who went in advance; in the other the prince sat alone with the driver. He was meditating over all that had transpired when suddenly the driver rolled off his seat. Instantly, the horses left the road and shot across the fields. It was evening. The prince was helpless; he could do nothing but hold firmly to the carriage. Each Cossack village is surrounded by a fence. The horses ran two miles and stopped only in front of a gate in a village fence. Peasants hurried out to know what had happened. The prince said: I am Prince Baryatinsky. Some distance from here my driver fell from the carriage. I don't know whether he is dead or alive. The horses ran away.'

'Hu!' grunted the men. 'Are there few such persons going around? Come with us, we will find out what the truth is.'

They paid no heed to his words but forced him into a room and placed a guard over him.

His attendant, after waiting a good while at the post station, drove back to find out what had happened. When he came to where the horses had left the road, he found the driver, who was just recovering consciousness. They followed the carriage tracks till they came to the village; there they found Prince Baryatinsky a prisoner. The Cossacks were terrified when they discovered how stupid they had been. They went to the prince and said: 'Your Highness, we are guilty, but how can you blame us? We didn't know you,' and they were very humble.

'It was amusing, said the prince, 'they were as shame-faced and submissive as, a short time before, they had been arrogant and stubborn.' The prince

kept us till we had to drive at 'horse-death' speed to reach the station in time for the train.

Soon after this visit one of my greatly valued Russian friends, Vassili Fedeorovich Gromof, died. He was a man widely known in commercial circles throughout northern and western Europe. His house in St. Petersburg and his house on the island were celebrated for their beauty, their paintings, and their statuary. But the owner's chief delight was in plants and trees. Gromof was a lover of nature, a man greatly respected, a pure old-time Russian. I recall many delightful hours spent in his society. He was proud of the friendship between Russia and America and, when Fox was in St. Petersburg, gave an elegant fete in his honor.

One day when I was a guest at Vassili Fedeorovich's house, we were just sitting down to the evening meal when Bogoluboff, a celebrated artist, arrived; he was an intimate friend, and there was always a seat at the table for him. He was taking this seat when suddenly he saw that there were twelve persons at table. 'Pardon me,' said he to the host, 'I must step out a minute.' He did not return. Gromof looked around and knew the reason why; he slipped out, found Bogoluboff in the smoking room, and ordered supper to be served to him there. Later, when we went to the smoking room, Bogoluboff said: 'Yeremi Davidovich, perhaps you do not believe in things which some people call superstitions, but I am thankful that I saw that I would make the thirteenth one at table; I came awfully near sitting down.'

Vassili Gromof died at his summer house, and it was from there that his body was taken to the cemetery — the distance was four miles. His Russian and his American friends — among whom were Latrobe, whose father had been mayor of Baltimore, and I — said: 'He cannot be carried to the grave in a hearse, we will carry him.' So all that distance we bore him on our shoulders, changing at short intervals. When four were tired, another four stepped in with reverence. There was always one American in each four. It was a very long procession, for half of St. Petersburg knew and loved Vassili Fedeorovich. The mourners and friends walked though it was very cold weather. We lowered the casket into the grave. The first trowelful of earth was dropped on it by the officiating priest, then twelve or fourteen persons, who had the ceremonial right, scattered a little earth on the coffin.

Few words were spoken, for there was no person present who did not feel that he or she had met with a great loss.

Madame Gromof was a Greek by birth and was much younger than her husband. Some years after his death, while lighting a candle, the match ignited her thin dress, and before servants could reach her she was so badly burned that she died.

During the summer of 1869 I spent a good deal of time learning some of the languages of Hindustan. In the fall of that year I went to Prague to be present at the celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of John Huss, the great Bohemian reformer. The weather was all that could be desired, and the old city of Prague with its beautiful and picturesque environs, its many churches, palaces, and bridges is, of all places in Europe, one of the best in which to celebrate a great national festival.

The festivities were opened by an oratorio in the Czech language. After the prologue the oratorio begins with a chorus of Prague students, just as Huss is preparing to go to Constance. Next appears Jerome of Prague, who informs the students that Huss is to go to the council. They protest, saying that their master's life will be in danger. Huss, however, goes, as his heart is in his cause and he has the emperor's safe-conduct. He arrives at Constance, is put in prison, is condemned by the council, and burned to death. There were many fine passages in the oratorio. From the theater all went to Bethlehem square where Huss lived and preached while in Prague. The square and the streets leading to it were crowded with a dense mass of people. Deputations from different societies ranged themselves around the speaker's stand, which was nearly in front of the site of Huss's house. Then came the unveiling of a marble slab with an inscription: 'Zed bydlel Mistr Yan Huss' *Here Dwelt Mr. John Huss*. Immediately after the uncovering of the slab, a choir sang one of the oldest and finest Czech hymns, 'Hospodine nomilui ny* *'Lord Have Mercy on Us'*. Then followed a speech by a clergyman from Moravia. His mighty voice was heard in every part of the square, reminding me of those preachers in Scotland whom Sir Walter Scott so vividly described in his novels.

In the evening a drama called John Urns was played in the principal theater. The following morning all the guests invited to take part in the Huss festival

assembled in the club building on Ferdinand street, the main thoroughfare of Prague. It was one of the most varied companies I have ever seen. There was a large number of Russians, among the number Princess Galitzin of Moscow; Count Kiseleff and Prince Obolenski also of Moscow; and Professor Tresnevski of the St. Petersburg academy of sciences. There were guests from Hungary, Croatia. Serbia, Bulgaria, the Dannbian principalities, Poland, France, England, and America. All of the clubs, associations of workmen, and mechanics, and Czech people were ranged in order on the immense square of St. Wenceslaus and streets leading into it. At eight o'clock they began to move toward the railroad station, passing the clubhouse in Ferdinand street. As each company passed, they shouted, 'Na Zdarf which means success, but is used as a term of greeting, and the greeting was heartily returned by the guests. Each association had its banner and baud of music; each was dressed in a peculiar uniform. The procession occupied nearly two hours in passing. At ten o'clock all were at the railroad, and amid the music of thirty bands and the shouts of an immense multitude, the long train started.

The weather was delightful. The smoky air of autumn covered the hills, and the bright sunshine beautified the ruins of the old fortresses about Prague. At every station and every village through which we passed, the people from the surrounding country had collected to cheer us. During the entire journey from Prague to Hussinecz, which is near the southern boundary of the kingdom, there were only two or three villages which did not welcome the travelers with instrumental music. At 7:00 p.m. we arrived in Strakonitz, where we spent the night. Starting at four o'clock the following morning we reached Hussinecz at ten, after a fatiguing drive in country wagons.

Hussinecz is in a quiet and beautiful valley, surrounded on all sides by lofty, pine-covered hills. At the entrance of the town an arch of evergreens was over the highway. On it were inscriptions of welcome in the different languages of Europe. At eleven o'clock the procession formed and went to the house where Huss was born. The number of people present was estimated at 70,000. Speeches were made in different languages, and two songs of Hussite times were sung. The ceremony ended with the hymn of 'Lord Have Mercy on Us.' At four o'clock there was a great banquet. Several able speeches were made, the principal ones by Palasky, the historian, and

Rieger, one of the leaders of the National party in Bohemia. I spoke and received tremendous applause, probably not for what I said, but because I addressed the people in their own Czech language. Two telegrams were received, one from St. Petersburg, announcing that the Slavonic society of that city had established a scholarship to educate a poor boy taken from that district of Prague where Huss lived; the other from Moscow, announcing a similar scholarship for a poor boy born in Hussinecz. At eight o'clock the Huss festival ended, and we went back to Strakonitz en route for Prague, where I remained several days.

Twice in history have the Czechs been very prominent: once in the wars which followed the death of John Huss, and again during the Thirty Years' war in which they suffered beyond any other people. Reduced from 3,000,000 to 800,000 in number, they were supposed to be extinguished as Slavs but they regained more than their old numbers and are today, if possible, more determined than ever to preserve their historical identity. Take them all in all, there is not a people of more marked character, or one whose history has greater claims on the student. In fact, the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries cannot be studied in any true sense without faithful attention to Bohemia, which has been inhabited in turn by each of the three northern representatives of the Aryan race: the Kelts, the Teutons, and the Slavs, and has twice been the theater of struggles as momentous as have ever engaged the passions or the affections of men.

It was first inhabited by the Boii, a branch of the Kelts. Weakened by the loss of an army sent to aid the Helvetians in their struggle against Caesar, and broken in a stubborn conflict with the Dacian king, the Boii disappeared as a people. They were overtaken by that cruel and relentless fate which has followed the Kelts in all their divisions and wherever settled: loss of political independence and language, the body and soul of nationality. They strengthened the stranger with their blood and left a few geographical names as their only monument. The next inhabitants of Bohemia were the Marcomanni, a Teutonic tribe, who established themselves in the country a few years before the Christian era and remained till the fifth century when they joined the general current of the Germanic attack on the west and south of Europe. The third and last settlement was that of the Czechs, a branch of the great Slav race.

Bohemia is remarkable for the strength of its geographical position and the beauty of its mountains and valleys; for me it is one of the most attractive countries of Europe. From Prague I went to Vienna. The Austrian capital is sure to please a traveler. There is movement and variety in external life, and more vivacity in manners than is to be found in any other Austrian city. The Viennese form a type which is different, not only from the north Germans, but from the other peoples of the grand duchy. Vienna for hundreds of years has been the center of attraction for fortune hunters and pleasure seekers. The result is a mixed race in which there is not more than half German blood. The Viennese are as different from the Berlin people as the Americans are from the English. They are often accused of confining their patriotism to their own city. And. perhaps, it may be said with truth, that the Viennese think of Vienna very much as the Hungarians used to think of Hungary when they said: 'Extra Ilungariani non est vita, et si est vita non est vita *There is no life out of Hungary and if there is life, it is not worth living*.

A second time I visited Budapest, for I was interested in the Magyars as a non-Aryan people from the Ural-Altai regions. They arrived in the country at a period of a desperate struggle between Germans and the Slav kingdom of great Moravia, a struggle as envenomed as that between Carthage and Rome, but in which the Slavs seemed to be holding their own. At this juncture the Magyars struck great Moravia in the rear with all their force, secured victory for the Germans, and inserted themselves as a dividing wedge between the southern and northern Slavs. The fall of great Moravia closed the way to the political independence of the western Slavs; after them there remained in the whole Slav world but the Poles and the Russians who had the possibility of power.

As the ruling race of Hungary, the Magyars exert more influence than any people of four times their number in Europe. Though forming only about one third of the population of Hungary, five and a half to six millions, they rule the other peoples of the kingdom and possess the preponderant power in the empire of Austria-Hungary. I met at this time many of the leading politicians. I also became acquainted with Maurus Jokai, Hungary's celebrated novelist, a man of the old Magyar type. When learning Hungarian, I had read his novels in the original; later I learned how true

they were to the life and character of the country and I was glad to know the author.

One evening, when at the railroad station to say goodbye to a Russian friend, who was starting for the Holy Land and Egypt, I met two Americans, typical westerners. Each man had reduced his baggage to a suit-case which he carried on his back. One spoke a little German, the other spoke only Plnglish. They, too, were on their way to Palestine and Egypt; It took about five minutes for them to tell me who they were, where they came from, how many annoyances they had had. etc. My Russian friend spoke a little English. I introduced him, and he promised to be 'a grandfather' to them till they were safe in the holy city of Jerusalem. When the train started, they were already good friends.

A few days later I went down the Danube to Bazias by rail, from Bazias by steamer to Rustchuk, and then by rail to Varna and on to Constantinople. I reached the 'Crescent City' one afternoon just before sunset; the view was marvelous and never to be forgotten. Constantinople was crowded with foreigners on their way to the opening of the Suez canal. The emperor of Austria was in the city. Count Andrassy was there also and Count Beust, the leading ministers of the Austrian parliament. I called at the sultan's palace to see Count Andrassy and had a very pleasant talk with him. Our minister to Turkey, Mr. Morris, was living at Buyukdera, which is the best summer place around Constantinople, for it faces the Black sea. He invited me to visit him on the day of the Turkish review in honor of the Austrian emperor. From his house there was an excellent view of the parade grounds. Later I went to the grounds and had an opportunity to study the drill. In the evening we sailed down the Bosporus to the city. The entire Bosporus, on both sides, was magnificently illuminated, as were all the minarets, turrets, and principal streets. The impression of that night will remain with me as long as I live.

The following day I dined with Count Ignatiev, then Russian ambassador to Turkey. It was a family dinner; I was the only guest. Countess Ignatiev is a beautiful woman. Ignatiev is a man of medium size; he is very plain-looking, and there is often a certain cold, sarcastic expression on his face. He has accomplished much for Russia. Besides acquiring all of the country

from the mouth of the Amur river to Vladivostok, he has procured the separation of the Bulgarian church from the Greek church and got it from under the thumb of the patriarch of Constantinople; and he has freed the Bulgarians from the Turks. A good work later nearly ruined by the action of the English and the Germans at the conference at Berlin. Goodenow of Maine was our consul at Constantinople. With him I visited Roberts college and made the acquaintance of Dr. Long and other Americans connected with the college.

I went from Constantinople to Athens, saw the 'City Wonderful' and visited all the places made familiar to me by my study of the Greek and Latin languages and literatures. The American minister was Dana. At dinner at his house I met Reverdy Johnson of Baltimore for the first time. We became friends and during the days I remained in Athens we were frequently together. Johnson was a man who possessed an immense fund of information and enjoyed talking. Novikoff, brother-in-law of the well known Madame Olga Novikoff, was Russian minister to Greece. At a dinner given by him, I met Count Pototski, a friend from St. Petersburg, a member of the Pototski family of Poland. Both of these dinners were for me exceedingly pleasant social events.

When I returned to Constantinople, the weather was bad, damp and cold. I had been there but a day or two when a steamer from Odessa came into port. It brought a large number of passengers. Russians and foreigners. The hotel where I was stopping filled at once to the overflow. When I came from the breakfast room into the reception hall, I was greatly surprised to see among the many new guests my classmate, Nathan Appleton, and with him General Nathaniel P. Banks with whom I was well acquainted. It is a great pleasure, when traveling in a foreign country, to see a known face and hear a familiar voice and, when the possessor of that face and voice comes from your own country, you experience a peculiar feeling of nearness, almost of relationship.

That morning I was to have, by appointment, an interview with the patriarch of Constantinople, the head of the Greek church. Thinking that Banks and Appleton might like to meet this dignitary, I invited them to go with me. We crossed at the Golden Horn, and winding in and out through

several of the narrow and densely populated streets in the old part of the city, reached the palace, and were conducted to the presence of the patriarch, a handsome old man with long, gray hair and beard. He received us most graciously. We talked a few minutes upon various subjects. Then he spoke about the eastern church and told what an effort had been made by the Pope to get him to join the papal power; then, following a never-varying custom among church dignitaries in the East, conserve and coffee were brought. After partaking of this offering, we said a few parting words and withdrew, much pleased with our reception.

Banks and Appleton spent a few days in Constantinople, then resumed their journey, and I started on a trip through Bulgaria and Roumania. Goodenow, the consul, went with me. We did not remain long in Bulgaria, for I was anxious to reach Bucharest. When we arrived in that city, we found the streets almost impassable from mud. It was December and considerable rain had fallen. The city is built in a level district where the soil is very rich; consequently, whenever there is rain there is much mud. The native population speak a Latin language and consider themselves descendants of the Roman colonists of Hadrian's time, but the language has been greatly influenced and modified by the Slav linguistic principles. I had looked into it somewhat deeply and went to Roumania for the sole purpose of hearing the language spoken and studying the people.

Count Ignatiev had given me a letter to the Russian consul general, and I found him a pleasant, helpful man. Two years later I met him in Washington; he had been appointed Russian minister to the United States. Goodenow and I called on the prince of Roumania. The prince shook hands with me but gave only two fingers to Goodenow, the difference being that in his mind he associated Goodenow with Turkey and me with Russia. Goodenow said that he took hold of those two fingers with his thumb and two fingers, but he had a good mind to use only his thumb and one finger. The prince is a Hohenzollern, not greatly noted for brain power.

I crossed the Carpathian mountains in a stagecoach, or rather on it, for I was fortunate enough to secure a seat with the driver. The mountain views are fine though not to be compared with those of the Caucasus. The mountains were covered with snow, but there was little, if any, in the valleys. Leaving

Bucharest at midday we spent the night on the eastern side of the Carpathians. We started early the following morning, and that evening were well down the western side and again stopped for the night. At sunset the following day we reached Hermannstadt, the erstwhile capital of Transylvania, a city of perhaps 20,000 inhabitants. From there I went to Berlin. Bancroft, our historian, was then minister to Germany; I had met him several times in New York and now renewed his acquaintance with much pleasure. Our favorite topic of conversation was America and her possibilities. When alone. I think we were sometimes inclined to be what the English accuse all Americans of being, 'Spread eagle.' I have often recalled with amusement a question asked me by Mrs. Bancroft, who was somewhat of an invalid: 'Do you think the Slavs could be properly civilized without becoming Germans?' In Berlin I met Anson Burlingame, who was on his way to St. Petersburg. His wife and sons were with him, also the members of a Chinese embassy. He was ambassador from the emperor of China to the United States and Europe with the power to frame treaties, an honor never before conferred on a foreigner. Burlingame left Shanghai in February, 1808, and when I met him at the end of 1869, he had already accomplished much. Among other important things he had negotiated a treaty between the United States and China. He traveled in a private car, and as I was going to Russia, he urged me to hasten my work and travel with him, which I did with much pleasure. During the journey we had many long talks. He was indignant over the treatment of China by the western powers. He hoped to do a good deal for the advancement of the country, and to make the country better understood in Europe and America. His secretary, John R. Browne, a man of Irish origin, who spoke Chinese fluently, was his most valuable aid.

Burlingame was received in St. Petersburg with every honor. The Russian minister to China, General Vlangaly, was at home on leave and he visited him nearly every day. Burlingame, in speaking of General Vlangaly, said that from the first day of their acquaintance he had found him a sincere and effective assistant in inaugurating his policy in China.

Less than a week before his death, I dined with Burlingame. After dinner was over, he urged me to 'stay and talk a while.' He seemed to be in a mood for talking and wanted an appreciative listener, which he surely had in me,

for I greatly admired the man and thoroughly understood the value of his work. He told me of his school days in Michigan, his studies in the Cambridge law school, and the opening of a law office in Boston; the contests which he had in the Massachusetts senate to which he was elected in 1852, and the struggle to elect Banks How, when he was appointed minister to Austria, Austria refused to receive him, because he had upheld Kossuth and had delivered addresses in favor of Sardinia, and the unity of Italy. Then Lincoln appointed him minister to China. In 1867, when he informed Prince Kung, then regent of the empire, that he was about to resign and return to America, the prince wished to appoint him special envoy, and, thinking that possibly he could serve the country and do much to advance civilization and humanity, he accepted the mission. He told me that he had been alarmed by hostile criticism and had spent many an anxious hour while crossing the Pacific, fearing that his countrymen would misunderstand his action, and of the great relief he felt when he saw the crowd which had assembled at the wharf in San Francisco and learned that they were there to welcome him. We talked till three o'clock in the morning and then parted reluctantly, promising to spend other evenings together before he left St. Petersburg. Little did I think that the jovial 'good morning!' which we said at parting were the last words we should ever speak to each other. He died February 23, after two days of illness.

CHAPTER: 10

Business and Travel

During the winter of 1869-70 I was occupied in St. Petersburg and Moscow, associated with General Chernyaeff in a railway enterprise in Moscow. At this time I wrote a good deal for publication both in Russia and America. All of my leisure was devoted to the study of the languages of Hindustan and central Asia. I had a fine opportunity to study these languages as there were many Asiatics in the city. General Fadeyev spent all that winter in St. Petersburg and he often dropped into my room at the Hotel de Paris to smoke and discuss political and historical events. He was a deep thinker; he was never quite in harmony with the government and was a bitter enemy of many of the army officers and officials. He was a fine and vivid conversationist. I have never met a person who had so many strange adventures, not only in army life and in battle, but in affairs of the heart. The general was an unmarried man.

In 1870 I went to Vienna. I was deeply interested in the Franco-German war as one of the great historical events of the world. Most of the winter 1870-71 I spent in London where I was writing for Russian and American newspapers. In the spring I returned to Russia and in October came to America to interest Americans in establishing grain elevators in Russia. My traveling companion was a friend of some years' standing, Solijenkoff, a young man from the merchant class of Moscow, sent by the Russian government to examine and report upon the prison system of the United States. The government had in view introducing any reform or improvement which from this report might appear commendable.

It was Solijenkoff's first ocean journey. From the very beginning of the voyage the weather was bad; in mid-ocean it culminated in a terrific storm which lasted for a day and a night and alarmed even experienced sailors. Solijenkoff, who thus far in his life had thought of nothing but pleasure and spending the millions which were his by inheritance, was terribly frightened

and until the storm abated he was most of the time on his knees praying. Solijenkoff visited the penal institutions of New York and Pennsylvania, and then, in December, came to Milwaukee as my guest. At a banquet given him by the leading men of the city Solijenkoff proposed 'America I' In reply Mayor Ludington proposed 'To the city of Moscow!' and I was asked to respond. As my remarks were published I copy them. 'After the receptions in 1866 in the city of Moscow to which Mr. Solijenkoff has referred, the Americans who took part in them decided that the hospitality of Moscow was equal to her bravery, and that the good old city knows how to receive her friends as well as how to meet her enemies. How Moscow has met the enemies of Russia is well known. Human pride and power have probably never been so exalted in the person of a single man since Alexander received the homage of tributary kings at Babylon, as when the great conqueror led the nations of western Europe against Moscow in 1812. Never have they been so humbled and destroyed as they were then, since the Angel of Death breathed on the sleeping hosts of the Assyrian king. If in future time an enemy shall strike at Russia, no matter how he may be panoplied in iron, no matter what streams of blood may flow in his footsteps, Moscow will know how to meet him with the same spirit and effect as she has always met Russia's enemies. Prosperity to Moscow, the birthplace of our guest.' Though Solijenkoff spoke English with difficulty, he could make himself understood. He received many invitations to social events and spent two or three weeks in Milwaukee.

At this time the Grand Duke Alexis was visiting in America. His visit unfortunately occurred just when Catacazy's recall was pending. It was said that the jealousy of some of the cabinet ladies, and an intrigue of Bancroft Davis, who wished to push through a claim made against the Russian government by a man named Perkins, brought about this disgraceful episode. If Grant had been aware of all Russia condoned during Clay's stay in St. Petersburg, he would have probably been wise enough, not to have been influenced by women and Bancroft Davis. It was during these strained relations between the Russian minister and the administration that the grand duke visited Washington, and Grant was not broad-minded enough to give the son of the emperor of Russia a cordial welcome. He was utterly and stupidly heedless of the fact that Russia had so recently stood by us in an

hour of great trouble. The country at large was chagrined, and other cities gave the grand duke the reception due the son of Alexander II.

I talked with many of the citizens of Milwaukee with the result that the chamber of commerce and the city council decided to offer Milwaukee's hospitality to the grand duke. The following resolutions were passed: 'Whereas, His Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke Alexis, son of His Imperial Majesty the emperor of Russia, is on a visit to this country, and is understood to contemplate a visit to the Northwest; and, Whereas, the inhabitants and municipal authorities of this city, in common with this whole people, entertain a feeling of profound respect for that great and good sovereign, the emperor of Russia, for his steadfast and loyal friendship to the United States at all times, especially in its day of trial, it is: Resolved by the common council of the city of Milwaukee, that His Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke Alexis be, and he is hereby respectfully and cordially invited to visit this city as the guest of the city and its people, etc.'

On Friday, December 22, the committee of invitation, consisting of Messrs. Harrison Ludington the mayor of the city, Augustus Gaylord, Irving M. Bean, and myself arrived at Niagara and were received by the grand duke to whom was read our address of invitation. He accepted the invitation and made a pleasant response. Then I said in Russian: 'Your Imperial Highness,having fulfilled the formal part of our mission, we now beg to add a few words in your own language. We are unable to offer as sumptuous a reception as those given you in older and richer cities of the Atlantic coast. Remembering, however, the Russian proverb: "A house is beautiful, not by its external ornaments, but by the spirit of hospitality which reigns within," we hope to show that there is no part of the United States in which the son of the emperor of Russia, and the distinguished gentlemen accompanying him, could meet with a more sincere and hearty welcome than in our city and state.' He responded in Russian and then fixed upon the second of January as the date of his visit and invited the committee to dine with him before leaving for home.

Milwaukee was alive with preparations. The Plankinton house, selected as the residence of the grand duke during his visit, was refitted in part and decorated. In front of the main entrance an arch was erected with the

inscription in Russian: 'A hearty welcome to the son of the sovereign of Russia, the Grand Duke Alexis.' Above the door leading to his private apartments was the inscription in Russian: 'Welcome.' The dining room was ornamented with flags, plants, and flowers. At one end were portraits of the emperor of Russia and the president of the United States; at the opposite end: 'May Russia Prosper.'

About 5:00 p.m. January 2nd, the train arrived from Chicago bearing the grand duke and the gentlemen of his suite. The scene was described by the correspondent of the New York Herald: The grand duke had a tremendously enthusiastic reception upon his arrival in Milwaukee. The welcome was characteristic of the hospitable people of the great Northwest. The grand duke has had few receptions since he came to this country equal to the one in Wisconsin. The whole day and evening has been a continued ovation in honor of the grand duke. All the way from Chicago to Milwaukee flags were flying, at many of the stations salutes were fired, and the citizens of the various cities and towns were gathered by thousands to see and cheer the Russian visitor as he passed.

In Milwaukee not less than 20,000 people assembled in and around West Water Street station. A military escort and bands of music added to the display; and the scene, when the grand duke stepped from the train, was one of earnest enthusiasm. The party drove to the Plankinton house, a distance of half a mile. The streets were one mass of humanity. It was dusk; the houses and places of business were illuminated, and there were many transparencies, banners, and mottoes of welcome. Not less than 60,000 people had assembled in Spring Street. Not only the streets, but the hotel and all its halls and corridors were as full of humanity as 'an efg is full of meat.' And the stentorian voices and the mammoth clubs of the police were as nothing compared to their desire to see and cheer Alexis. The crowd outside cheered and the crowd inside cheered. The duke acknowledged all these compliments in his free and graceful style and in ascending the staircase paused to look at the decorations and the numerous mottoes of welcome in a language which few but himself and his party could comprehend.

The grand duke was met in the hotel by a committee headed by Governor Washburn and Mayor Ludington. Governor Washburn said that he had only been governor for about twenty-four hours, and it was a pleasure to know that his first act was to welcome to the state the son of AlexandeT II. At eight o'clock came the banquet. Between two and three hundred people sat down at tables laden with the choicest of good things. The first toast was: 'The emperor of Russia — the true and steadfast friend of America.'

As the strains of the national air of Russia died away, the grand duke rose slowly and his fine face displayed lively emotion as he said: 'Gentlemen, I propose the health of the president of the United States.' The sentiment was hailed by demonstrations of pleasure.

The band played 'The Star Spangled Banner.' Then Mathew Carpenter made a most eloquent speech, the concluding sentences of which were: 'The loves and friendships of individuals partake of the frail character of human life; they are brief and uncertain. The experience of a human life may be quickly summed up: A little living and a good deal of sorrowing; some bright hopes and many bitter disappointments; some gorgeous Thursdays when the skies are bright and the heavens are blue, when Providence, bending over us in blessings, gladdens the heart almost to madness; many dismal Fridays when the smoke of torment beclouds the mind and undying sorrows gnaw upon the heart; some high ambitions and many Waterloo defeats until the heart becomes like a charnel house filled with dead affections, embalmed in holy, but sorrowful memories, and then "the cord is loosed, the golden bow is broken," the individual life a cloud, a vapor, passeth away.

'But speaking relatively, a nation may count upon immortality upon earth. Individuals rise and fall, generations come and go; but still the national unity is preserved, and a government, constructed wisely with reference to the situation and wants of a nation, may exist for centuries. Friendship between two nations may become a deeply cherished and hereditary principle, and two great nations, like America and Russia, may walk hand in hand through the brilliant career opened before them, and the blessings of brotherhood and peace reach many generations. God grant that such may be forever the relations between these two greatest nations among the nations.'

The brilliant senator was heartily applauded. The grand duke proposed: 'The prosperity of Milwaukee!'

To the sentiment: 'The Russian people,' I responded in Russian: 'Your Highness, and gentlemen. I consider myself peculiarly fortunate that having been in Russia a number of years and having become acquainted with the Russian people, I am able, in company with other citizens of Milwaukee, to greet the son of the emperor of Russia, our most welcome guest, and greeting him to mention the Russian people. Remembering how well the house of Romanoff has served Russia and knowing what great services are expected from it in the future, I can well understand that the sovereigns of that house occupy the first place in the hearts of the Russian people. This bond of mutual confidence and sympathy existing between the people and their chief is the great and striking characteristic of Russian history.

'Knowing how pleasant it is for every Russian at home to hear a word of truth and sympathy for his sovereign, I cannot but consider it one of the finest incidents of my life that here in the home of my childhood, in the presence of the son of that sovereign, I have the opportunity of uttering a word of truth for the trusty and great-hearted emperor and for the Russian people.'

Then I continued in English: 'It has been said by one of the first statesmen of Europe, General Ignatiev, that the United States has as many lives as it has faithful citizens; that ours is a political organism with a center of vitality in every portion of its body, and that to break up this union it would be necessary to destroy all its constituent parts one after another. This being the case the distinguished Russian prophesies for us a career of unparalleled length and brilliancy. I think the journey of our guest will prove to him the truth of what has been stated by General Ignatiev. He has been in Washington, the capital of the nation; in Philadelphia, the grand, old city of the continental congress and the declaration of independence; in New York, the commercial metropolis of the country, the birthplace of the steamboat and the telegraph, the home of splendid hospitality; in Boston, the city of genial men and generous culture. In the West he is examining the cities bordering on the Great Lakes forming the Mediterranean system of North America. In each city the nation's guest has been received in a manner

peculiar to the place, but I think that in them all one thing is evident: A desire to receive with open hearts the representative of a ruler and a people, who are not merely fair weather friends, but friends in time of awful tempest. This is conclusive proof that the true American spirit is equally strong in them all.

'What has been said of the United States is equally true of Russia. No enemy can conquer Russia till he conquers every inch of the land; the vitality of the nation does not reside in any particular city or province, but in every city and town, in every village and house where the Russian language is spoken. In America we know that all we are, and have, and hope to be depends upon our preserving inviolate our union. In Russia they know equally well the value of unity, and they are resolved that not an inch of ground from the Niemen and Warta to Possiet Bay shall ever belong to any people but the Russian people. This feeling in both countries has its source in the strength and vigor of the character of the people, and so long as these are preserved no power can endanger the unity of either nation. I began by quoting the opinion of a great Russian statesman, I shall end by associating with the sentiment to "The Russian people," the name of a statesman whose equal it would not he easy to find in any country. He is a man whose name is a tower of strength in Russia, who has the first qualifications of a genuine statesman, the honest and noble ambition of meriting the esteem and love of his countrymen by great and devoted service to his country. I refer to the chancellor of the Russian empire, Prince Alexander Gortchakov.'

Consul General Bodisco answered: 'Of America it has been said 'Westward the course of empire takes its way.' Of Russia it might be said that she was extending the empire of progress eastward.' With reference to the gentleman who preceded him in speaking he would remark that although Russia had parted with her last foot of ground in America, there was at least one Russian-American in the country.

James G. Jenkins then made an interesting speech. The next toast was 'The union esto perpetua,' responded to by Hon. George B. Smith of Madison: "That the union may be perpetual is the first and last wish of every true son of Columbia. This love, this devotion, this veneration for the union did not

arise in the minds of our people from a love of power, or from a desire for domination, but it had its origin in the firm belief that it was necessary to our national existence. It is not a mere sentiment with us, it is a clear conviction and along with it has grown up a firm resolve that the union must be preserved. Washington in his farewell address warned his people to guard and protect the union as the one thing necessary to our peace, and our greatness among the nations of the earth. It is by the perpetuity of the union that we hope to advance the standard of civilization, and thus insure the happiness of mankind, not only here but by our example everywhere among men.

'Within the past ten years the union has met with its first, and I trust its last, great trial. In those terrible times Russia stood first among the nations of the earth as our friend, and among them all almost the only one in full accord with us. — I speak now directly to our distinguished guest: For this sympathy thus extended to our people by your father, and by the government over which he so wisely presides, we are, and ever will be grateful. This act alone has made Russia and America friends. May they remain so forever.'

Governor Washburn and former Governor Fairchild spoke. To the sentiment: 'The ladies, God bless them and give them all the rights which will still leave them to us as mothers, daughters, sisters, and wives,' John Johnston made a very happily worded response. James R. Doolittle said: 'My friend, General Washburn, has playfully stated that a great many people in Wisconsin are foolish enough to think that I ought to have been elected governor instead of him. Before the election I was his competitor; I am not now. The majority decided in his favor, and the minority with us always gracefully acquiesce. In this one thing our distinguished guest may see the practical workings of our republican system.

Our elections are peaceful revolutions, which in most countries come only by the sword. As soon as the election is over, the minority, although defeated, claim the officer to belong to the whole people, and I claim that Governor Washburn is as much my governor as he is governor of any other citizen of Wisconsin. Russia and America are both young. There are men living who have seen all the years of our republic; and Russia, though a

thousand years old, is still young. They are growing powers. Russia was our friend when we needed friends. During the darkest hour of our late struggle, when Napoleon and Palmerston were ready to acknowledge the independence of the South and to break our blockade, Russia said: "No, gentlemen, hands off! The great republic is my friend and shall have fair play." We speak of our act of emancipation, of our giving freedom to 4,000,000 slaves. Let me remind you that Alexander II in 1861 set free 23,000,000 serfs. He gave liberty with land.' Doolittle's speech, delivered with the oratorical art of which he was so accomplished a master, produced a great effect.

When the party broke up, the grand duke shook hands with many and expressed his gratitude for the friendship shown him. January 4th was devoted to sightseeing. The following day the grand duke, attended by the mayor and many citizens, went to Chicago. The visit had been a notable success in spite of a strong German party which, when it was first proposed, was firmly determined that Milwaukee should not extend its hospitality to a Russian grand duke. This success was very gratifying to me, for I had taken an active part from the beginning.

December 17th I was in Madison with Vassili Solijenkoff. We were received by the governor and with him visited several of the public institutions of that city. A few days later I was present at the first reception given by Governor Washburn. The event took place in the evening and was very enjoyable. The governor greeted his many friends with great cordiality. His daughter, assisted by Mrs. Lucius Fairchild, and former Governor Fairchild's sister, Mrs. Dean, received guests most graciously.

About this time an excursion of prominent men: former Governor Fairchild, N. I. Palmer, Angus Smith, C. J. Cary, Vassili Solijenkoff, and many others went to St. Paul as guests of S. S. Merrill, manager of the Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad. In the evening there was an impromptu banquet. Many St. Paul men were present. Governor Austin was called upon and responded with a humorous speech which excited much mirth. He rallied former Governor Fairchild upon his frequent requisitions for prisoners, stating that two thirds of his time since he had been governor had been spent in responding to such requisitions, and gave it as his opinion that Governor

Fairchild, alarmed at the rapid exodus of population from Wisconsin to Minnesota, was accustomed to sit down and calculate what percentage of the emigration to Minnesota it would be possible to reclaim, and then write an order to send them back.

Governor Fairchild answered in a speech overflowing with brilliant retort. I made a short speech and at some mention of mine regarding Alexander II the whole company rose and gave three hearty cheers for the tsar of all Russia. The banquet was a success. It ended with 'Rally Round the Flag' and 'Auld Lang Syne.'

In the month of January I met a young lady who the 17th day of the following July became my wife. In July, too, my sister Joe was married.

CHAPTER: 11

Marriage and Return to Russia

After my marriage, which took place in Warren, Vermont, I took Alma, my wife, West to make her acquainted with the members of my family, and in August went to Kewaunee to visit my sister in her new home. Returning East I was in Pittsburgh during the Grant convention. I met Grant, Henry Wilson, Governor Burnside, and many of the leading politicians of New York and Pennsylvania. At this time I made the acquaintance of Forrest, the actor. I believe that I have never seen in the expression of a person's face such a blending of ferocity with intellect. It seemed to say: 'How small and petty the world is; I despise and hate every man living.' But this expression belied Forrest in a measure, for he was kind to the needy — especially was he kind to impoverished actors.

Early in October we went to Vermont to say farewell to the members of the family. Alma's parents accompanied us to Boston and there parted with the daughter whom they loved so deeply. We sailed from New York October 24, a dark, cold, rainy day; and there were twelve such days before we reached Liverpool. I remember asking the captain during the first dinner if he thought we would have a good voyage. His reply was: 'I cannot prophesy but, if a bad beginning makes a good ending, we should have some pleasant weather, for the beginning is bad enough.' But in this case the saying: 'To begin wrong is to end wrong* came true. Not only was the weather cold and stormy, but the heating pipes of the steamer, one of the best of the Cunard line, were so badly out of repair that we were nearly frozen. Under such circumstances there was very little social intercourse among the passengers, many of whom remained in their staterooms from the first day of the voyage to the last; only a few gentlemen appeared in the dining room.

Opposite me at table sat a young Englishman, cousin of Duke Somebody — a good example of the truth in Krylov's fable of the geese which he tells so beautifully. The substance of the fable is that while a peasant was driving a

flock of geese to market they began to complain. When he asked why they should not be treated as all geese were, they answered: 'Our ancestors saved Rome.'

'What have you done?'

'Nothing, but our ancestors saved Rome.'

The peasant was too stupid to see just cause for sparing the geese, they were killed as others are. This young man was a tall, lank swell. The captain, a jovial, witty man amused himself by sly jokes at the expense of this cousin of a duke. Englishmen are credited with comprehending a joke within twenty-four hours after hearing it, but this man was exceptionally dull; he took even the most absurd statement as truth.

Among the men able to frequent the smoking room were two Californians who were on their way to the diamond fields of South Africa. They were social, pleasant men and possessed a fund of western stories.

The fourth night out there was a terrific storm. Though rain had been falling all day and the sea had been rough, the tempest burst upon us unexpectedly. In every part of the steamer inanimate objects suddenly rushed in all directions as if endowed with life. The steamer shivered and groaned as though in the agony of death. No person could go to the aid of another, for each man and woman sought his or her own safety.

In our stateroom, clothing, hand bags, and toilet articles at once found their way to the floor; it was impossible to pick them up, and they went continually from one side of the room to the other. A wave pushed in the half fastened window of the porthole. At the risk of my life I managed to fasten it, but not before we were deluged with salt water. The tempest continued for hours.

During that terrible night a poor woman in the steerage died. She was fatally ill when she left New York but hoped to reach her father's home in England and leave her little boy in his grandfather's care. In the morning, when the storm abated, the steamer slowed down, stopped for a moment, and the woman's body, over which the burial service had been read, was

lowered into the ocean. The next moment full steam was on, and we went forward rapidly toward that country which she had so longed to see. Burial at sea is always depressing for those who witness it. But this burial was specially so. No friend or person who had known the woman was there. Her little boy, nine years of age, was so storm-tossed and ill that he scarcely knew what was taking place. In the saloon a contribution was raised, and the captain placed the child in charge of a Catholic priest, who promised to take him to his grandfather.

November 5th we were in Liverpool, thankful to be again on land. A few days in London, a few in Paris, and a never to be forgotten day in the old city of Cologne which at this time was far more attractive for a traveler than it is now that the Emperor William II has 'beautified' it with modern buildings. And then to Berlin. From Berlin we went directly to Russia. At the station, not far from the boundary, I met Prince Gortchakov and spent an hour or so in conversation with him while waiting for an eastward bound train. I introduced my wife, and she heard her Russian name for the first time; the prince had asked me her given name and her father's given name; both are used in Russian. And so, Alma became *Marie Yakolivna*.

Gortchakov enjoyed speaking English. After considerable pleasantry, he said to Alma: 'If Yeremi Davidovich becomes domineering, call on me and you will find not only a good friend, but one who will be able to help you.'

I said: 'Prince, would you send me to Siberia?'

'Yes, if your wife wished me to.'

I had always found Prince Gortchakov pleasant and affable but that day he was particularly so. In parting he said: 'You would not believe me if I were to tell you how much I would give to be as young as your wife. I am an old man, seventy-four. My hour will soon strike. God bless you both and grant you happiness.'

We reached St. Petersburg November 18th. That winter and the following spring we lived at the Hotel de Paris in rooms looking out on the park of St. Isaac's church.

Almost the first person I met on entering the hotel the evening of my arrival was my friend Mikeshin, the most celebrated sculptor in Russia. He congratulated me upon my marriage, and added: 'I have married since you left Europe.'

'Ah, and whom?

'

'Oh, the mother of my little daughter.' I must have looked mystified, for he began to explain. 'I have a child six years old to whom I have become greatly attached; to make her legitimate I have married the mother.'

Solijenkoff was in the city and occupied in getting ready to be married; he had spent 50,000 rubles in furnishing a suite of rooms. January 9th I was present at his last entertainment as an unmarried man. He was married on the 15th and immediately left for Italy. Six weeks later he returned lo Moscow, bringing the body of his wife to place it in the family vault. A year later he married her sister. I saw him last in 1900. He has several children and is already an old man in appearance; much wealth has caused Time to lay a heavy hand on him.

The winter passed very pleasantly for us. Society was gay that winter; it was one round of balls and dinners. In December, Mr. Orr, American minister to Russia, arrived in St. Petersburg. He was well advanced in years; the journey from New York had been tiresome, and he had contracted a cold from which he could not recover. The last time I called, he was lying dressed on a sofa. He was sad and despondent. A few days later he was no longer living. Men of advanced years should never be sent to Russia; they are not strong enough to meet the social requirements of the position, or to withstand the severity of the climate

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Mizzar Karkeem, an envoy of central Asia, a jovial, courteous man, spent some months of the autumn and winter in St. Petersburg. He came often to my rooms and took great interest in talking about the Asiatic languages which I was studying. One evening he entertained thirty gentlemen, among

whom were Strove and General Chernyaeff. After the banquet the host presented each one of us with a central Asiatic gown made of beautiful silk — a curious souvenir, but a serviceable one, for it could be used as a dressing gown.

Strove, a son of the celebrated astronomer, was in the city that winter and was with us often; though young, he had served in central Asia and had endured many hardships and even imprisonment in that country. General Fadeyev lived at the Hotel de Paris and he often dined or lunched with us. In those days candles were used in all the private houses and hotels of Russia. The general would not sit at a table where three candles were burning, either one must be extinguished or another lighted. One evening I purposely had three candles placed on a table near which he was sitting. He immediately asked if he might have one removed. When I said: 'You are not superstitious, general?' he answered: 'No, surely I am not — but' — 'But you object to sitting" at a table on which three candles are burning?'

'Well, yes, I do when I am with friends, but not in the least when with those whom I know to be enemies, for I feel sure that I will live more than a year and, if they do not, why one cannot mourn much over an enemy.' Then, to illustrate how strong the feeling was regarding Friday and the number thirteen, he told of an impoverished lady whom he knew. In her house there was a suite of rooms which it was absolutely necessary for her to rent. They had been vacant for several weeks. At last a desirable party appeared. They rented the rooms, and all arrangements were made for occupying them when the lady suddenly said: 'No, you cannot have them!' When urged to tell why, she said: 'It is Friday, and not only Friday, it is the thirteenth day of the month. I would not rent the rooms today if you were to offer me a thousand rubles a month.' I am positive that under similar circumstances General Fadeyev would have acted as this woman did, for in spite of his broad mind and culture he was decidedly superstitious.

Toward the end of May we attended a magnificent court ball, given in honor of the shah of Persia. The emperor, empress, and many of the imperial family were present. Society people were greatly interested in the shah, not because he was wise, for he was the opposite, but because of his peculiar ideas. It was said that three of his favorite wives came with him to Russia,

but, when he saw how much handsomer European women were, he sent them back to Persia. At a ball in Moscow a certain countess pleased him greatly; the following morning he sent an official to find out how much her father, or husband, would sell her for. The shah was tall and very dark. If Ladies were not attracted by his personality, they were by the magnificent diamonds which on dress occasions adorned his hat and person.

I was busy that spring. The railway was in operation in Moscow, but we had been obliged to incorporate a rival company. I was writing for both American and Russian papers and spending what leisure time I could get in learning Asiatic languages. June 20th we left St. Petersburg en route for the Caucasus. As there are really no nights at that season of the year, there was a good opportunity for seeing the country. In the morning we were in Moscow where we spent a few days, and I had an opportunity to make Alma acquainted with my friends in that city.

From Moscow, going south, one soon notes a change: the soil is richer, there are beautiful fields of grain, and the country in general has a more prosperous appearance. Men and women are at work in the fields; there is life and movement. At this time much of the grass was cut and when our fellow passengers would permit the windows to be opened (there are printed orders, framed and hung up, that only windows on one side of the car can be opened unless every person in the compartment is willing), the air came to us loaded with the delightful perfume of the newly mown hay. There are many peasant villages, picturesque because of straw fences, straw-thatched roofs coming nearly to the ground, and a handsome, golden-domed church. The church is usually a little at one side, but always near the village, as the first duty of the morning, for every good Orthodox peasant, is to look toward the church and make the sign of the cross three times.

We were passing villages and beautiful fields during the entire day, but a striking change took place that night. In the morning we looked out upon an almost barren country; there was scarcely any evidence of cultivation—here and there cattle were grazing. As there were no fences, a boy, or man, was in charge of each herd. The soil of that part of Russia is rich, but vegetation dies from drought.

At midday we were in Taganrog on the Sea of Azof. At this time it was a miserable town. The streets were unpaved, there were no sidewalks, the houses, with few exceptions, were old-time, battered, one-story structures with four-sided roofs. There were a few fine residences, and the principal hotel was not bad.

Outside of the town were many windmills. Until 1870 all of the corn of the country was ground by those mills. Even in 1873 when a large steam mill was in operation, windmills were used. Seen at a distance, slowly turning in the twilight, one could imagine them enormous specters sent from ghostland to warn people against too rapid progress. Taganrog is a town dating from the time of Peter the Great, but Tanais, not far away, was founded by the Milesians 500 years before the birth of Christ. The Greeks established many trading posts and towns along the shore of Palus Maeotis or Sea of Azov, but wild hordes from Asia swept across the country and left scarcely a trace of Greek civilization. In the thirteenth century came the savage Mongols, whose first great encounter with the Russians took place on the banks of the Kalka, not far from the present town of Mariupol. Two hundred and forty years later, when at last the Mongol yoke was broken, the country around Taganrog became the home of the Zaporogian Cossacks. We spent several days in Taganrog, days made pleasant by the friendship of the Alferakas, a family I had met in St. Petersburg. Forced, for business reasons, to live in Taganrog they had surrounded themselves with all the comforts and luxuries which great wealth can procure. When I called as I had promised to do if I came to their city, they received me with a hospitality found nowhere but in Russia. By stopping at a hotel I had shown a lack of confidence in their friendship. It was impossible to withstand their entreaties. My baggage was sent for, and we were guests of the house while we remained in the city.

From Taganrog to Rostov the railroad is near the water all the way, first the sea and then the Don. Between the two cities there are many villages of straw-thatched houses and occasionally a town. Much of the wealth of this rich country is in cattle, cows, horses, and buffaloes. The milk of a buffalo is considered richer than that of an ordinary cow. When within a few miles of Rostov, thatched cottages increased in number and at the outskirts a whole city of them appeared on the side of a high bank. At a distance it

looked as though one house were built on top of another. This bank is on one side of the railroad and begins just beyond a long line of low buildings in which an enormous quantity of wheat is handled. In 1873 all the threshing, sifting, and moving of wheat was done by hand. This tremendous labor required several thousand men and women, and created, at certain seasons of the year, a busy scene in every large town in the wheat district. In Rostov, where the wheat was put onto vessels, the scene was specially interesting. Many ships were at anchor loading both wheat and coal.

We arrived at midday; laborers, whose hour of rest had come, were sleeping on the piers or on piles of coal or iron. Men and women, perfectly nude, were bathing in the Don just alongside of the railway track, or were washing their clothes regardless of spectators, Rostov boasts of a fine public park, but the city is unattractive. I was there to see how the Don Cossacks handled wheat. I remained only long enough to get a thorough knowledge of the work and the conditions governing it. Women laborers were paid twenty-five kopecks a day and boarded themselves. Men received a trifle more. The captain of the steamer we took at Rostof said, speaking of the fondness all Russians have for soup: 'These people on the Don crumble black bread into hot water and call it soup.' The steamer was crowded with passengers; Greeks, Turks, Armenians, and Russians, men interested in coal or wheat. Wednesday morning we anchored about quarter of a mile outside of Mariupol. The steamer was at once surrounded by small boats, and such a crowd of people came on board that I thought the remainder of the journey was going to he uncomfortable and I was greatly relieved when the captain told me that all these people would leave when we were ready to sail, that they were simply 'taking a morning promenade' a thing they never failed to do when a steamer arrived. There was a lively scene for an hour or two, and then the crowd began to diminish. At last the steamer moved away with an addition of only three passengers.

When we reached Berdiansk, two gentlemen from the English consulate came on board and invited me to visit the consulate and the town. I was conducted to every place of interest — there are not many— and then to the consulate where supper was waiting. Thursday morning we were in sight of Kertch. The view from the sea is fine. There, in the old city where upon a time Mithridates ruled, we celebrated the Fourth of July. In the wine of

Russia we drank to the prosperity of America. July 5th just as the setting sun gilded the old stone tomb of Mithridates, sails were hoisted and the steamer slowly drew away from Kertch. Long we sat on deck, even after the last low line of land had disappeared, for it was a beautiful starlight night. We forgot that it was night and sat gazing at the heavens, the water, or into vacancy; thinking, dreaming hour after hour.

On this steamer bound for Sukuni Kale, there was a large and jolly company. A good many of the Russians were in the dress of the Caucasus, which is generally worn by men who live in the towns or cities of the mountain districts. Among the higher classes it is an elegant costume, among the lower it is poor and shabby, but the style is the same: a long-skirted, flannel dress belted at the waist and worn over a shirt the sleeves of which are visible below the elbow. Across the bosom of the dress is a row of cartridge tubes. If the wearer is rich, the caps of these tubes are of gold or silver, and a sword or dagger in a jeweled scabbard depends from his belt; a tall sheepskin cap finishes a costume which is decidedly attractive.

The next morning the steamer was running near the shore. In the foreground were wooded hills, beyond them were hills, and in the distance high mountains. During the day we passed a number of small towns, but in most places the hills come to the very shore of the sea. Several times the steamer stopped long enough for boats to come out to take or leave freight and passengers. The boatmen were Turks or Tartars; some wore an erstwhile white cloth wound many times around the head, others wore a fez.

In the afternoon clouds appeared, soon they hid the distant mountains, and then they approached nearer and nearer. Just before the storm reached us there was tremendous excitement on board. Everyone rushed to the forward deck; a magnificent waterspout had come down near us. The passengers had never seen one before. After a few minutes, as the first spout disappeared, a second commenced to form. It grew larger and larger till it met the water in the shape of an hour glass, if an enormous elemental object can be compared to a tiny article made by man. It was a wonderful phenomenon to witness. When the second spout disappeared, rain began to fall in torrents. We were forced to seek shelter in the cabin, where a Frenchman and a Polish girl were so absorbed in flirtation as to be oblivious of everything

going on around them; on deck she could not walk without his assistance. If the wind blew her wrap off, naturally it must be replaced with the greatest care. A few days later I met this man in Tiflis, where he was in the mercantile business. He had a wife and several children.

Another couple, a man and his wife, afforded the passengers amusement. She had several admirers, who devoted most of their time to walking, talking, and lunching with her. The husband looked after the children. The Russians on board remarked that he was 'horned' — a Slav expression synonymous with 'henpecked.'

CHAPTER: 12

The Caucasus Again

On the 7th we readied Sukum Kale just in time to leave for Poti on a steamer called Golupchih or Little Dove. The Dove rocked like a cradle, the accommodations were wretched, consequently the journey was most unpleasant. Poti, built on swampy land, was at that time an unhealthy place. The first question asked by everyone who arrived there was: 'How soon can I get away?' Almost every resident was a victim of malaria, and often the disease proved fatal. We were forced to stay a day and a night in this miserable town. Near the hotel was the public garden, surrounded by a wall overgrown with moss and ivy. In the garden were a few fine trees, but the flowers, shrubbery, and walks were uncared for. At the entrance to the garden was an old stone well from which women drew water as it was drawn from the wells of Palestine in bible times. When leaving the garden, I met a Georgian who was carrying on his back a fish that must have weighed a hundred pounds. He was delighted at his fortunate haul and told me how much he would get for it in the market, a mere pittance, as it seemed to me.

Early the following morning a boat took us across to the railroad station, where our baggage was weighed with the utmost precision, forty pounds, and not an ounce more being allowed on a first-class ticket. The journey from Poti to Tiflis is interesting. For some distance the land is low and swampy, a condition characteristic of a large part of Mingrelia. At certain seasons of the year many fields are under water. The country is well-wooded, but the trees, owing to the soil in which they grow, have small market value. A large quantity of wine is made in Mingrelia, yet such is the abundance of grapes that every year hundreds of bushels remain ungathered. The climate is so mild that cattle need no shelter; hence, there are no barns or stables in the country. Hay is stacked in trees, for if stacked on the ground, it mildews. Not only is hay stacked in trees, but also all the corn which is to be used for feeding cattle.

About midday we reached the mountains and began to ascend. In places the ascent is one foot in twenty-two; not more than five cars are allowed for a train, the speed is about eight miles an hour. There was a good opportunity for seeing the country.

The mountains are here and there inhabited by native people who live in dugouts. We passed many of these wretched homes. Around the entrance of each one there were from four or five to a dozen naked, or almost naked, children. Men and women, looking as uncanny as rags and dirt could make them, came from these abodes to see the train pass.

The mountains are grand. In places the road runs between high cliffs from which great rocks seem about to fall. In places one can look down hundreds of feet upon a small river and then up thousands of feet at immense cliffs. On the summit of some of these seemingly inaccessible heights are the ruins of an old stone fortress, or a palace, or a church built in those weird places as a refuge for the inhabitants of the country when driven from their towns and villages by the onrush of Asiatic hordes. In each ruin will be found an excellent spring of water. Everywhere on the mountains there are beautiful flowers. Bunches of scarlet blossoms cling to rocks where apparently there is no soil. In glens and ravines are lilies and violets. On the summit of the mountain the manager of the road gathered a bouquet of yellow lilies and presented it to Alma. When well down the mountain, we saw, not far away, a large hill which presented a rocky face to us, but its summit was covered with trees and shrubs. The front of the hill had many excavations, or holes, in it large enough for a person to crawl into. This is the 'Catacomb hill' of Tiflis, where in olden times the inhabitants secreted themselves when the hordes of Asia swept down upon their city. Toward evening there were many persons in Georgian costume at each station where the train stopped. The first time I saw this costume I thought it picturesque. The women comb their hair over their ears and confine it in two long braids, then put on a black velvet crown ornamented with silver or tinsel stars. At the back of the crown is fastened a white veil. This headdress is worn all the time, at home, on the street, or traveling. Many of the women are handsome, but this headgear is exceedingly unbecoming.

Some of the women of the poorer class still wear a sheet. The sheet covers the head and falls down around the body, only an inch or so of a black dress skirt is seen below it. One day in passing a cemetery I saw several of these sheeted women wandering around among the graves. It was a weird sight. The costume worn by men is similar to that of the Caucasus, except that the sleeves of the Georgian outside dress are open from the shoulder and are at least a yard and a half long. They are lined with some bright color, and the dress, if of rich materia], is very handsome. It was midnight when the train pulled into Tiflis; then came a long ride, for the station is at the city limits. We went to the Hotel Martin where I had stopped when in the city four years earlier. The heat of the city in June, July, and August is almost unendurable. It was July. We decided to spend a few days in Kadjori, a summer resort on a nearby mountain.

The journey up the mountain by the road which winds back and forth in its rapid ascent, is eighteen versts. Four horses are required, even when there is no baggage to carry. At times the road skirts fearful precipices, and the traveler, if at all nervous, holds his breath and thinks of what would happen were the horses to get frightened. The atmosphere was clear and from time to time there is a grand view of Kazbek and Elbruz. When within a few versts of Kadjori, the air was so cold that the wraps which Madame Martin had urged us to take were not only comfortable but necessary. There are only ninety days of warm weather in Kadjori which is 3,000 feet above Tiflis. The evenings are always chilly, and winter clothing is not uncomfortable.

In this mountain village, field work is done in a primitive way. Two or three times while I was there, I saw eight yokes of buffaloes attached to one plow; four men were driving the buffaloes and plowing a small field. In America one man and a span of horses would have done the work.

In Kadjori, Prince Mereski had a beautiful summer home, and there we spent the greater part of our four days' sojourn in the mountain village. During the war on the Caucasus, Prince Mereski was twice shot through the body, the course of the second bullet crossing that of the first, making, as he said, 'a Greek cross' General Frankena, another valued friend of mine, was stationed at Kadjori. In the field near his cottage were several noisy

donkeys which the general, much to our amusement, always spoke of as 'Kadjori nightingales.'

Upon my return to Tiflis I spent three or four days there, for the city was attractive in spite of the heat. In half an hour's stroll through the streets one can meet Georgians, Russians, Armenians, Persians, Greeks, Jews, Turks, Mingrelians, Imeritians, Abkhasians, and representatives of many other eastern peoples, and each wears the peculiar costume of his country. Of all the strange headgear one sees, the Mingrelian is the strangest. It is an oval piece of cloth worn well to the front of the head. Strings are fastened to it and tied under the chin. When the wearer is wealthy, the oval piece is of velvet and is beautifully embroidered. I heard in Tiflis a curious legend explaining the origin of this peculiar headdress. St. Peter, who visited the shores of the Black sea to preach the gospel there, was one day traveling through a Mingrelian forest; the heat was great and the road was long. St. Peter grew very tired and pulling off his cap and shoes he lay down under the shade of a beech tree and soon fell asleep. A Mingrelian and an Imeritian rode by, saw the sleeping man and the first thought which came to their minds was to see what they could steal from him. He had no silver nor had he a dagger. The Mingrelian took the cap, and the Imeritian the shoes, and went their way.

When St. Peter awoke and discovered his loss, he cursed the thieves in the following words: 'May the posterity of the man who has taken my shoes go forever barefoot. May the descendants of the man who has taken my cap never wear one on his head.' From that time no Imeritian peasant has worn shoes, and no Mingrelian has had a proper covering for his head.

From Tiflis I went to Borjom, a summer retreat in the mountains. The whole journey is interesting for the road follows along the renowned Cyrus, but especially is it interesting from Mikhilof where we leave the railroad and travel with horses. There are low mountains, hills, crags, and ravines, and on seemingly inaccessible bluffs are ancient castles. The ride is exciting; the horses tear along at 'breakneck speed,' and still one feels like shouting 'skurry! skurry!' or hurry! hurry!. We wind around the hills and at length reach a small town nestled in a valley. In this sheltered nook are handsome residences; the summer homes of the rich, and the palace of the viceroy of

the Caucasus, who at that time was the emperor's brother, the Grand Duke Michael. The viceroy goes to Borjom early in the season and remains till September. This brings to the village the court and many of the fashionable people of Tiflis.

The emperor of Russia often drives through the streets of St. Petersburg unattended. Not so the Grand Duke Michael, even in such a secluded place as Borjom; he is always preceded by two mounted men and followed by a suite of armed bodyguards. The Borjom hotel is picturesquely situated in a narrow, side valley surrounded by ragged, rocky hills; a few steps from the door a brook babbles along. In the night, when all is still, it talks to itself and sings. You listen and your thoughts, wandering from earthly things, soar away to some indefinite realm.

The day following my arrival, we were invited to dine at the palace and with the invitation was a request to come at four o'clock 'for a visit.' At that hour a court carriage was in waiting. On reaching the palace, Mrs. Curtin was conducted to the grand duchess, who gave her a cordial welcome. I was conducted to the grand duke's study. He met me at the door with extended hands and many friendly words. Two hours passed with wonderful swiftness, for in private life the emperor's brother and his wife are most affable and social. When dinner was announced, we met in the drawing-room, and were introduced to the children, a slender girl of twelve or thirteen, and three young boys.

In the reception hall a large number of guests were standing in line. The grand duke and duchess greeted each guest. Then the grand duke, giving his arm to Mrs. Curtin, led the way to the dining hall where he seated her at his right hand, asking me to sit at the right hand of the duchess. During the dinner the grand duke gave me a pleasant surprise by proposing that all should drink with him to the health of Yeremi Davidovich Curtin and Marie Yakolivna, his wife, upon this the first day of the second year of their marriage.

Two days later we were again in Sukhum Kale; Sukhum with its groves of majestic trees, its orange and lemon orchards, its olive trees, its beautiful flowering, and luxurious vegetation was wonderfully attractive. While surrounded by tropical growth and perfume, one saw in the distance

mountain summits covered with everlasting snow. I wanted to examine the forests of Pitsunda. When I spoke of this to the governor of Sukhum, General Krafkehinker, he said: 'It is necessary for me to visit a town not far from there. We will go in a government steamer and take the ladies along; they will return to Sukhum and come for us at the end of three days. In this way pleasure and business will go hand in hand.'

On arriving at Pitsunda, the governor ordered the soldiers stationed there to supply me with horses and accompany me to the forests. I examined all the forests within a radius of twenty-five miles and in three days was back at the seashore waiting for the steamer. Knowing that the governor would be in Pitsunda at a certain time, natives for miles around had assembled to place their troubles before him. Not understanding Abkhasian, he had to talk with them through an interpreter, and it was a long and wearisome task. But at last it was over, and we were off. The scene as we neared Sukhum was grand. The setting sun painted one half of the west and the sea around us with scarlet and gold. In the more distant west lay Sukhum in the gathering darkness, for there the sun had set, though for us it was full and large just above the horizon. It was a glorious evening.

August 9th we started for Odessa. Besides other passengers, there were 100 boys on board bound for a college situated in central Russia. Only by buying three tickets and being acquainted with the captain did I secure a stateroom. The steamer stopped at Theodosia three hours, and I had an opportunity to visit a friend of mine, Aivazofski, the marine painter, who took us to a chapel he had recently built at his own expense. The chapel was on a hill overlooking the town and the sea.

In it were many of Aivazofski's own beautiful paintings, and a collection of curios found in the vicinity of Theodosia. When the steamer reached Odessa, we left the cool air of the Bosporus for the heat and dust of the city. Again I met my friend from the little town of Monkton, Vermont, Timothy Smith, the American consul, and we spent a pleasant evening with his family. Mr. Smith went to Russia in the time of the Crimean war; he married a Russian lady. His children have been reared in the Greek faith, and their mother tongue is Russian.

For me Odessa is the least attractive of all Slav cities. It occupies the site of an erstwhile Tartar village and fortress called Khadjibey. The Russians captured the place in 1789, and the Empress Catherine II changed its name to Odessa. The city is built on a plain about 150 feet above sea level. No rain, or very little, falls during the summer months; vegetation burns up, and all animals, the human included, suffer from heat, dust, and lack of water. I had business to transact and was obliged to remain for more than a week. Business over, my only thought was to get away.

Our next stop was at Kief, the Jerusalem of Russia, the most ancient and beautiful of all Slav cities. It is stated that in the eleventh century there were already 400 churches within the walls of Kief. On the spot where the temple of Peruna, the Russian Zeus, once stood, Vladimir built the church of St. Basil which is still extant. Immense earthen walls enclose several churches: the magnificent cathedral of St. Sophia, built by Yaroslaff, the lawgiver, as well as the Ascension church, on the outer walls of which are paintings representing scriptural scenes. The renowned catacombs of St. Antony are excavations in the cliffs which overhang the Dnieper. The passage is six feet high; it is narrow and is blackened by the smoke of torches. In niches along this passage are some eighty bodies, the skeleton hands of which are so placed that devotees may kiss them. 'Holy Kief, the mother of Russian cities' is yearly visited by at least 50,000 pilgrims. As I left the catacombs, I met a large party that had just reached the city; they had walked from Archangel and the shores of the 'Frozen sea.' Kief is a city where a traveler may spend days and weeks with profit, but I was anxious to reach St. Petersburg, for it was August, and I wished to be in London by the end of September.

St. Petersburg was quiet. Some of our friends were spending the summer in Switzerland or northern Italy, others were at their country homes miles away from the city. Mr. Morgan, an Englishman, but for years a resident of the Russian capital, was about the only friend to meet us, and we spent a good deal of time together visiting nearby summer resorts, the parks, and zoological gardens where, as I have a great love for animals, I can always find pleasure.

CHAPTER: 13

With John Fiske in London

The first days of October found us in London. One evening while walking along Oxford street, I heard a familiar voice behind me calling, 'Hieremias! Hieremias! and turning saw John Fiske. I was surprised and delighted. He had visited Ireland and Scotland and was going to remain two or three months in London to finish his book on evolution and give a few lectures. I had secured rooms opposite the British museum; Fiske at once changed his quarters at the hotel for a suite of rooms adjoining mine, and during our stay in London we each day had breakfast and dinner together. Those are ever to be remembered mornings and evenings. We reminded each other of half forgotten events of college days; discussed evolution in its every phase; polished up our Italian, for Fiske was to visit Italy before returning to America; quoted Greek and Latin; laughed and grew fat.

One evening, upon my return from a trip to Tunbridge Wells, I found Fiske walking the room and scolding and fretting. An American steamer had arrived, and he had no letters; he was homesick and blue. He was sure that some member of his family was ill. He said that suspense would kill him, he would sail the following Saturday. 'Any man who has a family should stay at home.' Sorry as I was for him I could not help laughing at his abuse of himself. Fortunately his letters came by the morning post. Then he was as joyous and light-hearted as he had been anxious and despondent the previous evening. He hired a piano and returned to his original plan of remaining abroad till another spring, for while at work on evolution it was desirable to be in touch with such men as Huxley and Herbert Spencer — Fiske was at that time an enthusiastic Darwinian.

I was occupied with business connected with timber interests on the Black sea, and most of the men whom I met were business men. I recall only two social events; a dinner given me by Trubner, the English publisher, where I met several of the noted writers and thinkers of the day: Lockyer, the

astronomer; Freeman, the historian; Mrs. Florence Marryat; Miss Phillips, who had composed many beautiful songs; Colonel Pierce, who had spent years in India; Hepworth Dixon, and others. Dixon was an interesting but very peculiar man. During dinner he delivered quite a dissertation on strawberries, giving instructive facts. One was that they grew best in the rich soil of churchyards. The subject was scarcely comme il faut. It showed, however, a scientist's scorn for conventionalities.

The second event was an evening spent with George Henry Lewes and his wife, "George Eliot' I had been told that Mrs. Lewes was a reserved and taciturn woman. I found her quite the reverse; she was affable and social, but eccentric — a woman who fully and frankly appreciated her own remarkable gift of narrative.

Thanksgiving day, 1873, three persons dined together in a house on Great Russell street and in pale English ale drank to the prosperity of America and the health of friends. There was no speech making and not much animation at that dinner, for each one was thinking of home. Fiske remarked: 'I would gladly walk the floor all night with the baby in my arms could I only see her.' I was immensely amused, for by the way he spoke, I judged that this was his greatest possible concession to homesickness. Soon after this came the last day of all those days which we three had spent so pleasantly together. Again Fiske was alone in London, and we were in St. Petersburg. That year, as the preceding one, we celebrated our own Christmas and the Russian Christmas, our own New Year and the Russian New Year.

On Washington's birthday, Jewell of Connecticut, American minister to Russia, gave a ball and dinner and made a speech. He told us of Washington and his career and explained why we were dining together that evening. If his speech was not profound or scholarly, it was what many of the speeches made by our American ministers and ambassadors are not: it was harmless, patriotic, and dignified.

May found us at the Grand hotel in Paris, and two weeks later we were in London. On going to the office of Baring brothers, I was told that Fiske was at Oxford, but scarcely had I reached my rooms when he appeared. That evening we talked till into the small hours of the night, for he had much to tell regarding his Italian journey. He had just received the first copies of

Evolution and was much pleased with the appearance of the book. The next morning annoyance and anxiety had superseded pleasure. There was a serious mistake in the paging of his book, and he was afraid the publisher would be unwilling to rectify it. We went together to Macmillan and when the error was pointed out, he at once promised to have it corrected.

Ralston, the author of several books and translator of Russian folk tales, our mutual friend, spent many evenings at my rooms in South Crescent, Bedford square. He was about to publish in book form his lectures on 'Early Russian History,' and wishing Fiske's opinion and mine on certain points, he read the manuscript to us. Ralston was naturally a kindly man, but trouble, and a feeling that his literary work was not appreciated, made him somewhat misanthropic. Organ grinders were his aversion. As soon as one came in front of his house, he threw out money and ordered him away. The result was that they visited him frequently. Many a laugh have I had over his description of a word contest with an organ grinder. Ralston had labored in the British museum many years; his literary toils and achievements had met, as such toils so often do in England, with scant recognition. At this time his health was broken, and he suffered physically as well as mentally.

Fiske and I visited at the country home of Trubner, and dined at Macmillan's. On the way to Macmillan's an amusing but, at the time, annoying incident occurred. We were to leave London at a designated hour, travel some miles by rail, and stop at a certain station where Macmillan would be waiting for us with a trap. Soon after leaving London we began an animated conversation about astronomy and tried by comparison to bring astronomical figures to where the mind could to some degree grasp the measure of "their immensity. John was eloquently describing the flames of the sun, and the distance they shot into space, when, in one flash, our thoughts came back to earth, for as the train moved away from a station we caught sight of Macmillan and his trap. Mental flight to solar regions had for a moment obliterated time and place. Fiske spent the next half hour in expressing his opinion about himself and 'speculating' fools in general, and I in laughing at the quaint originality of his remarks. We stopped at the first station and took the next train back; Macmillan was waiting, for he thought we had missed the train in London and would arrive on one due an hour later.

May 25th 'we three' lunched together, said goodbye, and Fiske was off for Liverpool and the steamer. The following morning, half an hour before the steamer was to leave, I walked up to Fiske, as he stood on deck gazing off into space, perhaps planning some new work, and said, 'Hello, Johannus!' He was immensely surprised and pleased. I had run down to say a final good-bye and wave my hat as the steamer left port.

I was in London on business but as ever, when in that city, spent my leisure hours in the British museum, studying languages. For the purpose of being near this great educational institution, and not to lose time, I usually took an apartment in the vicinity; then if I had no time for study, I could at least spend a few minutes each day in walking through the galleries; I could gaze at the result of the marvelous spiritual and physical power possessed by the ancient Athenians; I could visit the Hall of Busts and look at Caesar's sculptured face, and there is no single piece of sculpture in the world which says so much to me and pleases me as well as that bust of Caesar in the British museum.

August 8th I left London en route for the Caucasus, going to Hamburg by steamer. The first evening out the sea gave us a magnificent exhibition of phosphoric light. As far as eye could see, the water was brilliantly illuminated, and that, displaced by the steamer as it sped along, flowed out as a stream of fire and formed a glittering trail. It was a wonderful sight! The next morning the sea was rough. There was an American woman on board. She had crossed the Atlantic several times, but as the whitecaps increased she became much alarmed. Many of the ladies were ill, and she felt that her chances were dismal. When she appealed to the stewardess, an old maid with a temper, she was told that the steamer was 'a floating paradise.' The last I saw of my countrywoman she was wringing her hands and mourning over the fact that she was on a steamer where no one cared for her, not even the stewardess, and she was sure her stomach 'could not hold out.'

My stay in Berlin was just long enough to dine with Nicholas Fish, then secretary of legation. Leaving in the evening we were in Breslau early in the morning. Silesia is in great part level, but as the Austrian frontier is approached, the country becomes hilly, and on every side there is evidence

of a prosperous and busy life. In the neighborhood of the Carpathian mountains small villages are seen, villages which reminded me of New England. Reaching Vienna I stopped at the Munsch which is situated in the heart of the old city, not far from the cathedral of St. Stephen. From my windows I could look out on the crowded square, bustling with activity. The square and the quaint buildings on which shadows were lengthening as the sun went down, formed an attractive picture. We spent the evening at the Volksgarten, the most agreeable place in Vienna to pass an idle hour, for one meets there the celebrities of the political, diplomatic, and military circles. While enjoying an ice, I saw several well known persons. General Schweinitz passed in earnest conversation with Vassiltchikoff the Russian chargé d'affaires. They were probably talking about Spain, as Prince Bismarck had just proposed to recognize the government of Marshal Serrano, and neither Russia nor Austria had yet agreed to join in the movement. Then came Sir Andrew Buchanan, the English ambassador, in company with Baron Orczy, a Hungarian official, who at that time formed the connecting link between the ministries of Vienna and Pest.

The next morning I drank coffee at a cafe in the shadow of St. Stephen's cathedral, that wonderful old edifice which, begun in the early part of the twelfth century, has been in process of either building or repairing ever since. There is no city in Europe, except Paris, where so many people meet at cafes and restaurants as in Vienna. The Viennese are essentially a social people, fond of society, and fond of good eating and drinking, in both of which they indulge freely. Nowhere in the world have I drunk such good coffee as in Vienna. That day at the Volksgarten I chanced upon two friends: John H. Goodenow, consul general at Constantinople, and Nubar pasha, and both dined with me that evening. Nubar pasha was an adroit and an able man, a man possessed of unusual executive ability. The carrying out, if not the conception, of the most useful measures introduced during the reign of Ismail pasha are justly ascribed to Nubar pasha, who sought to establish in Egypt, European methods of government and European culture. In conversation during dinner he dwelt upon the obstacles in Egypt a reform government encounters by reason of the jealousy and rivalry of powers that obstruct, partly from ignorance of eastern people and their affairs, and partly from motives of self-interest.

Nubar pasha was intensely opposed to England and English methods. Nevertheless, he somewhat later became executor of those same methods. His mind was such a storehouse of information regarding Egyptian politics, and he gave so freely from that storehouse that I was anxious to spend a second day with him, but that would have made me late for the steamer from Odessa to Sukhum Kale. The following morning I came upon a collection of songs, popular stories, and proverbs of Hungary, a collection out of print and rare, and at one o'clock I was off for Pest. The first town of interest in Hungary, a short distance east of the border, is Pressburg, the former capital of the Hungarian kingdom. It is situated on the left bank of the Danube. The country around is hilly, and the slopes are covered with vineyards. In the center of the town is a castle built many centuries ago. It was in Pressburg that Kossuth began that remarkable career of parliamentary eloquence which fired up the whole Hungarian nation and brought on the revolution of 1848.

In traveling by the railroad route, which crosses the Carpathian mountains and comes out in Galicia near Pest, the scenery is in many places beautiful; broad plains and gently rolling ground, with well outlined mountains on the horizon. The first large station is Peczel where there was a crowd of people, mainly peasants, dressed in the most motley manner possible. In many cases it would have been difficult to distinguish men from women were it not that the men wear mustaches. Besides Hungarians there were Gypsies. Jews, Wallachians, Germans, and Slovaks. In the noisy, many-tongued crowd was a vendor of radons, a little old woman with an eagle-nose and a chin turned up to meet it. So thin was she and bent over that the picture of a witch, a picture unthought of since boyhood days, came to my memory. I bought one of her melons, though I imagined it was enchanted, and that the eater would soon turn to a beast or a bird. I gave the melon away.

At Miskolcz, where we stopped for dinner, I met Count Andrassy, who was on his way to Terebes, his country seat near the Carpathians. After the revolution of 1848 and the defeat of the Hungarians, the count was condemned to death, but he escaped and lived for some time in exile in England. When self-government was restored to his country, he returned and was given the highest office in the gift of the people. He is a pleasant, affable man, a man who in America would be considered a diplomatic

politician. Though by many years the youngest of the three great European chancellors, his lease of power is apparently the firmest. Our conversation was of short duration for, when one is not in a hurry, a train is sure to start on time. As evening approached, the scenery became grand, the road rising continually toward the main chain of the Carpathians. At midnight we passed the summit through a tunnel, and at seven o'clock were in Przemysl, in Galicia; at eleven in the evening we were in Odessa.

The next morning, while walking along the seashore, I met my old friend. General Fadeyev. His sister, Madame Witte, now a widow, was living in Odessa. On returning to my hotel I found an invitation to dine at her house. Other guests had been asked to meet us, and we spent the evening in conversation and story-telling. Madame Witte was convinced that her husband's spirit was often in the room he enjoyed most when living, the library. She was a strong Spiritualist, more pronounced than when I knew her in Tiflis.

Speaking of bad roads, one of the guests said that men were often seen with only their heads and necks above the level of the street; their bodies were submerged in a river of mud. To excel him in exaggeration I related a story I had read some years earlier about an Arkansas traveler, who in passing through a small town saw a farmer standing on a broad sidewalk with a long pole in his hand sounding the road which was a sea of thick, dark-colored fluid. Asked what he was doing, the farmer said that he had lost his horses and wagon; they had gone down in the middle of the road, and he was searching for them with the pole. After a time the horses were located and, thanks to the aid of benevolent townspeople, they were fished out and restored to their owner. Later in the evening a discussion rose regarding the respective merits of Russian and American trotting horses.

To describe the speed of our horses I told two American newspaper stories. One was of a race three times around a mile course. So swift was the horse that his shadow was unable to keep up with him; horse and shadow arrived at the winning post together, but the horse had been three times around, and the shadow only twice. The other story was that one day when a man was exercising his horse about three miles from home, the sky suddenly became overcast, a mass of dark clouds covered the heavens. The man had scarcely

time to start for home when a storm burst forth with fury. The horse went with the utmost speed; the rain was close to his heels but with all its swiftness could not catch up with him; the rear part of the wagon was in rain and darkness, while the horse and driver, owing to the wonderful speed of the horse, were in sunshine and dry weather. These exaggerations met with applause, and the Hussion advocate acknowledged that there was no record of a Russian horse having performed such feats.

Speaking of Odessa. I was assured, that 'make money honestly if you can, but if not, make money anyhow was the motto of the city. I was in an exclusively Russian society. The population of Odessa includes great numbers of Greeks, Armenians, and Jews. Russell, an English timber specialist who was to meet me in Odessa, finding the heat and dust unendurable, had gone to Sevastopol where I met him two days later and went on to Yalta. Yalta had grown rapidly since I was there in 1868.

Nestled down near the foot of the mountains, the town is beautiful from the sea; all about on the hillsides are villas and gardens. During the few hours the steamer remained in port I was able to take a drive in the environs. The road is winding; it ascends all the time and affords new views at every turn. The Change of temperature can be easily felt; we seemed to be passing different layers, or strata, of air, each cooler than the one immediately below. When we reached such a height that the town and bay were spread out, like a great picture far beneath us, the air was so cool that extra wraps were necessary. For a time we reveled in the beauty of the scene, then I told the Tartar to turn his horses' heads seaward. With the descent the air grew milder and milder and, when we arrived in Yalta, it was sultry.

Before the Russian occupation, which took place under the auspices of Prince Potempkin, the most powerful favorite of Catherine II, Yalta had a Tartar population. After the occupation, the upper class either became Russian in name, language, and religion, or went to Turkey. The lower classes are coachmen, boatmen, fruit vendors, guides and laborers. There is still enough left of the Tartar mode of living to show what a change Russian domination has wrought.

In Tartar times the roads were simply bridle paths. Now there is a macadamized road along the whole coast. The scenery from the road is

magnificent. On one side cliffs from 2,000 to 8,000 feet high, on the other the blue sea. At long intervals a Tartar village of low and dingy, one-story houses is seen. You look at the cluster of huts and then at the elegant villas, and realize that two races of unequal power have met, and the weaker is rapidly being absorbed by the stronger.

Approaching the Sea of Azof the coast is monotonous, except in the neighborhood of Kertch. Between Kertch and Theodosiya, in the ordinary path of navigation, there is a large rock the shape of which is so striking that it is known as the 'Stone Ship.' At Kertch there was an opportunity to go ashore, and I roamed around in the market place for an hour or two talking with Tartars and Jews, many of whom were melon vendors. Kertch watermelons are celebrated as being the finest in Russia. On returning from the market I saw what I have never seen except on the Caucasus: a drove of sheep with goats assisting the shepherd. One old goat appeared to bear the responsibility for the good conduct of the herd; he ran around continually, keeping the sheep together; he seemed to perform his duty with great intelligence.

Our steamer left Kertch in the evening. The next morning we were in the beautiful bay of Novorossisk where the Caucasus may be said to begin. All day we were going toward the east, passing in review the magnificent shores of the Caucasus — now almost uninhabited — which surpass anything in the way of coast scenery I have ever beheld.

The following morning the steamer cast anchor at Sukhura Kale. In that province I spent a couple of months climbing mountains and fording rivers; sleeping sometimes in the cottage of a mountaineer, and sometimes camping out under the branches of a broad spreading forest tree. I had planned a mountain journey which was to begin at Pitsunda. Three days after our arrival at Sukhum Kale a small war steamer was ordered to Pitsunda and Gagra, the former thirty-six and the latter fifty-two miles west of Sukhum Kale. The steamer started in the evening with a fair-sized company on board, mostly pleasure seekers. At five o'clock in the morning I was landed at Pitsunda and the steamer went on toward Gagra. Pitsunda bay is sheltered, and the water was beautifully calm. The mountains in the haze of early morning were majestic. Mountains just after daylight, like

buildings in a city at night, seem higher than in the daytime. No one, I think, who has walked through the streets of a great city at night, can have failed to observe what a monumental appearance buildings present, especially if the city isnot brilliantly lighted.

CHAPTER: 14

Caucasian Timber and Scenery

Leaving Russell (the timber expert) at the landing, Alma and I started for an old church and fortress which are about fifteen minutes' walk from the seashore. Pitsunda is situated on a flat promontory a few feet above sea level, and judging by the soil, I should say that it is on land from which the sea receded ages ago. The road to the fortress skirted a small pine forest from which was wafted a most agreeable odor. Not far from the fortress we met a Cossack with a cart, and he agreed to bring up our baggage.

The fortress and church are surrounded by trees among which are Lombardy poplar, walnut, and locust; there are also mulberry trees which grow rapidly in that serai-tropical climate. The walnut trees are old with wide-spreading branches. Around one of those trees a bench had been built so that visitors might enjoy the grateful shade.

The fortress is simply a square enclosure with a wall about fourteen feet high, made of stone and brick. Almost in the center of the enclosure is the church which is considerably more than a thousand years old. It was erected by the Greeks during the reign of the Emperor Justinian — at that time the whole coast of the Caucasus belonged to the eastern empire. It is well built, so well and with such enormously thick walls that it may last for a thousand vears to come.

Opposite the church were three buildings. One was occupied by an abbot and three or four monks; the second was their kitchen and dining room; and the third, intended for a school building, was at that time in the possession of Countess Ruspoli, an exile from Austria. No one on the Caucasus, not even the governor, knew the countess' history; he knew only that her family held high rank. Pitsunda was still wrapped in slumber. The mountain tops were gilded by the rising sun which was gradually warming the cool morning air; dew was glistening on the trees, and, in large drops, was

hanging on the blades of grass — perfect stillness the moment before waking. Suddenly geese, ducks, and hens broke the silence.

On the porch of Countess Ruspoli's residence was a sort of field tent in which we found a Mingrelian snoring. At his side lay a savage looking ax with which, as it might seem, this trusty guardian was ready to defend his mistress — at least this was my first impression; afterward I found it was for the less heroic, but useful, purpose of splitting kindling wood. He was sleeping so soundly that neither our approach nor the clamorous demonstrations of the barnyard fowls were sufficient to rouse him. Soon the Cossack with his creaking cart appeared, followed by Russell, who was expostulating in a loud voice and in a language which might be called strong English. He saw us only after the cart had stopped and when he had fired off his last volley at the Cossack, who, not understanding a word of what Russell said, took it all in good part. Russell had thought the Cossack was going in the wrong direction, with the intention of appropriating the baggage.

Notwithstanding all the bustle and noise the Mingrelian slept on. The position reminded me of Moore's lines:

In England, the garden of beauty is kept by a dragon of prudery, placed within call: But so often this unamiable dragon has slept, That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.

Russell, in his one-sided conversation with the Cossack, had got his blood into good circulation, and I suggested that he banish Sleep from that porch. This he succeeded in doing after a couple of minutes of vigorous exertion in which his hand and voice had equal share. The Mingrelian called his mistress and put coal in a samovar to boil water for tea. Half an hour later the countess appeared dressed in a loose gown, her hair carefully arranged, and her eyebrows penciled to a considerable distance beyond their natural length. She received us with hospitality and expressed herself as delighted at our coming. I had met this eccentric woman when in Pitsunda a year earlier and I now presented Alma and Mr. Russell.

I saw at once that between the countess and Russell there would be many a passage at arms, as he was full of fun while she was an original such as is

rarely met with. She began to urge the Mingrelian, whom she called Guitty, to hurry with the tea. A few words of Russian, sandwiched in between massive sentences of Mingrelian, was the only result of her efforts. In order to occupy the interval the countess placed the remnant of a watermelon on the table. As it was withered and full of ants and wasps, no one had the courage to attack it.

Meanwhile, Guitty was working at the samovar. At nine o'clock the water had risen to about 211° of heat; a degree or so below boiling point. As the man seemed to be thoroughly exhausted and the charcoal was gone, the tea was made without further waiting. After tea we attended morning service at the church. The singing was fairly good, and the resonance was wonderful. I had never been in a building where the human voice produced such an effect. There were not many worshipers; a few Cossacks and a few villagers. At the door of the church I met the abbot, a white-haired, venerable man, who received me cordially, and said that he already knew me by name. He invited us all to breakfast. An invitation proffered so kindly was not to be refused. The abbot had spent several years in Alaska, and he gave us an interesting account of his travels and Indian adventures. He had but recently arrived in Pitsunda; books were piled up on tables and chairs; it was evident that he was not yet fairly settled. The countess had requested us to invite the abbot to dinner, and he promised to come. She was delighted. Guitty was immediately ordered to kill three chickens. Our provisions were brought forward, and they were much needed, for the whole stock of groceries in the countess' possession consisted of about two pounds of corn meal and a quart of new potatoes. She had neither salt, meat, nor bread. As I had supplies for a long journey, the house was soon full of good things to eat. and we looked forward to a bountiful dinner. Having several hours at our disposal, I got Cossack horses, and we set out to explore the neighborhood. We returned with splendid appetites. The question now was to cook the vegetables before the chickens got cold. We saw clearly that if Guitty and the countess were to be the only cooks, dinner would not be ready for hours. Our decision was quickly made. Russell volunteered to take command of the kitchen.

The dining room presented a remarkable sight; a large roomful of all sorts of trumpery. In one corner was a hat rack upon which a saddle and bridle

were hanging; in another corner was an enormous, old couch with springs broken and the surface as irregular as the outlines of the Caucasus. In the third corner was a bed which looked to be as old as the Pitsunda church; in the fourth was a miscellaneous collection of pots and kettles, an old hoe, and a broken rake; near them stood a rickety table loaded with odds and ends. In the center of the room was the dinner table groaning under a load of old plates, cups, saucers, pans, knives, empty bottles, etc., and, on inspection, it was found that the table and dishes were covered with ants.

We removed the dishes, turned the table over, and brushed off the ants, then put the legs of the table into pans half full of water. Boiling water was brought, and the dishes washed. The countess tried to help. At last, to get rid of her, the remark was made that the abbot would probably arrive in a few minutes. No sooner were the words uttered, then she hurried off to put on a more gorgeous attire. The abbot did not keep us waiting. Just as he entered, the countess came from her room; she was arrayed in a satin gown with long court train. The dinner was excellent; we all enjoyed it. The countess rattled away in French with Russell and Alma, with me she spoke German, her own language, and with the abbot broken Russian. After a while a religious discussion rose between the abbot and Russell, carried on in Latin, as the abbot did not speak French. It was very amusing.

The next morning our hostess was up early, hurrying around with the result of adding to the disorder which reigned in her strange household. Most of that day we spent on horseback. We visited the little village of Lyza and the home of an Abkhasian named A'bidge. An Abkhasian house is a simple affair. The best houses are built of hewn plank, but many are what might be called basket houses. They are made of sticks, about as thick as an ordinary walking cane, woven together as a basket is woven. Sometimes these houses are plastered on the outside with clay but, if intended only for summer use, they are left open, giving the wind a free passage in every direction. The roofs are made of fern and coarse reeds.

The interior of the house is as simple as possible. The only furniture is a low, broad bench or platform which extends along three sides of the room. At one corner pillows and quilts are piled up. In case visitors stay all night, beds are arranged on the benches. The quilts are kept exclusively for guests,

for home use there is another supply. The floor is earth, pounded hard. Besides the principal house of one room, there is another smaller and not as regular in shape; sometimes it is round. This second building serves as a kitchen and storehouse. In the middle of the room a fire is made on the ground; over this fire a kettle is suspended when it is necessary to boil food. Meat is roasted by being spitted on a stick and held over the fire. The stick is turned continually so that every part of the meat is exposed to the fire. There is no baking in an Abkhasian house; bread is unknown among the natives. The substitute for bread is Indian meal pudding. This is eaten, not with milk or cream, but with thin slices of cheese made of sheep's milk. Milk is drunk only after being soured, which is done as soon as it is taken from the cow, buffalo, or goat, as the case may he. A mixture of corn meal and honey is made to eat when on a journey, as a small piece satisfies the appetite and thus obviates the necessity of carrying a large amount of provision. Meat is not eaten every day or even every week. Once in a while a wild boar or a bear is killed, and then the whole village feasts.

When sheep shearing is over, each man present has as much boiled or roasted mutton as he can eat, and it is remarkable how much an Abkhasian can eat when the opportunity comes, and how little satisfies him when his store runs low. In this respect the Abkhasians are like our American Indians. A'bidge knew that we were coming and, when we were within a short distance of his house, he came out to meet us. Our host's wife stood near the door, and four or five children were playing on the grass. The woman was timid; she remained, however, and motioned us to enter the house; the children screamed and ran off. When we were seated on the bench, fresh honey in the comb was brought, and soured milk to eat with it according to native usage. The following day A'bidge sent me several pounds of delicious honey in memory of my visit.

Life in Abkhasia is primitive. In that mild climate a small amount of exertion is sufficient to obtain sustenance. Corn meal, cheese, sour milk, and meat from time to time, do not cost much. Honey is five cents a pound. Many small villages have thirty or forty swarms of bees. The hives are of curious construction. A piece of a log about four feet long is split in two, and each half hollowed out. A small aperture for the bees is left at one end. These hives are placed on benches and present the appearance of inverted

troughs. The system is rude, but there are so many flowers in the country and bees have so many months to work in that a great quantity of honey is obtained. The northeastern coast of the Black sea has for many centuries been celebrated for its honey.

Abkhasian women do not work in the field, neither do women anywhere on the Caucasus — a striking contrast to the custom of Germany where women are seen working in the fields. Women and cows are field laborers in Germany. Abkhasian women spin and make all the cloth required to clothe themselves and their families.

Returning to Pitsunda we spent some hours wandering around. We found the remains of an ancient viaduct, fragments of pottery, and the ruins of a castle, evidences of wealth and civilization in times gone by.

Early the next morning the steamer returned from Gagra, and Colonel Fresher and his party came ashore. Consequently, it was eleven o'clock before we were in our saddles. Our guide had been waiting with four restless horses to look after since seven o'clock. I intended to make a circuit of about thirty miles, including the most interesting places in the neighborhood. Our guide Ivan Agerbayeff, an Abkhasian, learned Russian when a child and he spoke it quite as well as his mother tongue; hence, aided me greatly in adding to the knowledge I already had of the Abkhasian language. He knew everybody for miles around; hence, was very useful. The countess, who was not friendly to Ivan, hinted that in his youth he was a horse thief. This in those days was not a crime but rather a virtue. An Abkhasian who had not stolen a horse could not hope to induce any maiden in the country to become his wife. Russian rule has nearly extinguished these ideas. A horse thief now is sentenced to imprisonment with hard labor. If the offense is repeated, he may be sent to Siberia.

For a distance of three miles the road lay through a perfectly level country, partly cultivated and partly covered with young boxwood trees and blackberry bushes. After that came a series of hills several hundred feet high. From these hills there is a fine view of the sea and coast. About eight miles from Pitsunda we reached the river Bzeeb, a large and rapidly flowing stream which we crossed in a boat. Our horses were taken in charge by natives, who got them over safely, though with much noise and excitement.

Half an hour later we arrived at the house of Prince Inalipoff where we obtained fresh buffalo milk, for we were thirsty. We had now to recross the Bzeeb, not far from its mouth, a thing dangerous to do at high water and not over pleasant at any time. There was no boat at this point, and we were obliged to cross on horseback. I sent a native to try the ford. The water was considerably above the stirrups, but he crossed and on returning said we might cross if we were very careful. The prince went on one side of Alma, holding her horse by the bridle, and the whole party followed nearby. When we reached the middle of the river, the current was so rapid that for a moment it seemed as though my horse was being carried up the stream at railroad speed. The bed of the river was rough and stony, and the water roared as it rushed on toward the sea. I was afraid that Alma would lose her presence of mind, but she was brave, and we were soon on the opposite bank.

It was almost night, and to reach Pitsunda we had to ride four miles through a low, but dense, forest having a rich growth of thorn trees and blackberry bushes along the narrow road. The darkness was so intense that nothing could be seen, and we simply left the horses to themselves. They brought us out of the forest and safe to Pitsunda.

During the evening meal the countess amused us by relating how she and Guitty had been driving stakes for a fence around a projected garden. Judging by the progress made that day the fence was completed in a couple of years if Guitty did not die of hunger. The next morning we attended service, for it was Sunday. In Russian churches no instrumental music is permitted. When the time came for preaching, Ivan took his place near the abbot to translate the sermon to his people. After every three or four sentences, he repeated in Abkhasian what the abbot had said in Russian. Everyone listened attentively. There was no nodding or going to sleep.

When I made the round of the building, I found that but little remained of an ancient time. The most remarkable relic is a fresco representing the burial of Christ. It is in genuine Byzantine style and must have been painted soon after the church was built. For luncheon that day we had a roast of wild boar meat. The day before an Abkhasian had brought a boar into Pitsunda. A Cossack bought it for a ruble (seventy-eight cents). It was a

young animal and weighed about 100 pounds. I purchased twenty-five pounds for a cent a pound. Wild boars roam about the mountains; sometimes as many as fifty or sixty are found in a herd.

Killing them is fine sport for those who enjoy killing animals, for it has the excitement of danger. A wounded boar will often turn on his enemy and, if the man is not successful in escaping, will tear him to bits with his enormous tusks.

As I was to start on my mountain journey in a day or two, Ivan was anxious that I should partake of his hospitality before setting out. He lived in the village of Lyza where he owned sixty acres of land. Upon our arrival at his place, we found a little temporary house constructed of green branches; the floor was of hewn plank. In the center was a table and on two sides of the room were benches. The table was already laid with plates and bottles. The hostess bowed a welcome and said a few words in Abkhasian to the effect that we were guests whom she greeted with pleasure. She did not sit down at the table, neither did Ivan, as it is not the custom among the Abkhasians to sit with their guests, or to eat while the guests are eating. The duty of the host and hostess is to see that everything goes right and to keep the table well supplied with food and drink. A much truer civility and courtesy than is known by people who would look upon these Abkhasians as barbarians.

An English governor, for instance, is rude enough to allow his servants to serve him and his wife before they serve his guests. This ill-bred custom is universal in England and Canada. Our fare was simple and abundant: it consisted of gomie, or Indian pudding, with cheese made of sheep's milk, and chicken nicely roasted; for drink we had wine of the country. Before dinner was half over a number of villagers had assembled in front of the door. They looked at us and the food with evident curiosity. After a time they were joined by a buffalo calf, two or three weeks old, which came wandering along, a strange, outlandish little creature.

After dinner the horses were brought, and we rode to a mountain overlooking Pitsunda. At the foot of the mountain we were obliged to dismount and walk through a cornfield; then we came to an opening where there were two or three cottages. In front of those cottages young girls were spinning. They disappeared at our approach. Two or three years before her

marriage, the chief occupation of an Abkhasian maiden is to spin, weave, and sew, make ready for future housekeeping. The mountain was difficult of ascent, but the view from the summit richly repaid us for the climb. Night was approaching rapidly when we began the descent. Slipping, sliding, holding onto twigs and trees to keep from going down head foremost, we at last reached level land, came to where our horses were waiting, and returned to Ivan's cottage. On the table in the little house of green branches a samovar was steaming. A pleasant and hospitable welcome awaited us. Night bad come, dark and moonless, but with many stars overhead. After tea Ivan and A'bidge, with two or three villagers, accompanied us home. The following day was spent in making preparation for our mountain journey, selecting men and horses, and packing provisions. I invited the abbot to dine with us, and Pitsunda was ransacked to make the banquet a success.

At nine o'clock the next morning the horses were ready, and our attendants waiting. Ivan's wife had provided Mrs. Curtin with a male costume: wide trousers fitting close at the ankle, leggings to the knees, a jacket, and a closely fitting coat. When she had on a leather belt with sword and dagger and had a turban on her, head, her outfit was complete. I led to the porch the horse she was to ride, and in a flash she was on its back looking like a young warrior of the mountains. The Cossacks and Abkhasians who were standing around applauded loudly. The Abkhasians came to say goodbye and wish us a successful journey; the Cossacks waved their adieu, and we started mountain ward. We had two attendants, Ivan and A'bidge. Each horse had some article attached to the saddle. In addition a pack horse carried about 150 pounds.

Four miles from the sea begins a range of hills. As we rode up the slopes, we had many fine views of the sea and hills. The Pitsunda hills are of peculiar formation. They are from 800 to 1,000 feet high and so disposed that between them are ravines closed on three sides with an opening to the south. These ravines are perfectly sheltered and form, as it were, natural hothouses. The land in them is uncultivated, but in time there will be vineyards and tobacco plantations there. The hills extend for about twelve miles to a village called Kaldakvara.

Our first halt was under the branches of an immense oak near which was an excellent spring of water. The horses were unsaddled and allowed to graze while we enjoyed a real picnic. During luncheon we named two of the horses. The little pack horse was called Mary Ann; the horse Russell rode, a young gray, received the name Curtius in memory of the celebrated Roman who with his horse leaped into the Gulf of the Forum. On the way from Pitsunda our gray had jumped from the bank into the middle of a deep, muddy stream nearly throwing Russell over its head.

While lunching I saw a queer-looking, dried up, bent over, old man traveling along, a cane in his hand and a bundle on his back. Immediately the desire possessed me to find out who he was. I called to him to come and sit with us. He came readily. I gave him plenty to eat and a glass of wine from the pigskin which we brought with us, and he told his story. He did not know how old he was, but he was the fifth generation back, for he had great-great-grandchildren. He was married before he had a beard and when his wife died, he was gray-bearded. Since her death, he had had four wives: two were good-for-nothing, and he 'threw them away,' the third died; and now he was married 'to a young woman in her teens.' He told us of a man who lived near him and 'was old enough to be his father.' Our guide, who knew this aged man, said he was supposed to be about 120 years old. I tried to find out if our guest was satisfied with life, but it was evidently a question which, in the sense it was put had never occurred to him. He answered that life was better and easier than it used to be, for now men could work and trade in safety. He enjoyed the boiled ham we gave him and ate heartily of it, not knowing it was 'pig meat.' Later I found that he was a Mohammedan and would have starved sooner than eat pork. Two of our guides were Mohammedans, but as the old man had eaten before they knew it, I told them not to destroy his peace of mind. When through eating, he put the remnants of the feast into his bundle and trudged off.

Attracted by the novel sight of strangers a number of villagers made their appearance and entered into conversation. Among the languages of the Caucasus, and there are many, the Abkhasian is remarkable for difficulty of pronunciation. There are combinations of sounds which seem to defy both the ear and the tongue of the stranger. No Russian speaks the language, the interpreters are either Abkhasians, who have learned Russian, or

Mingrelians. The latter never master the language completely. Though as a whole extremely difficult, Abkhasian contains some words that are easy and musical.

Up to the time of the Russian occupation the Abkhasians had no alphabet. In 1862 a committee was appointed in Tiflis for the purpose of forming one. The result of their labor appeared in 1865 in a work of one volume printed in Tiflis and entitled, The Abkhasian Primer. It is an octavo volume of 188 pages with an alphabet of 52 letters; a list of words in Abkhasian, Russian, and Georgian; dialogues, stories, and proverbs in the three languages. This Primer is the first and undoubtedly the last book to be printed in the Abkhasian language.

It is remarkable that a people of a whole race have lived for uncounted centuries, not in mountain fastnesses, but on a beautiful and rich seacoast, without a book, or even an alphabet, in their own tongue. They occupy the coast of the Black sea from Gagra to the river Ingur, a distance of 120 miles. Their number is not far from 60,000. It would be difficult to find a people living in as primitive a way as they do. It seems to be their rule of life to work as little as possible and to subsist as best they can on the meager results of their unwilling labor. They are not a vicious people; crimes are rare.

After luncheon we continued our journey. In the evening we reached Achandari, a village charmingly situated near the foot of the mountains. We procured lodgings at the house of the chief of the village, who bore the high-sounding title of prince. Our Abkhasian scout had bought a lamb, six chickens, and a turkey. About eight o'clock supper was ready. While we ate, some fifty villagers stood around the door watching us and when the meal was over, what was left of the feast was taken to the kitchen where it was quickly dispatched by the hungry crowd. In the morning the sky was cloudless, the air cool, the sunrise beautiful beyond description. I employed two of the natives to go with us, and at seven o'clock we left the village attended for a mile or two by a brother of our host, an act of courtesy to a departing guest. In a couple of hours we arrived at a small village called Akhivia around which are mountain pastures. The inhabitants of Achandari drive their cattle there in summer. Hence, the road was in repair; farther on

it became difficult. We were climbing continually. At midday we were at the most dangerous spot. We had to dismount and give our horses to the guides, who went in advance. The trail was more than 1,000 feet above the river and was very narrow. We walked Indian file, picking our steps carefully, looking straight ahead or at the wall of rock on the right, not venturing to look over the precipice on our left. Suddenly we heard the Abkhasian guides shouting and screaming. I knew that the horses were passing a dangerous place and that the men were urging them forward. I hurried on but came too late to aid in any way; Curtius, our little gray horse, had slipped off the trail on the edge of the precipice. For a few seconds there was a struggle and a crash among the bushes, then silence during the time occupied in falling a thousand feet. The last we heard was a dull thud. For a moment I thought the leader had been carried down with the horse, and my heart stood still from terror. When I knew the man was safe, the tragic death of the horse seemed a trivial matter. We were all more or less frightened. I was alarmed lest in such a fearful place my Alma's courage would forsake her. But a moment later she bravely passed the spot where the horse had fallen, and we walked on as before.

When the river bank was reached, two men were sent down to look for Curtius. They found him dreadfully crushed. The only sound part was the tail, which they cut off and brought back, for they wished to carry it to Pitsunda to prove to the woman who owned the horse that it was really dead, that they had not sold it. At one o'clock we had our luncheon which had come near being lost as it had been on Curtius' back in a pair of saddlebags. Fortunately, the bags were not fastened to the saddle and when the horse fell, they caught on the branches of a little tree whence we fished them up. After luncheon we resumed our journey, walking all of the time as it was impossible to ride. We kept close to the river Apsta, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other. During the afternoon we crossed the river at least a dozen times. At times the river roared so it was impossible to hear a person shouting even thirty feet distant. It was more difficult for the horses than for us; often they waded half a mile or more before they found a place to come out.

Towards night we passed along a ravine of savage grandeur. On the side of the river opposite us, at a short distance from the river's edge, a cliff four or

five miles in length and at least 3,000 feet high, rose up straight as a wall. On our side the mountain was much higher, but sloping and covered with a dense growth of trees and bushes. Among the trees were boxwood from sixteen to eighteen inches in diameter, the largest I have ever seen. Along the slope were boulders some of which were from 200 to 800 feet high, monstrous blocks of stone which had fallen from the mountain at different periods. At places in the bed of the river large rocks were piled together in the most singular manner. Between these the water forced its way, hissing, roaring, foaming as it went on its troubled journey. At one of the wildest of these places we were obliged to cross, an Abkliasian went forward to try the ford. About half the horse's body was above the water; a little more, and the animal could not have retained its footing. The experiment, however, proved that the river could be crossed if we were extremely careful. Alma sat on the tallest horse and with an attendant on each side rode into the seething stream. All went well till she reached the middle of the river. There the rush of water was so great that she came near losing her balance; the water was up to her knees, and the horse was barely able to keep his footing. But in a moment the critical point was passed, and soon we were all on the opposite bank.

At six o'clock we reached a good camping ground and stopped for the night. Our provisions and blankets were deposited under a large walnut tree; the horses were tethered, and soon three fires were burning and over them our evening meal was prepared. Before lying down for the night, the men struck up an Abkhasian song which made the night air ring with weird melodious sounds.

About two o'clock in the morning I woke. The fires were smouldering, and the guards were drowsy. Suddenly a noise was heard in the woods near us where the horses were tethered, and the cry of 'amsh! amsk!' (bear) resounded through the forest. Our men were immediately on their feet, and I expected a scene of attack and defense. The bear, however, retreated, thinking, probably, that our forces were too strong for him. When the alarm was over and the men had gone to their places, some to sleep, others to watch the horses, and one to keep the fires burning, I sat for a while under the walnut tree listening to the sounds of the night. The moon was shining with wonderful brightness, the air was clear and cool. The horses could be

heard feeding among the bushes, but louder, and more distinct than all was the rush of the river as it swept along over its rocky bed. In the mountains sounds in the night are of remarkable distinctness. The slightest movement in the forest, even at a considerable distance, was heard with a clearness which surprised me.

We were up early in the morning. At seven, precisely, we started on our second day's journey. The road was very difficult. I discovered that for a year, or more, it had been abandoned. In several places trees had fallen across the trail. Before ten o'clock we had crossed and recrossed the river seven times. At one point the horses walked more than a mile against the current of the river with the water up to their saddle girths. It was with the greatest trouble that we succeeded in going forward.

About nine o'clock we came to a very dangerous place. We had left the horses to be led up the river's bed and had started on foot with the guides from Achandari. After walking for twenty minutes or so we found ourselves about 400 feet above the river. All at once the trail stopped at a place where there had been a landslide; the interruption seemed to continue for about 100 feet and to be easy to cross. One of the guides, who was barefoot and ran swiftly, passed over without trouble; the second guide and Alma walked along without difficulty for perhaps fifty feet, that is half way. Russell and I followed. Suddenly the ground began to slip under our feet. There were no bushes to catch hold of and our position for a few minutes was critical. We lay with our stomachs to the earth and struggled fiercely to maintain a hold, digging into the sliding ground with our hands and feet. We were less than fifty feet from the edge of the precipice and if we had lost our hold in the moving earth, we should have fallen over a perpendicular ledge of rocks down 400 feet straight into the river. Instant death would have been the result. I realized fully the extent of our danger, and the thought flashed through my mind that if Alma lost presence of mind and clung to us, we should all go over the precipice. But, though aware that a frightful death threatened her, she was calm and fought for life independently, clinging with feet and hands to the moving earth and advancing as best she could. The struggle was desperate but it was soon over, and we were safe. Each one of us felt that we had passed the most serious moment which had come to us thus far in life; we had been very near death.

After walking about a mile we crossed the river for the last time and began the ascent of Generipsh. At first the climb was not fatiguing but it increased in difficulty as we went on. The land rises in plateaus, that is, the mountain is formed, as it were, of a dozen mountains piled one upon another. We lunched at ten o'clock near a spring of ice cold water and waited for the horses to come up. We expected to ride and obtain some rest, but, soon after starting, the road became so steep that we were forced to walk. Up we went, hour after hour. The summit seemed to recede. It was three o'clock when we reached the highest point, 8,000 feet above the sea. We had a magnificent view! The Pass of Bgalara, a small platform of level land on the mountain top, commands a view of the greater portion of all the mountains of western Abkbasia.

The western part of the main chain of the Caucasus approaches the Black sea till it touches it at Novorossisk, not far from the Sea of Azof. Between the main range and the Black sea there are lower chains, many of them covered with snow seven or eight months in the year. Those mountains are divided in different directions by narrow and very deep ravines, at the bottom of which rivers run at a furious speed. When snow is melting or during violent rains, they swell to an extraordinary degree and carry everything before them in their mad course to the sea. Huge stones and trees are whirled along as if they were feathers. At such times travel is out of the question, for it is impossible to ford or swim streams. It was one of those secondary chains that we crossed in going from Pitsunda to Pskoo, a small village on the Bzeeb.

From the Pass of Bgalara the greater part of the ravine of the Apsta could be seen, and our camping ground of the previous night was in view. Beyond the pass the descent began. The road grew more and more difficult. It was impossible to ride. The luggage was divided among all the horses, so that none would be overburdened. The ground was a mass of stones and rocks; the mountain, where not almost perpendicular, was exceedingly steep. We crept carefully along a narrow winding trail. When about half way down, the descent became simply terrible. It seemed impossible to go farther. What could be done with the horses? We held a council, and the guides and drivers, in charge of the baggage, said if we could go on alone, they would try and get the horses down.

Again we crept forward. The horses picked their steps with the greatest care. They seemed to realize the danger as well as we did. I should not believe it possible for a horse to go down such a mountain had I not seen it done with my own eyes. At the expiration of half an hour we reached the most critical point, and there the guides told me they could no longer take the responsibility. They were afraid of losing the horses. We could not turn back when so near the journey's end. I freed the men from all responsibility and promised each one a reward who got a horse to the foot of the mountain. The worst spot was along the edge of an awful precipice. The trail was narrow and rocky, and at one point the descent such that it was necessary for the horse to settle back on his haunches and gradually bring down his forefeet to a place three of four feet lower and considerably in advance. The animals were perfectly docile and seemed to know exactly what it was needful to do. During the descent, which was made very slowly and with many kind and encouraging words, two men held to a horse's tail, and one pulled at the bridle. In this way the horses passed along one by one. They were so greatly frightened that they trembled as if in an ague fit. Every minute I expected to see one slip and go over the precipice. After this terrific struggle, which lasted for nearly two hours, the road became gradually better; at five o'clock we were at the foot of the mountain. With a few intervals of rest we had walked for ten hours. It was a great relief to be on horseback. A quarter of an hour later we were on the bank of the Bzeeb and not far from the mountain village and fortress of Pskoo. On the way we came to a tree loaded with plums. Two soldiers were gathering the fruit. One of them, looking at my wife, asked: 'Where did that Circassian boy come from?' To have a little sport at his expense I confided to him that he was not looking at a boy but at an Abkhasian girl, whom I had stolen from one of the villages and was taking to Sukhum.

At six o'clock we were in Pskoo and comfortably lodged in the house of Captain Petin, who kindly put half of his establishment at our disposal. Very soon a messenger came for our passports. They were in Sukhum. The messenger went back with this report but returned to say it was necessary to show passports, or in some way satisfy the chief of the post as to who we were. I wrote a note to the chief giving him my name and all needful information. On receiving the note he came to my quarters at once, for as it

happened we had been introduced to each other a year earlier by the governor of the province. He had many apologies to make.

The plum-tree soldiers had hurried to him to report that a suspicious party had arrived at the post having with them a Circassian boy. When passports were not forthcoming, he had thought it necessary to demand an explanation. The event caused considerable mirth. We remained in Pskoo a week. Each day we made an excursion on foot or on horseback. One glorious morning we rode out to a Greek settlement and lunched under a grand old oak. The settlement consisted of about twenty small shanties as dirty as men, women, children, pigs, and calves could make them. The chief talked with me in Greek and brought out a Greek bible for my inspection. With insistent hospitality he invited me 'to enter his house.' I complied. Fortunately, there was no chair to sit on; the benches were piled with rags and rubbish, and I quickly made my escape to the open air.

While in Pskoo, I collected several interesting legends. Each mountain and valley has a myth to account for its origin. Many of these myths and legends have been lost since the mountaineers were forced to emigrate. I was able, however, to find and save a few. One related to the origin of a large, sand mountain and a dark, deep ravine not far away. The mountain stands quite alone and seems to have no relation with its surroundings. The ravine is said to have been closed formerly and in place of the rapid stream, which now rushes through it, there was a deep lake. The story is that in ancient times there was a princess of such wonderful beauty 'that her fame filled the whole country.' All the heroes and giants of the Caucasus came to seek her hand. At last her choice was narrowed down to two of the most powerful and celebrated giants in all the lands between the Caucasus and the Black sea. Then she announced to them that she would give each a task to perform. One was to collect and bring a mountain of yellow sand from the seashore and place it at a certain distance from the castle; the other was to free the lake and let it run into the sea. The man who accomplished his task first was to have her hand in marriage. One giant set out for the seashore to bring the sand; the other started for the ravine to free the lake.

When the giant was returning from the sea with his load of sand and came in view of the castle, he saw that the barrier of the lake had been broken; the

water was rushing through the valley. His rival had succeeded. Overcome by defeat and disappointment he sank under the burden and was covered by the mountain of sand. The natives affirm that from time to time in stormy weather the mountain is agitated; the giant heaves and struggles but cannot free himself.

I was told a story that contained nothing of the fabulous but much that was cruel and faithless. On the bank of the Bzeeb, not far from Pskoo, there is an enormous rock near the site of a former village. During the war a Russian soldier was captured and kept for several months in this village. In a crevice of the rock, about 200 feet from the ground, bees were seen at work. The captive was told that he should be freed if he would climb up and secure the honey. After two days of great effort he succeeded in obtaining the coveted prize. But, as soon as he had lowered the honey to the villagers waiting below, they removed the ladders, which had made possible the first part of the ascent, and the soldier was left to his fate. For a couple of days the poor captive clung to his position. Then he fell and was crushed to atoms.

The day following my arrival in Pskoo shepherds came with a goatskin full of honey and when presenting it, offered to conduct me farther into the mountains. I retained them, for I wished to explore the lower valley of the Bzeeb. As the journey was too difficult for my wife, I arranged for her to remain with the sister of Colonel Gamalei, the commander of a brigade distributed in different places in the mountains with headquarters at Pskoo. The number of soldiers at Pskoo was about 200 at this time. During the war with the mountaineers a regiment was stationed there.

Early in the morning of the day I started on my second mountain trip, guides and attendants were waiting in front of Captain Petin's house. Horses were brought for the colonel, his sister, and Mrs. Curtin, and they accompanied us to the Greek settlement, twelve vents from Pskoo. From that point the journey was to be made on foot. I was absent six days. Four of those days were spent in mountain climbing and in crossing and recrossing rivers. At one place I crossed a raging river on a swaying bridge made of wild grapevines. It was a nerve trying experience, as the bridge

was many feet above the river. It was for the occasional use of shepherds and hunters, men as agile as monkeys.

The third day, while climbing a dangerous trail, we met two shepherds bringing down the body of a companion who had fallen over a cliff and been killed. The body was wrapped and bound up in burka — a long, heavy cape worn by Abkhasians. The shepherd in advance was driving forward a kid to be killed for food, for they must camp twice before reaching home. It was a gruesome procession to meet off in those lonely mountains. Our provisions gave out, and during the last two days we had scarcely anything to eat. We grew very weary, but the journey was wonderfully interesting. The wild grandeur of the mountains, the picturesque places, the majesty of old trees, the play of light and shade, the coming of day, and the glorious sunsets are never to be forgotten.

When we reached the Greek settlement, all we could get in the way of nourishment was sour milk and honey. I wished to learn all I could from the inhabitants, so I remained for a few hours while Russell, for whom the people were as he said, all Greek for him, went on to Pskoo. Time passed so quickly in talking with the wise men of the settlement and taking down a legend or two, that I had only just started for Pskoo when a whole cavalcade appeared: Colonel Gamalei, his sister, Captain Petin, Alma, and several Cossacks, one of whom was leading a horse for my use. I rested for a couple of days in Pskoo, then started for Sukhum Kale eighty versts away. The colonel had done everything possible to make our stay pleasant. In all my travels around this world, I have never met so kind and helpful a people as the Russians. The morning of our departure a bountiful breakfast was laid to which all the officers and their wives were invited. Over this feast the colonel presided with the dignity of an old soldier.

The journey was monotonous till evening when we had variety enough of a disagreeable nature. Darkness came down upon us suddenly, and we were obliged to pass the night at a place where water was scarce and there was no grass for the horses. Following a day's hard work the poor animals had to stand all night without food. After groping about a long time, we procured dry branches enough for a fire. We had twenty matches left. Fifteen of these were consumed in vain attempts to start a blaze. When the number had

dwindled to five, the position began to be serious. The prospect of spending a night in a dark forest where bears, wild boars, and wolves abound was anything but pleasant. Success came; the second last match lighted the brush which was soon blazing cheerfully. Then the Abkhasians with torches searched for water and at last found a little trickling from a rock. Half an hour's waiting gave us water enough for tea. We had an excellent supper, thanks to the kind colonel.

The next morning we started at sunrise and at ten o'clock were at the station of Twin-Rivers, a little more than halfway between Pskoo and Sukhum Kale. There were fifty soldiers at the station commanded by a little, old captain whose name was Frantsieff. He told me that he was a descendant of one of Napoleon's soldiers, who remained in Russia after the campaign of 1812. In appearance he was one of the strangest persons I have ever seen. He was a very small man but he wore an enormous overcoat and fussed around in his little realm as though the fate of Russia rested with him. But he was hospitable and obliging; our hungry horses were well fed, and one of the soldiers prepared us a good meal

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At midday we renewed our journey. The road lay through the narrow and wooded valley of the Gumista, a river which flows into the sea not far from Sukhum. The country was uninhabited till near Sukhura. When within an hour's ride of the town, a tropical storm burst upon us; we were drenched in a moment. There was no shelter. The only thing to do was to ride at a gallop and reach Sukhum as quickly as possible. To add to our discomfort the guide was not sure that we were on the right road; we had crossed the river twice. At the last crossing there were two bridle paths; taking the right one was a chance. But at last the town was in sight, and so glad and relieved were we that it seemed a very paradise. We had finished a journey which, though interesting, had been extremely difficult.

A few days after our return, to fulfill a promise made some months before, I visited Prince Schirvischidsy, whose estate is forty miles from Sukhum. The old prince, a fine-looking, affable, and well informed man, is very proud of being a relative of the heir to the Georgian throne, though that heir has neither throne nor power. I found the family living in a well made basket

house, a structure adapted for the climate; the only trouble with it is that the roof isn't waterproof. Following the universal custom among Abkhasians, the prince, as soon as he had welcomed us, sent servants to kill a goat and chickens and prepare a feast.

While our host was occupied in making arrangements for our entertainment, Alma and I went to gather some of the lilies we had seen growing at the edge of a forest less than a quarter of a mile from the house. After roaming around for half an hour, or more, we were about to start for the house when men came in search of us, saying that the prince was alarmed when he found that we had gone to the forest, for it was so infested by wolves that no unarmed man thought of entering it. Then they told of attacks and desperate struggles that even armed men had had in escaping the beasts. It was sunset and just the time when bands were likely to be prowling around.

Later, when I heard a howling such as I have heard but twice in my life, once by the dogs of Rostov, and again by monkeys in the forests around Palenque, Mexico, I realized that we had been in danger of an encounter. After a late supper, beds were arranged for us on benches in a basket house near the one occupied by the family and being weary we found even bench beds comfortable.

This visit was pleasant and instructive. I had a fine opportunity to learn much regarding the domestic life of the Mingrelians. The prince speaks Russian, but with other members of his family I had to speak either Mingrelian or Abkhasian.

Returning to Sukhum in time for the steamer I met a friend, Colonel Doctroff, and we made the journey to Tims together. In Poti, where, as usual, passengers for Tiflis had to spend the night. I encountered an eccentric Englishman. He was on his way to Mount Ararat to observe the transit of Venus; then, if he found that he could with safety, he was going to the Garden of Eden. He knew 'the exact locality' and thought the journey would not be difficult. During the evening a Mingrelian prince came to Poti to invite me to spend a week at his house and go hawk hunting. Fear of malarial fever made me decline the invitation which I otherwise would have gladly accepted, for hawk hunting would have been a new experience.

The journey from Poti to Tiflis is always agreeable for me, for I never tire of mountain scenery, but this time my enjoyment was increased by the presence of acquaintances: Colonel Doctroff, Colonel Mitchavitch, Prince Eristof, and others. At the hotel in Tiflis I found my old friend General Frankena, who was on his way to Constantinople. The weather was perfect, most of my friends were in town, and time passed pleasantly receiving and making calls.

The Sunday following our arrival we spent with Mr. Merezovieff, whose home is on the outskirts of the city. Luncheon and dinner were gotten up in Oriental style. Dinner was served on the lawn which was brilliantly illuminated; a celebrated company of Persian singers furnished music.

On the 22nd a fire broke out in the block of buildings Opposite our hotel. The city has no water supply or had none at this time. The small quantity that was used in the vain attempt to extinguish the fire was brought from the river in barrels and in sheepskin bags. Had there been engines and plenty of water, the fire could have been put out in a few minutes and with small loss of property. As it was, the entire block burned down. In the block was the opera house, a fine building, and several of the best stores in the city.

It was a beautiful night, there was not a breath of wind; had the wind been blowing, the greater part of the city would have been destroyed. Every man, woman, and child in Tiflis seemed to be on the street. There was immense excitement. Prince Gortchakov came to urge me to leave the hotel and make his house our home, for if the wind began to blow, the hotel would be the first building to burn. I was not alarmed, especially as the grand duke had sent word that a detachment of soldiers was in the street detailed to rescue us and our effects should the need come. For hours I sat on the balcony of my room and watched the fire as it consumed building after building. I saw how the water carriers and hundreds of other men with barrels and bags of water and short hose exerted themselves to the utmost without the slightest result.

Years later I saw Guatemaliansssprinkling the streets of a city. Each man had a pail of water and a dipper; the sprinkling was done by taking a mouthful of water and then blowing it out. The rapid execution of this act, and the result reminded me of the fire in Tirlis. About two o'clock in the morning

the last building in the block went down and, thinking the danger was over, I tried to get a little sleep. But at five o'clock a messenger came from the chief of staff to tell me that fire had started in an underground part of a shop where a large quantity of oil was stored, and I must be ready to leave the hotel at a moment's notice. The alarm spread through the hotel. The furniture in the house was rapidly taken out, carpets were pulled up, and pictures taken down. Men from the street came in to help; the greatest excitement prevailed. People rushed about like ants when their mounds are disturbed. Then word came that the fire in the basement was under control and the danger was over.

That day I sat for hours watching the throng on the street below and noting the efforts of the police and soldiers to protect property packed up on the sidewalk in front of the hotel and in adjoining streets. Among the people were representatives in plenty of every eastern nation. Women were not lacking, or babies either. Women in European garb and women wrapped in sheets roamed among the smoking ruins. The scene was thoroughly Oriental.

I had never been in Tiflis when the weather was as fine; walking was a pleasure, and there are many historical places to visit in and around the ancient city. On a hill above the Botanical garden is a fortress built more than a thousand years ago, and a mighty piece of work it was. From the city only high walls are visible, but the opposite side of the hill is one mass of masonry. From the top of the hill every part of Tiflis can be seen, and there is a grand view of snow-crowned Kazbek

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A Georgian, whom I met in the fortress, pointed out in the valley below a very small church and asked me to visit it, for it was 'the most holy church in Tiflis.' To get there I selected a path down the hill which unexpectedly led us through the dirtiest and vilest street in the city, a street occupied by courtesans. The church stands over the spot where for many centuries Christ's shirt was buried. It is related that when the Jews were casting lots for Christ's clothing, a Jew from Tiflis, who chanced to be in Jerusalem on business and was present at the crucifixion, obtained the shirt. He brought it home in a package. When approaching his house, his daughter saw him and,

thinking the package contained a present for her. she ran out and snatched it from his hand. That moment the maiden died. The shirt could not be taken from her hand so it was buried with her. Soon a beautiful cedar grew out of the grave, and from this tree came myrrh, an ointment that healed the sick. Centuries later the tree was felled and the grave was opened. The maiden's body had gone back to mother earth, but the shirt was in a perfect state of preservation. The church was built over the spot where the grave had been, and in this church the holy relic was kept for several hundred years; then it was taken to Moscow.

On a hill not far away stands another holy edifice, the church of St. David. A large cemetery surrounds the church. In this cemetery many Georgians are buried; St. David being venerated beyond all other saints. On another hill is an Armenian church and convent. People who each Sabbath climb to these edifices perched on hilltops, must surely have the love of God in their hearts and God-given strength in their bodies.

On the 12th of November came the grand duke's hunt. I do not know why the people of Tiflis take such deep interest in this annual hunt. In society little else is talked of for days. The hunting ground is twenty-five miles from the city. A week before the event soldiers are sent to put up tents, and provisions are taken out. The masters of the hunt select horses from the grand duke's stables and dogs from his kennels and have them at the camp. That year the hunting party consisted of the grand duke, his suite, and twenty-five invited guests; I was one of those guests. Carriages were provided for the journey from Tiflis to the camp. We remained two days and had a great deal of pleasure though game was scarce; only fifteen wild boars were killed, and a few rabbits. Our meals were served with as much elegance as meals are served in the grand duke's palace. We had music and story-telling.

A few days after this hunt, I went to Gori to visit Prince Eristof, a man who can trace his ancestors back to bible times. The Eristof estate is twenty-five miles long, and on it are some of the finest vineyards I have ever seen. This visit in a Georgian family was very enjoyable. In all my travels I have not met a people more pleasing than the Georgians. They are childlike in their

enthusiastic friendship and hospitality but they are a wise and far-seeing people

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November 25th I was again in Sukhum where I found that business made it necessary to go to Odessa for a few days; so leaving Alma I journeyed across the Black sea with the result that after four weeks I decided to go to London. When this decision was made, I telegraphed for Mrs. Curtin. Then came a week of anxiety, for every paper contained accounts of terrific storms at sea. The steamer was twelve hours late. That last night I did not sleep. Almost before daylight I was on the pier where, in spite of intense cold, I waited for five hours. Then I saw the steamer emerge from the distant fog, and my heart was gladdened by the sight.

Now came heavy snowstorms. In twenty days only one westward bound train left Odessa. Travelers, unfortunate enough to be on the road, were delayed for many days. I left on the first train out after the road was pronounced clear. It was well along in March. Two days later we were in Cracow, the ancient capital of Poland. We chanced to reach Berlin on the emperor's birthday. The city was in holiday dress, gaily decorated with mottoes, bunting, and flags. It was cold in Germany, and there was considerable snow. But at the French boundary we left cold and snow behind, and in England the weather was mild and springlike.

In the political world a storm was brewing. The Times announced that Bismarck's brutality and desire to ruin the Catholic church would involve Germany, Austria, and France in a religious war. Great anxiety was expressed over the Russian emperor's visit to Germany. Did it portend peace, or war? Germany would not begin war till sure of either Russia's friendship or her complete neutrality; but sure of Russia, war would be proclaimed. Bismarck had done much to bring the censure of every right-minded person in Europe upon himself and upon the German government. The feeling in England was strong against Germany. In America the trial of Henry Ward Beecher was holding the attention of friend and foe.

May 20th, 1875 we left London and on the 29th were nearing Sukhum Kale. One of our steamer companions was a lady whom I had known for

many years. Her estate was near the boundary of Turkey. She told me of large forests which she owned, and, as I was interested in timber, urged me to visit them. I had with me a timber specialist whom I had employed in London, so, in place of stopping at Sukhum, we went to Poti and from here to my friend's country home. Our visit was both pleasant and profitable. The evenings were delightful. As soon as twilight came, the nightingale began to sing hers song, which is so beautiful that one never wearies of hearing it. The forest near and far seemed full of these wonderful birds, which sing from early dusk till daybreak. From Poti we went to Pitsunda, arriving so early in the morning that only a few Turks were stirring. We camped under the old oak near Countess Ruspoli's house. This time I had with me a servant and cooking utensils. While we were eating breakfast, the countess made her appearance; though painted and powdered, she looked very ill. Whatever she had done to merit such an exile I could not help pitying her.

The abbot came also and he urged with so much persistence that we should 'break camp' and occupy his house, that I did so, and fortunately, for that afternoon while Upton, the timber specialist, and I were beyond the Bzeeb, examining the forest on 800 acres of land the Grand Duke Michael had given me, a terrible storm came up and the river rose with such rapidity that we could not cross it and were delayed till the afternoon of the following day. About midway of the 800 acres is Lake Inkit, three quarters of a mile long and a third of a mile wide, a very beautiful lake.

Returning to Sukhum, I went from there to Kutais and for the first time visited the celebrated Kutaismonastery.Built more than 500 years ago only a few arches and columns are standing, but those show how magnificent the building must have been. The summer of 1875 had thus far been cool, and much rain had fallen. An old Georgian prince, a descendant of King David of bible times, assured me that springs which had been dry for thirty years were open and full of water.

From Kutais station to Tiflis there is but one large town, Gori. At ten o'clock in the evening, when we were near Tiflis, rain began to fall in torrents. All at once there was a thud, then a terrible thumping and bumping and grinding. The train tipped to one side and seemed about to go over. The

passengers were terrified. Men opened the windows and declared that we were in a river. It seemed quite probable, for water was rushing by furiously; but the conductor explained that we were a long distance from any river. There had been a terrific storm in the mountains, and the torrent, tearing through a narrow ravine, had struck the train and swept away the track.

We had been fearfully near a terrible accident. The first car to leave the track was considerably lower down than those behind; the wheels of the second car were on the platform of the first. A few more puffs of steam and the cars would have telescoped, and many persons would have been killed. Five minutes after the train derailed, the rain ceased and stars came out. The torrent had swept by and disappeared. We walked from the wreck to the station.

The heat in Tiflis was unendurable. The morning following our arrival I hired a carriage and four horses and drove up the mountain to Kadjori, where we found the air almost too cool for comfort. At that pleasant resort on a spur of the Caucasus, we spent two anniversaries, the Fourth of July and the seventeenth, our wedding day. Then a telegram came urging me to be present at a party to be given by Prince Alexander Kristof — I could not refuse.

Going from Kadjori to Tiflis was much like going from an ice house to an oven. The tropical heat of the city was exceedingly oppressive and enervating. Prince Ivan Eristof met me at the Gori station, and I went to his house as it would be quieter than the house of his uncle, Alexander, where the party was to be given. The houses of Gori are much like the bungalows of southern California; extensive on the ground, but only one-story high. All the rooms in Prince Ivan's house are elegantly furnished, but in Georgian or Turkish fashion. A suite of rooms was placed at my disposal, and I was requested to treat the twelve house servants as though they were my own.

The party and ball was a great success. All the walks and paths through the park were carpeted, and the trees were hung with Persian lanterns. There were bands of music, and several celebrated Georgian singers. Supper was laid for eighty persons. It was four o'clock in the morning when we rose

from the table. Many remained for tea at six, but I was too nearly sick. I began to feel the chills and fever of malaria.

I did not leave my bed for two days. The sudden change from the cool mountain air of Kadjori to the oppressive heat of Tirlis and then the night air of Gori brought an attack of ague. When I recovered, a party and ball was given in my honor by an old Georgian general. After supper, which was served at midnight and lasted till nearly daybreak, we were escorted home by the band, our host, and many of the guests of the evening. It was a walk of about half a mile, and all the way a large number of the party danced and sang. I think that nowhere in the world would a similar scene take place among the nobility — Prince Eristof has entertained in his Gori home the emperor of Russia, the heir to the throne, and many imperial guests. Twenty years earlier this manner of entertainment was common in Georgia and in Hungary. I am sure that in America the party would have been pronounced 'drunk' but there had been no excess of wine. It was simply-good nature, hospitality, and friendship. Prince Alexander's mother was with us, an old lady of eighty.

We remained with the Eristofs two months. When I spoke of going, the) I would declare that I risked my wife's life by traveling in hot weather and insist that she should stay where she was safe. During the time I made several business trips to Sukhum and to Azurgetti and studied the Georgian language.

Life among the nobility of Georgia is one of perfect idleness. They visit, give dinners, private theatricals, and balls. They play cards and enjoy themselves. There are twenty-five Eristof families living in and around Gori. All are on the most friendly terms; they are like a band of brothers and sisters.

In September we went to Azurgetti, a beautiful little town twenty miles inland from Poti, only a three hours' trip on horseback, but from Gori it is a journey requiring nearly two days, one by rail and one with post horses. Prince Guriel sent his carriage — a cumbersome covered vehicle, similar to those used in America in Revolutionary days — and two servants to meet us at the train.

The roads were rough and hilly; five horses were necessary, three abreast and two in front; on one of those in front rode a postillion. The country we traveled through is very fertile, the wild grapevine grows everywhere. I saw trees so covered with vines loaded with heavy clusters of grapes that, from a short distance, it was impossible to tell what kind of trees they were. Along the road and in the fields there were wild fig trees and walnut trees.

We passed large cornfields, and at houses near those fields I saw what I had never seen before: dogs with head and hind leg tied together. The rope did not draw the head around enough to make the dog uncomfortable, but it prevented his jumping. The first time I noticed a dog tied in this way, I supposed it was done to keep him at home, but when I saw that all full grown dogs were treated in the same way, I inquired why it was and found that the dogs were fond of green corn and knew how to help themselves to it. A dog, if not watched, would destroy a great deal of corn. He springs up, catches hold of a stalk, pulls it down, and gnaws the kernels from the cob. I could not credit this; I thought that the man who told me had discovered by my accent that I was not a Georgian and was having a little fun at my expense, but afterward I saw a dog in a field helping himself to corn.

At a station we came upon a party of gentlemen and ladies bird hunting with hawks. The Georgians are fond of this kind of sport and give much care to the taming and training of hawks.

Prince Guriel's home, where we spent a couple of weeks, is on an eminence looking down on the town of Azurgetti that seems to be a grove of beautiful trees; only here and there are the tops of buildings visible. Around the town and at no great distance from it, mountains rise range above range till the highest are crowned by eternal snow. Prince Guriel owned a large estate and thousands of acres of the best timber on the Caucasus. He had many relatives, and his large house was always open for guests. It was a most delightful place for me, for I could learn new languages and I spent many hours listening to the life experiences of the old prince.

In October a timber specialist came from London, and with him were two expert timber cutters. He brought the news that my friend Timothy Smith, who for many years had been consul at Odessa, had been recalled. I was sorry, for a more excellent man could not be found, and I knew that at his

age he would be unable to take up his profession (surgery). A year or two afterward I met him in Washington, and he told me his removal had been brought about by the manipulation of Eugene Schuyler, at that time secretary of legation at St. Petersburg. What Schuyler's reasons were for such an unkind act he didn't know. Smith died a few years later in Vermont near his boyhood home. Schuyler died and is buried in Venice, Italy.

Business necessitated my going to London. In Odessa I met the new consul, Mr. Dyer from Memphis, a pleasant, jovial man. He gave an amusing description of his journey across the continent. Said that knowing no language but English, he was in 'mortal terror' whenever obliged to change cars. As soon as he reached Odessa he began to study French.

CHAPTER: 15

A Letter from Fiske

I reached London November 17th. There was a lull in the political world. The Times talked about the weather, which was unusually cold; and the different visits made by the Prince of Wales, who was traveling in India. One day, when walking up Oxford street, I recalled how on a time John Fiske, whom I supposed was on the other side of the ocean, had walked up behind me and called out 'Hieremias!' Wishing that such a pleasant surprise might come to me again I went to my hotel and wrote to him that I was in London. Two weeks later the following answer came: 'To get and to read your most welcome letter was to find my soul bursting with homesickness for the good old days of London, fair and innocent days of genial sloth and jollity, the like of which I fear I shall not soon see again. Of all the bright and sweet days and nights we have spent in feasts of reason (and salad), and flow of soul, my own Hieremias, methinks those blessed London days and nights were the sweetest and brightest. How we laughed till we roared, Hieremias, how we sent out the slatternly Driverian minion for the tankard of ye peerless Bass! how we wandered amid the book piles of the prince of dry-as-dust, ye ever enterprising Quaritch. These, my faithful friend, were the pictures that came swimming before my gaze as I got thy letter, and thought of thee in peerless London, and envied thee the being there till my heart knocked against its confining ribs like a battering ram against the walls of a medieval fortress. Alack! thou and thy gentle frau must needs walk down through Bloomsbury street and Hanover, and James, and Covent Garden, and into the Strand sans him who would "only too fain" be with thee. Ah me! Muddy is the cistern, caked up the pipe bowl, busted the cat-gat, and silenced the lyre ! O Hieremias. 'Seriously, my dear boy, I envy you your "few weeks" in London, your dinners at Trubner's, your luncheons at the Vienna, and your evening talks with our dear old Ralston. I wish indeed that I could join you. But wishing is of little worth. We moderns have found to our cost that the god Wish is not so all-powerful as he was when the things occurred which I narrated in Myths and Myth-Makers. He is a busted

god, he is a flat humbug now-a-days. Peace to his ashes! As for my book it was published here November 1, 1874 and by March 1st five hundred copies had gone at six dollars per copy, the orders still coming in quite steadily — which is not bad for a heavy and expensive book. It is thought that this steady, though not furious, demand will be kept up for a good while. I am expecting to get ready this summer at Petersham, a book of miscellaneous essays to be published next winter, of which I shall try to send you a copy if you will keep me posted as to your address.

'O Hieremias mine, how I wish I were with thee making quasi-Driverian halls phosphorescent with quips and cranks, and mirth and wit.

'Eternally thine.'

Fiske's letter was pleasant to receive. We had been intimate with the same classmates and with the same men in other classes. Ralston, the English writer, was a man whom we both loved. The month in London passed quickly. I gained in health and, when we left England, Christmas day, I was comparatively well. It was necessary to remain in Cologne several hours. I was fond of the quaint, old place and did not regret the delay. Now that Emperor William has 'made the city beautiful,' I no longer care for it. At the Russian boundary the thermometer marked 17° below zero. I feared that the harbor at Odessa would freeze over, and the steamer I was hurrying to meet would not start. But it did, and December 31st it was anchored out at sea in a dense fog, the captain not knowing where we were. It was a dreary ending of the Old and beginning of the New Year.

The coast of the Crimea is very dangerous; when fog settles down, it is necessary to anchor and that is not without peril, for a heavy wind might drive the steamer ashore, or another vessel might collide with it. The foghorn has a dismal danger sound which is wearing on the nerves when one hears it every few minutes for many hours. Our ship rocked like a cradle and creaked as though it were breaking in pieces. Everything movable was fastened down; when night came, no lamps were lighted, only candles were used and those with the greatest caution. Officers and sailors obliged to be on deck were protected by ropes, for mighty waves dashed against the steamer. To add to the discomfort the weather was intensely cold. The steamer was riding at anchor till nine o'clock on New Year's day,

then the fog began to rise, and the captain found that he was far out of his course. Only towards evening did we sight Sevastopol.

The Russian New Year found us in the beautiful village of Azurgetti where the day was ushered in by the firing of cannon. Early in the morning a large party of musicians came to the house and serenaded us. The Georgians are fond of music and many of them are skillful artists. It was a pleasure to know that in this far away country we had so many friends. At two o'clock there was a banquet, and so the day passed in enjoyment and festivities. Meanwhile, there was war in Turkey, and the boundary of that country was only fifteen miles from Azurgetti. Still we heard very little about events in Constantinople, and what we did hear caused no excitement. After a few days' rest I went to Poti to oversee the commencement of timber cutting there. Work was already going on rapidly in Pitsunda where Upton and his son selected trees, and English experts superintended the felling.

In March I visited Chabati to act as godfather to a little Abkhasian boy. I walked three times around the baptismal font with the naked infant in my arms and promised to see that the child was reared as a Christian child should be. After the baptism came a feast. The father assured me that hereafter his house was my home, for I was a member of his family. After acting as sponsor for a child one cannot marry into the family, for the members of it are near relatives. When I reached Pitsunda, I found that an event had just taken place which greatly interested my workmen and had caused a good deal of comment in the neighborhood. One of the English foremen had fallen in love and married an Abkhasian widow, a woman to whom he could not speak a dozen words. Though the Abkhasians are uneducated, many of them are very intelligent; all are kind-hearted, and the majority of them are fine-looking. I have seen many handsome men and women among them, and the children are attractive, though so timid that they hide when they see a stranger approaching.

While I was in Pitsunda, the workmen tested a raft they had made to take timber from the beach to the steamer, about a mile. It was a comical sight; a hundred men, most of them naked, out in the sea screaming, tugging, and pulling. It reminded me of pictures I have seen of South sea islanders. At last the raft was afloat, then came an equally great effort to get it back and

safely anchored, or rather tied up. The month of June passed agreeably; we made several steamer trips with the governor and his wife. Leaving early in the morning we would find some shady place to land, build a fire, and have luncheon, then return to town for an eight o'clock dinner.

On July 17th (the anniversary of our marriage) when leaving for Pitsunda, I came near losing Alma. Large steamers cannot come up to the pier in Sukhum. They anchor half a mile from shore, and passengers and freight are carried out to them in small boats. The Odessa steamer was to leave at midnight. I was busy till the second bell sounded. Then we hurried to the boat, and were rowed out. I paid a dozen prices for rapid rowing but before we reached the steamer the third bell rang, and the steps were drawn up. I was alarmed, for we were so near as to be in danger when the steamer moved. I shouted, shouted a second time, attracted attention. The captain ordered the steps let down, but in the hurry the lantern was forgotten. I stepped from the boat to the first rung of the stairs. a heavy wave surged between the boat and the steamer. I missed the rung and fell into the sea, but caught at the rail. Mrs. Curtin, who was standing, ready to follow me, lost her balance and fell into the sea between the boat and the steamer. She was in great peril. Had the surging of the water carried her two feet from where she fell, she would have come up under the steamer and could not have been rescued. In the moment of suspense women fainted, and there was intense excitement on deck. Sailors sprang into the boat and the water to be ready for any emergency. She came up just where she went down, and was immediately drawn out of the sea. It ail passed so quickly that I was not aware that she was in danger, for meanwhile sailors were getting me out of the water and assisting me to climb the steps. In half an hour neither one of us was the worse for our involuntary sea bath.

In Pitsunda I received news from Constantinople which made me uneasy. I was afraid that the Black sea would be closed to commerce. One large vessel was on the way, and several were about to leave London to transport our timber to market. I decided to go to Odessa where I could be more in touch with the world. The heat was intense. During the voyage we became ill with malaria, and it was many weeks before we entirely recovered. I found great unrest in Odessa. My old friend, Chienkieff, was commander in chief of the Serbian army, which was small, while Turkey had a large force

in the field. The inhabitants of Odessa were sending money to the Serbs. The sympathy of the country was with them. The most celebrated physicians of Russia had gone to the front to care for the sick and wounded. Every steamer brought crowds of foreigners who had left Constantinople through fear of the Turks, who hate all Christians no matter what nation they belong to. The unsettled state of Europe, calling for war one day and peace the next, upset all of my business operations; with $100,000 worth of timber ready for shipment. I found it necessary to order the vessels, which had started, back to port, and to stop work till there should be some certainty of cargoes reaching England. This, of course, was a great financial loss, not only to me, but to those associated with me in London. During Sentember. I watched events in Odessa, where I was most of the time under a doctor's care, trying to eradicate the germs of malaria.

In September His Majesty Don Pedro de Alcantara, emperor of Brazil, visited Odessa, and I met him in such a way that we became well acquainted. The longest chat I had with him was when he appointed a time for me to come and we were entirely alone. We spoke of political affairs both in Europe and the Americas;of the different places in the United States which he had visited. Cambridge had left him pleasanter memories than any other city, for there he had met two great men, Longfellow and Lowell. He showed me some of the presents he had received in Russia. I recall one which was unique and beautiful: a box inlaid with a representation of a troika drawn by three horses, two abreast and one running at the side, the driver standing up and, with the lines, urging on the horses. In the box was a collection of rare and valuable Brazilian coins.

The emperor was a good-looking man with a full, gray beard and beautiful, blue eyes. He spoke English and French, but neither language fluently, so we conversed in Spanish. He was on his way to the Crimea to meet the emperor of Russia.

November found me in London. There were many and annoying business entanglements, owing to the impossibility of fulfilling contracts, and for some months a good deal of my time was spent in the city trying to straighten out affairs.

CHAPTER: 16

War Forces Changes - Communism Apparent

In the spring of 1877, war began in Europe and Asia, and nothing was left but to pray that its course might be swift, sure, and decisive. The chief event in the diplomatic game which had been going on for two years was the signing of the London protocol. The action of the English government with respect to the conference was as double-faced as it could well be. Disraeli was a known and declared friend of Turkey; the Marquis of Salisbury, who had been considered a refractory member of the government, was sent to Constantinople as special ambassador. He was thought to be opposed to Turkey and in favor of reforms. Sir Henry Elliot, the accredited representative of England to the Porte, was a friend of the Turks. This arrangement led the Turks to believe that Salisbury was put forward for appearance sake and that the real policy of the English government was to be heard from Sir Henry Elliot, and that policy meant support of Turkey. The Turks, of course, refused every proposal for bettering the position of the Christians. The conference was a failure. One thing, however, was gained by Russia, an expression of the desires of Europe, though in the most moderate general form and not collectively. Then came the London protocol. In a haughty manner Turkey refused to accept the protocol. All means were exhausted and, as there was no other way to put an end to the miseries and disorders in the East, Russia declared war. Then the government party in England raised a terrible outcry against Russia.

While the Russians advanced step by step, capturing one stronghold after another, the Turkish fleet amused itself with bombarding and burning defenseless towns and villages on the coast of the Black sea, landing Turkish Circassians, a people who, before the country came under the control of Russia, lived in the mountain districts of Abkhasia. Then, rather than change their abode for the seacoast, they left the country and settled in Turkey. To stir up a revolt among their kinsmen, the Abkhasians. who numbered about 60,000 souls, joined the Turks against Russia.

The Abkhasians were never warriors. The only service they could render the Turk was to assist in plundering. Sukhum Kale was bombarded and burned. Pitsunda was also bombarded. I had become so accustomed to Sukhum, with its bright blue bay, its picturesque hills, and snow-capped mountains, that I found it hard to believe that the town was a mass of ruins. I suffered a personal loss in the burning of the town for my books were stored there and all my letters, among them letters from Longfellow and Lowell and other valued friends. When the war broke out, the Russian government was doing all it could for the Abkhasians. A large gymnasium had been established for the benefit of the boys, and the governor had devoted much time and money toward the success of a school for Abkhasian girls. The action of the Turks in inciting these people to rebellion and razing towns and villages along the coast was quite in keeping with their atrocious acts in Bulgaria and Serbia.

The English press was hostile to Russia; nothing was left undone or unsaid by such papers as the Telegraph to play on the ignorance of the masses. Column after column of the grossest misrepresentations appeared each day. This utter disregard for truth became so flagrant that it drew an indignant protest from Thomas Carlyle, who sent a short, but powerful letter to the Times. Carlyle was a man, who gave bold and fearless utterance to what he understood to be the truth; he respected neither men nor parties when he thought them in the wrong.

When I found that war and its results had destroyed our timber enterprise, or at least that work had to be abandoned for a long time, we came to America. We reached my father-in-law's home on Christmas eve, taking the family by surprise. We had been in Europe five years and some months.

The following spring I spent in Vermont, Boston and Cambridge. While in Vermont, I was occupied with the study of Hindu languages. Early in the summer my sister visited us. It was her first journey East. New England and its people pleased her greatly. To have her with me was pure joy; only too quickly did the days pass. In the autumn of 1879 I spent some weeks at her home in Casco, Wisconsin. I delivered lectures in Green Bay and the north. I spoke upon 'Russia,' the 'Slav Races' and on 'Mythology.' My lectures drew fine audiences for the subjects, especially Russia and the Slav Races are interesting to people of the Middle West, who have among them many

Poles, Bohemians, and Serbs. They are interesting for the whole world, for the Slavs are one of the most numerous branches of the Aryan race, the great historic race of the world.

In pre-historic times, when the Aryans were on the northern side of the Hindu-Kush mountains in the region of the Oxus and Jaxartes, in places now belonging to Russia, their land became too narrow for them. One group after another went out to seek their fortune in the wide world, most of them going West — an example followed by the ablest of their descendants to the present day. The first group to leave their old home was that of the Kelts, who passed north of the Caucasus and through southern Russia and soon occupied a large part of Europe. After the Kelts the ancestors of the Greeks and Romans set out, and moving south of the Caucasus settled down in the two famous peninsulas Greece and Italy. The next migration was that of the Teutons, the Germanic family, who pushed the Kelts forward till they were gathered into the region west of the Rhine and into the British Islands. Last of all came the Slavs, who took possession of the vacant lands of eastern Europe.

These migrations to the West did not exhaust the Aryan stock, there remained in the birthplace of the race men to make their mark in Asia. One division of these moved a little south and founded the Persian empire, another division crossed the Himalayas and, descending into the Punjab and the valley of the Ganges, founded a civilization of extreme complexity and richness, that of the Hindus.

Of modern Slavs there are two divisions, usually called the eastern and western. To the first belong the Russians, the Bulgarians, and the Serbs. The Bulgarians form a compact unit in respect to language and religion. Of the Serbs there are several varieties known as Montenegrins, Herzegovinians, Dalmatians, Croatians, Slovenians, but all speak the same language with slight variations. The western Slavs are the Poles, the Czechs or Bohemians, the Slovaks of northern Hungary, and the Wends of Saxony.

There are five well defined Slav languages. I am familiar with them all and consider each in its own way rich and harmonious. They are Russian, Bulgarian, Serbian, Polish, and Bohemian, and there are at least a dozen dialects. It is one of the most interesting linguistic groups in existence and

contains vast stores of material for the student of comparative philology and mythology. For Americans the study of the Aryan race in all its branches has not only the intellectual and lofty interest which it possesses for all cultivated people but also a practical everyday interest. The history of the Aryans may be called the history of seven brothers who set out from their ancestral home and journeyed into the wide world to seek their fortunes. Living apart they in time forgot their relationship and looked upon one another as foreigners and enemies, till, after long ages of hostility, the descendants of the seven brothers began to examine the various records of their past career, and by degrees discovered that they were all brothers and cousins speaking dialects of common origin; having gods of the same descent, and telling around the firesides of the North and under the shade trees of the South varied versions of the stories which their ancestors had heard in Arya Varta, the region of the Aryans, the home of the plowmen long before the earliest band of Kelts set out on the expedition which was to make them the first white settlers of Europe.

The discovery came that the German, Goth, Norwegian, Dane, Swede, and Hollander are brothers, included under the family name Teutons; that the Italians, Spaniards, and Portuguese are brothers to one another and collectively cousins to Latin and Teuton; that Russian, Pole, Bulgarian, Serb, and Bohemian are brothers to one another and cousins to Teuton, Latin. and Kelt. These brothers and cousins have met here in this land of ours. The Americans of the future will be men deriving their origin from at least five out of the seven branches of the Aryan stock. We have consequently an interest in studying the history, character, and origin of all the constituent parts of our nation, an interest similar to that which a man feels in knowing what manner of men his forefathers were.

My lectures on 'Mythology' were delivered in University hall, Madison, in Waukesha, Milwaukee, Green Bay, and Chicago. For me mythology has always been of immense interest. Mythology and philology taken together form a science bearing the same relation to the history of the human mind that geology does to the history of the earth. As in the different strata of the globe beneath our feet we find the most wonderful archives stored away, not records merely of the past, but the past itself chilled into stone, so in mythology, folklore, and languages of nations we find stereotype impresses

of the mental condition of these nations at successive periods of their existence, beginning in times centuries beyond the first written history.

In mythology and folklore we find documentary history of the human mind. The two greatest monuments of human activity are the language and the unwritten products of mental activity. There are more than 1,000 distinct languages in existence. Each one of these has, or had, a system of thought, an entire philosophy of things. Each language is an instrument of surprising delicacy, complication, simplicity, and beauty. It was created by the mental efforts of many generations, and, for the man who is fitted to examine and consider it, it is one of the most amazing things left to us.

In Kewaunee, Wisconsin, and in Chicago I lectured before Bohemian societies, speaking to my audiences in their own language. I spoke before the Popular Science Society of Milwaukee upon Russian Nihilism. Nihilism is, to my thinking, the maimed and disfigured offspring of German philosophy as found in the writings of Hegel, Feuerbach, and Buchner. Students read the books of those materialists and became atheists. Then they went further and declared there was nothing in the social world which did not deserve destruction by reason of the harm it inflicts on mankind.

When in 1861 Ivan Turgenev coined the word *nihilism*, it was at once accepted, both by those whom it described and by society in general. The Nihilists Turgenev described were agitators, simply a band of young men, social units, but not yet a society.

About that time a book appeared in which the floating ideas of Nihilism were collected and combined to form a picture of an ideal society (Utopia), a Nihilistic commonwealth. This book was written by Chernishevski and entitled Chto Dyelat *What Is To Be Done?*. It told how life could be made happy. The existing social system was to be replaced by one in which there should be no superstition, no poverty, no oppression. No superstition because there would be no belief in God, the source of all superstition; no poverty because each man's wants would be supplied from the common fund; no oppression for each man would be perfectly free to do what he liked. Instead of the family would appear the reign of natural inclination; the 'serfdom of marriage' would be abolished. Children, instead of having two parents to support and care for them, would be supported and educated

by an entire society. This book was widely read by young people, and made a profound impression. Nihilism had now a positive character. It pointed out, not only something to preach against, but something to struggle for. As a first step in the reformation of Russia, disciples of Chernishevski associated themselves in groups. A beginning was made. Nihilism became prominent. It was now an organization with an unbounded and desperate ambition.

At this stage government interfered. In 1884 Chernishevski was exiled as was also Michailoff, a poet of the same school of thought. Thus, Chernishevski became the proto-martyr of the new doctrine which was strengthened more by his absence than it could have been by his presence and teachings. He had been permitted to accomplish his work, and punishment inflicted on him but served to heighten its effect. When in 1860 Alexandr II, the emperor was shot at by a Nihilist, it became evident that stern measures must be taken to eradicate the evil. The more stringent system produced a temporary calm, but in 1868 Bakunin reduced the expression of Nihilistic principles to dogmatic precision in his manifesto at Geneva. He said:

"The old world must be destroyed and replaced by a new world. The Lie must be eradicated and its place given to Truth. It is the mission of Nihilism to destroy the Lie and to do this we must commence at the beginning. The beginning of all the lies that have ground down this poor world of ours in slavery is God."

"During many centuries monarchs and priests have inoculated the minds of men with this notion of a God ruling over the world. This God is merely the personification of absolute tyranny, and was invented to terrify, or bribe, nine-tenths of the human race into submission to the remaining one-tenth. If there were indeed a God, he would destroy with his lightning those thrones to the steps of which mankind is chained. He would overturn the altars where truth is hidden by clouds of lying incense.

"Tear from your hearts every belief in the existence of God. for while one atom of that silly superstition remains in your minds you will not know what freedom is. The first lie is God; the second is Right. When you have freed your minds from the fear of God. and from that childish respect for

the fiction of Right, all the remaining chains which bind you, and which are called science, civilization, property, marriage, morality, and justice will snap asunder like threads. Our first great work must be the destruction and annihilation of everything as it now exists."

Bakunin sent an agent to St. Petersburg and Moscow to lend fresh vigor to the adherents of the "new gospel." From 1868 till the assassination of Alexander II murder and crime were ever present like an epidemic in the air. After the Nihilists had killed the man who had the interest of the lower classes more at heart than any other sovereign has ever had, there was a lull for a time. But Nihilism exists and is a fact with which every government must deal. There have been murderers banded together for evil, as were the assassins of Persia, but the atheistic communism which rose in Russia soon after the accession of Alexander II is a curse for the entire world, for it has its disciples in every country.

While I was in Madison, my sister Joanna died suddenly at her home in Casco. From childhood I had loved her with the deepest devotion; she had always been my confidant. I was proud of her, for she was a woman of remarkable personality and mentality; a woman capable of enjoying all that is best in the world. Her death came to me as a terrible shock; the most poignant grief of my life. So strong was my love for this sister that the years which have passed since her death have not lessened my sorrow, nor has life ever seemed the same.

We spent 1881 in Chicago assisting J.J. Lalor in preparing and editing his Cyclopaedia. During that year I delivered a good many lectures. My leisure hours I spent in studying some of the languages of Africa through bibles translated by missionaries. I have always found bibles of great help, often they are the only aid a person can obtain when he wishes to study an out-of-the-way language. A good number of missionaries have done difficult and conscientious work in translating the bible into East Indian and negro languages. In May I was invited by General Phil Sheridan,' Mayor Harrison, Judge Skinner, L.Z. Letter, and other men, to talk upon Russia at Fairbanks hall. In August I was asked to Waukesha for the same purpose.

CHAPTER: 17

Ethnology — Seneca Studies

Though all of my time was profitably occupied, I did not care to remain in Chicago. The summer of 1882 found me in Washington, D.C. I was at work on my book Myths and Folk-Tales of the Russians, Western Slavs and Magyars which, however, was not finished till 1890. In Washington I became acquainted with Major J.W. Powell, a man who lost his right hand in fighting to save American unity. The same kind of impulse that sent him to the field of battle to serve the country and the world, sent him later to the field of science as a geologist and explorer in the majestic region of the Colorado and finally brought him to the bureau of ethnology. Through him and the men associated with him, the world has learned more of the great primitive race of our country than it learned from the discovery of the continent till the day when the bureau of ethnology was founded.

Early in 1883 I became a member of the bureau and began to make a systematic study of our Indian languages. The treasure saved to science by the primitive races of America is unique in value and of great importance. The first result from it is to carry us back through untold centuries to that epoch when man made the earliest collective and consistent explanation of this universe and its origin. Occupying this vantage ground, we can throw a flood of light on all those mythologies and ethnic religions, or systems of thought, from which are lost, in part, great or small, the materials needed to prove the foundation and beginnings of each of them. In this condition are all ancient recorded religions, whether of Greece, Rome, Egypt, Chaldea, Persia, or India.

Through amazing ability primitive man on this continent has preserved a system of thought already old at the time of the first cuneiform letters, the earliest statements on stone or papyrus. America was isolated to such a degree that the system remained homogeneous, free from foreign influence or admixture. There was no progress in any part of the continent to weaken

mythology. The advance made in Mexico and Peru and elsewhere tended simply to unfold certain sides of the system, to develop a priesthood and give a ceremonial resembling that of the religions on the eastern hemisphere. Spanish priests, when they saw cakes of meal eaten in ceremonials, were astonished, especially when Indians told them that they were eating their God. It seemed to the Spaniards an imitation, or mockery, of the Holy Eucharist.

The Indian ceremony was natural, and their reply was perfectly true, for there is no more genuine God in this American pantheon than the one who became maize or Indian corn, and gave himself to change and death so that man might live and be nourished. In Mexico there was a ceremony which in like manner represented the death of a God, but the sacrifice was vicarious and involved human life. A man took the place of a God who could not be represented in person. This man was slain by priests and then eaten at a sacred feast. It is regrettable that we have not more details as to this ceremony and the myths from which it arose. For primitive man the visible world was the same in principle that it is for us today. It was the visible result and expression of unseen power and quality. The principle was the same though the objects of inquiry were different in the early ages of mythmaking from what they are at present.

For the myth maker of America, setting aside his own tribe and its hostile neighbors, the world was one of savage beasts and other wild creatures, as well as trees, plants, stones, and material objects. Whence came all these? What were they? Each has its own nature as fixed and settled as Heaven's ordinance. Whence came those which were good for food and clothing, or others dangerous to life? As to trees, whence came the sweetness in the maple, the poison in another tree? What was the origin of corn? And why do poisons grow to kill as corn to nourish? Whence came the rattlesnake and whence the salmon? Whence came the world as it is? To these questions the myths returned answers which obtained complete faith and credence. Questions similar to these were raised everywhere, as soon as man had spent sufficient time on earth to raise questions of such import. The answers were the same, they differed only in details.

All myths have the same origin and run parallel up to a certain point which may be taken as the point to which the least developed peoples have risen. Myths of the morning star illustrate this. The Indians have many myths in which the morning star figures as light bringer, the same office as that indicated by the Latin word Lucifer. I remember well the feelings roused in my mind at mention, or sight, of the name Lucifer during the early years of my life, Lucifer with all the odium attached to that name in religious story. It stood for me as the name of a being stupendous, dreadful in moral deformity, lurid, hideous, and mighty. I remember also my surprise when I came upon the name in Vergil and learned for the first time that it meant simply the light bringer, and was nothing more or less than the morning star — the herald of the sun, the harbinger of gladness to all created beings on earth. This was to me a revelation, a mental sensation stronger than anything that had come to me before, or has come since. Many years after I had found the name in Vergil, I spent a night at the house of a relative in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who lived right at the shore of Lake Michigan. The night was clear but without a moon, a night of stars, which is the most impressive of all nights, vast, brooding, majestic. At three o'clock in the morning I woke. Low in the east was the morning star, shining like silver with a bluish tinge of steel. I looked towards the west; the great infinity was filled with the hosts of heaven ranged behind this morning star. I saw at once the origin of the myth which grew to have such tremendous moral meaning. The morning star was not in this case the usher of the day, but the chieftain of night, the Prince of Darkness, the mortal enemy of the Lord of Light. I returned to bed knowing that the battle in heaven would soon begin. I rose when the sun was high next morning. All the world was bright, shining and active, gladsome and fresh from the rays of the sun; the sun was master of the field; the kingdom of light was established; the Prince of Darkness and all It's confederates had vanished, cast down from the sky, and to the endless eternity of God their places will know them no more in that night; they are lost beyond hope of redemption, beyond penance or prayer. The myth of the war in heaven disappeared in the abyss. The myth of the war in heaven is a literal description of a spectacle presented to mankind since the beginning of life on earth. Now from this battle which is repeated daily in the sky was constructed one of the deepest, most enduring, truest myths known to man. I say truest for this myth is true in every respect.

From what is known of the earliest thought of antiquity and from what data we have touching savage life in the present, we can state with almost absolute certainty that primitive religions in all places and ages are of the same system as the American. In that system every individuality beyond man is a divinity, but a divinity, in most cases, under sentence, a divinity weighed down by fate, a divinity with a history behind it which is tragedy or comedy as the case may be. These histories extend along the whole line of experience and include every combination conceivable to primitive man. It is evident at once that to the aborigines of America the field for beautiful tales was practically boundless. Everything in nature had a story of its own if someone would but tell it. And, during the epoch of constructive power in the race, the epoch when great myths were made and languages built up, few things of importance to people of that time were left unconsidered. Hence, there is among the Indians of America a volume of tales as immense as an ocean river.

All the accounts of Kin Mac Cool and his men were given to St. Patrick by Ossian after his return from Tir na n-Og, the land of youth. These tales were at one time all written down, so the story goes, but St. Patrick gave [an] order soon after to destroy two thirds of the number, for they were so entertaining, he said, that the people of Erin would do nothing but listen to them.

I consider the collection of the ideas of primitive peoples as indispensable to the study of the development of the human mind. I had been interested in it for many years, for philology and mythology are inseparably linked together. I was glad to enter the field as an active worker and I began at once to study the Seneca language. Sim Logan, a Seneca Indian, was in Washington in government employ and he was willing to add somewhat to his earnings by working evenings. His wife was an intelligent woman. Though they both spoke English, Seneca was their home language. Mrs. Logan was soon able to analyze words. It was novel work for an Indian but, when they once understood it, their language had a new meaning for them. At the end of four months I had acquired considerable knowledge of Seneca, one of the most interesting of Indian languages; I had taken down a vocabulary and a good many myths.

In September the Logans left for their home near Versailles, New York, and a few days later I went to Versailles to begin work in the field. Versailles was at that time, and probably is today, a small village. The nearest railroad was some ten miles away. The day that I arrived a three-seated wagon met the train at Angola, and in the wagon fourteen passengers found room where seven could have been seated comfortably; of the fourteen, eight were Indians. When about half way to Versailles, the driver stopped to collect fares.

When we reached the Indian reservation, the moon was high and covered the country with mild silvery light. The farms and houses looked well, for bushes and weeds were not revealed. After passing through a covered bridge over Cattaraugus creek, we drew up at the Versailles post office where the usual village crowd was waiting for the mail.

I asked the driver if there was a hotel in Versailles.

Yes, there were two, the Buffalo house and the Versailles house. The Buffalo house was good, the other was poor. I went to the Buffalo house. Fortunately, all the rooms were occupied. I was obliged to patronize the Versailles house. The next morning exposed the fact that the Buffalo house was most undesirable. When I asked why the driver had directed me there, the reason was made clear. He was an enemy of Charley Ilines, the proprietor of the Versailles house.

That beautiful September morning while I sat on the hotel piazza waiting for a carriage to take me to the Indian reservation, a description of the Senecas was given to me by a person who for thirty years had been a resident of Versailles. It is, perhaps, a true description of the Indian of today; the Indian that the white man has tutored. My informant was a tailor. He said: 'Indians will not pay an honest debt. In dealing with them I find it necessary to hold the garment I have made till the last cent is paid. If even twenty-five cents are left unpaid, the debtor will never patronize me again. If I meet him on the road, he avoids me. If the debtor is a woman, she raises the end of her shawl to her face and hurries along. Though an Indian is unwilling to pay an honest debt, he will spend all the money he can get in ornaments, dress, and drink. It is doubtful if there is one pure-blooded Indian on the reservation. Even those who profess to be Christians do not

observe the laws of chastity or marriage vows. The majority of the Seneca Indians rather starve than work. Some of the best land in the state of New York belongs to them, but, with rare exceptions, they are poor. The women do the larger part of what work is done. To join a band or go off with a circus is an Indian's greatest ambition.' When I became acquainted with the Senecas, I found that this description was not the outgrowth of prejudice.

September 17th I was at the corn festival held at the Seneca Long house. It is a festival of great interest. The food is furnished by all and eaten in connection with thanksgiving to the Great Spirit; to their brother, the Sun; their grandmother, the Moon; their grandfather, Thunder; their mother, the Earth. When near the place. I saw, off in the middle of a field, the house and sitting on the ground in front of it a large number of Indians. At one end of the field, leaning against a cart and talking with a group of men, was Logan. I called to him, and he conducted me to the rear of the Long house where Indian women were clustered around a fire, or rather three fires in a row. A big kettle hung over each fire. In the first kettle large pieces of pork were boiling, in the second cranberry beans, in the third potatoes. After a time the women poured a sack of flour into pans, mixed the flour with water, made balls of the dough, and boiled them in one of the kettles. Many of the women had in their mouths clay pipes from which they seemed to derive comfort. Most of the men were chewing tobacco. Some of the old men had fine faces; one, Solomon O'Beal, resembled a Hungariangeneral whom I knew.

When the cooking was about over, an old man conducted me to a seat in the Long house. The crowd came in, and a discourse, in which five men took part, was delivered. Each man in turn thanked the Sun for its beneficence and the Earth for its kindness. He thanked the various trees and plants for performing the offices imposed on them by the Great Spirit. Then he addressed the people with words of wisdom. When this ceremony was over, two benches were placed in the middle of the room. Eight young men seated themselves on the benches and with a loud whoop began to sing, beating time with squash rattles. Two women threw off their blankets and began to dance. They were followed by others, and soon as many as forty women were dancing, or rather moving slowly around the benches. The old women showed much more animation than the younger ones and danced

more gracefully, with less movement of the body. Occasionally, with a sharp rattle and loud whoop, the musicians stopped singing, and the women stood still till the rattling and singing began again. When the women were through dancing, an old man, who had been sitting at one end of the room, rose and commenced dancing, other old men joined him. Later women stepped in, and soon a crowd of people were dancing and singing. One old woman, who urged the young girls to dance, asked: 'What are you here for if not to dance for your master?' A man ninety-four years old made three rounds of the circle, not walking, but dancing, though he supported himself with a cane.

Logan had told his people that I was a friend of the Indian, that I was studying the Seneca language, and had come to the reservation to get acquainted with the wise men of the tribe. I hnd met a few of their representatives in Washington and had been able to assist them somewhat. I had won their confidence, and they now expressed a desire to adopt me into the tribe and give me an Indian name. I was glad that they felt so friendly and I was more than willing to become one of them. When the dancing ended, an old man performed the ceremony of adoption. He burned Indian tobacco in the fire, reciting meanwhile a petition. Then while talking to the people, telling them why I was adopted, he led me several times around the room. The last time around he announced to all present that the old men of the tribe had given me the name Hiwesas *Seeker of Knowledge*. I am proud of my Indian name. The kettles of food had been brought in and placed at one end of the room. With a wooden ladle I tasted of the contents of each kettle. Then I ate an ear of corn and I was an Indian. After receiving the congratulations of the crowd, I went back to Versailles, leaving the Indians to partake of their feast.

Now came the fair. No work could be done, so I spent the greater part of three days on the grounds examining that farce called an 'agricultural fair,' and in getting acquainted with Indians. The exhibits were poor and few in number, but there were fortune wheels, merry-go-rounds, ice cream and lemonade stands, candy booths, tramps selling bogus jewelry, tintype makers, men selling packages said to contain money. Especially notable was a man selling soap in two packages, one of which might contain a bill of from one to five dollars. I saw a poor, ragged Indian give his two dollars

and a half. A crowd gathered around the soap seller. Maybe one package in ten had a dime or a quarter in it. It was a pitiful exhibition of fraud, humbug, and willing victims. My friend Logan in Washington clothes and a stove-pipe hat, looked, as he walked ahead of the band, like a pompous general returning from a victorious campaign. When I asked why the exhibits were so poor, I was told that the premiums awarded the previous year were still unpaid.

A week later I was at a second corn festival. The old men were in Indian costume. Solomon O'Beal looked like the grand old Indian that he was — the best and wisest man of the Seneca tribe. He led the dance, and an animated dance it was. Mud turtle rattles were used, the rattle accentuated by rapping the shell on a bench. There was stamping, whooping and singing. An infernal noise! The oldest man dancing was eighty-five, the youngest boy, four years of age.

Between dances thanks were offered to the Sun. All persons were exhorted to observe their Indian religion. At the end of the preaching and dancing a man's name was changed. The old men held a short consultation. Then one of them recited a few words and declared the new name. Then followed a distribution of food. Some ate in the Long house, others carried their portion of food home.

There was an animated discussion about giving me information regarding the Seneca religion. A young man called Two Guns advised the people to have nothing to do with me. I was there to get hold of their religion and store it away as a curiosity; I would get the turkey and they would have the bones. If they told, they should not do so for less than twenty-five dollars a day. He seemed to have considerable influence, and very likely I would have been unable to get any of their traditions had it not been for Solomon O'Beal, who stood firmly by me and for the institution which wished to collect and save the folklore of the Senecas.

Solomon O'Beal was a wise, old pagan. At the Seneca reservation, as among all of our American Indians, I found the pagan Indian wiser and more truthful than the 'Christian' Indian. The next day O'Beal came to tell me about Handsome Lake, The Great Teacher. O'Beal was a son of the celebrated Corn Planter, and a descendant of Handsome Lake. What he told

me was interesting, and it led to his giving me all the traditions and myths which he had stored in his mind. He worked, not for twenty-five, but for two dollars a day, the limit of what the bureau was willing to pay. Solomon was an enthusiastic story-teller. He imitated birds and animals and occasionally gave me a snatch of a song, always ending with a sharp whoop. After he had worked a week or more, he invited me to his house — his mother wanted to see me.

Solomon was living with his third wife, a woman at that time about forty-five years of age. His log house had but one room; there were two beds in the room, two tables, a couch, a cupboard, a sewing machine, trunks, etc. Outside there were two little buildings: in one corn was drying, in the other there were baskets, for Solomon's wife is a basket maker.

O'Beal owned sixty acres of excellent land; there is no better in the state of New York; still he kept neither a cow, nor a pig, and only one horse. All that he had put away for the cold winter which was near at hand was a few bushels of corn and a few bushels of beans.

Solomon's mother, a little woman ninety-four years old, was bent almost double. She could not give me much information about the old time but, when I left, she presented me with an interesting relic, a bread bowl made of bark, and her son gave me a turtle shell rattle.

O'Beal, for an Indian, worked steadily till he had related all the myths he knew. Then trials began. If I went to an Indian house to work with an old man, so many Indians, young and old, male and female, crowded around that it was impossible to do anything. If a man promised to come to me early in the morning, it was perhaps afternoon before he appeared. When, tired of waiting, I hired a horse and went after the man, I often found him waiting for his breakfast though it was ten o'clock or later.

I worked with Titus, with Silverheels, with Black Chief, with Jimison, Snow, Jacobs, Peter White, Andrew Fox, Mrs. Long Fingers, Abraham Johnny-John, and several other old men and women. When myth tellers failed me, George White was usually on hand to help me work out the grammar of the Seneca language; when he failed, I studied Seneca with the aid of the Seneca bible.

I had expected to go from Versailles to Canada, but early in December word came from Major Powell that I was to go to the Indian territory and procure vocabularies of several of the languages spoken there. I left Versailles December 10th. The day preceding my departure, Jack, the pet dog of the hotel, got into serious trouble. Led away by evil companions he became implicated in the murder of a sheep owned by a farmer who disliked Jack's master. It was Jack's second offense, and that evening the town officers notified Mr. Hines that the dog must be killed.

Early the next morning I left Versailles. Jack was hidden under the robes in my sleigh. I could not take the dog on a long journey but in Buffalo I found a home for him where he soon became as great a pet as he had been at the hotel. When I left him, he seemed to know that he was not to see me again, that he was to stay with strangers. He howled so pitifully that my heart ached for him and, in spite of difficulties, I was tempted to take him with me. I saw him three years later. He knew me but he was devoted to new friends. I could not call him away from them.

CHAPTER: 18

In the Indian Territory

I went to St. Louis and from there to Muskogee, which at that time was an untidy, tumble-down place. There were no sidewalks and only a few comfortable residences. Mr. Tufts, our Indian agent, lived in a two-story building, but most of the buildings were only one-story high. Among the population there are many Negroes.

From Muskogee I went to Okmulgee, the capital of the Creek nation. I made the journey in 'the stage,' a canvas-covered conveyance resembling an emigrant wagon. The ride of forty miles was over an uncultivated plain varied here and there by the bed of a dry creek skirted on either side by a scant growth of timber. In the rainy season a rapid stream runs over those beds. But for these infrequent breaks the whole country would be one vast plain covered with tall, dry grass. Only in three or four places did I see any cultivation.

The Halfway house, a three-roomed, log structure, was kept by a negro. The dinner was served in a room which had but one window, and that was very small. The room was usually lighted from the open door, but on this occasion the door was closed, for the wind was blowing; we had to eat in semi-darkness. But the dinner was good, and in spite of drawbacks, such as darkness, canned milk, and no butter, we enjoyed it.

In Okmulgee there were two comfortable hotels: the Perryman house and the Coon. I stopped at the Perryman house. The council house of the Creek nation was a large brick building with a bell tower, and a bell to call together the warriors and the kings, the two branches of the government. I went to Okmulgee because council was in session, and it was a good time to get acquainted with the leading politicians of the nation.

Before we reached the hotel, I met two of my Washington acquaintances, Mr. Grayson — an Indian with only a few drops of Indian blood — and Mr.

Perryman; and was introduced to Captain Sever, the leading merchant of the town. Fifteen years earlier he had come from Arkansas, a poor man, with only a few dollars to pay his way. He was now the owner of a big ranch, the largest store in town, and more than half a million of dollars. To become a landowner he had married an Indian woman.

The following day I spent at the council house where I made the most of my time, for on the morrow the council was to adjourn. A quarrel had arisen, and Grayson and his party had withdrawn to have the dispute settled in Washington. It was a famous day for me. The heated discussions carried on by Indians and Negroes — there were almost as many negro as Indian members in the house of warriors — were immensely interesting. That evening Roberts, an editor from Muskogee, described to me the conduct of the government and the childish way in which this latest struggle for chief had been conducted. Perryman had been made chief, but he could not keep the office for the majority became dissatisfied and reconsidered the question.

With the assistance of Grayson and another Creek delegate to Washington, I had learned more or less of the Creek language. I now began to study it seriously.

Alma and I spent Christmas and New Year's in Okmulgee. At Christmas time the weather was perfect, but the New Year came in with a cold wave, and with wind the Indians said came 'straight from Dakota.' Fortunately, there was plenty of wood, and Uncle Ben, the man of all work, kept my room well supplied. I spent New Year's day burning up wood and reading Creek. I was told that there was never any sleighing in Okmulgee. But when a wind 'from Dakota' strikes the defenseless plain, it is like a blast from the North pole.

As soon as a warm day came, I improved it by hiring a team and a driver to take me to Wealaka. The team, the best the town afforded, was an old two-seated wagon, drawn by a pair of work horses, their harnesses tied here and there with rags and ropes. The driver was a comical looking specimen of the African race.

The weather was perfect, and I remember the ride with pleasure. During the entire day I saw but six houses. Most of those were off near the horizon, not one was directly on the road. The scenery was monotonous — broad plains with here and there what is called 'bottom' a dry creek; or, perhaps, a little riverlet with timber growing on either bank. Far off a low ridge of hills was visible. There were birds of many kinds and prairie chickens and quails without number. A few miles from Wealaka the road led through a forest of small timber.

When near the town, it seemed to consist of an imposing brick structure built on a hill, a store at the foot of the hill, and off, almost hidden in a clump of trees, an unfinished house. We drove to the brick building — the mission school. I introduced myself to the superintendent and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Lockridge, and was invited to remain at the mission while in Wealaka. We had supper at the 'family table' with a hundred or more Indian children and their teachers, eleven in number. That night I slept on a regulation bed, not even one degree softer than a rock. I did not want to eat breakfast at daylight, as the principal and his teachers did, so in the morning I went to look up a boarding place.

The only possible one was at the unfinished house in the clump of trees, the home of Sam Brown, a half-breed Yuchi. Both Brown and his wife had been educated at the mission; they spoke English, and he was willing to assist me in learning Yuchi. The Yuchi tribe live about six miles from Wealaka. Mr. Brown sent for an old man reputed to be wise, and before evening I had the creation story of the Yuchis, the children of the Sun. As the house was unfinished, the rooms were cold and untidy. At times as many as a dozen Indians sat huddled around the little stove in my room, an unkempt crowd; only love for my work made it possible for me to endure their presence.

Our nights were made miserable by the squealing of pigs in an open pen just back of the house. The weather was cold, and each one of twenty pigs was trying to get into a warm corner. To this noise was added the howling of Touzer, a poor, mangy dog, whose home was under the house. When I took up my abode at Brown's, the creature was in a starving condition. Food

brought some degree of happiness to his dog heart, but he suffered from the cold.

Indians like to possess dogs and horses, but they never take care of them; their treatment of dumb beasts is wearing to a white man's nerves. They seem to have an idea that an animal cannot suffer. A Yuchi would come to Wealaka, tie his horse to a tree and let it stand all day without food or drink. The men who worked for me could not do this, but there my power ended.

The Christian Indians were as bad in this respect as the pagans. One half-breed, a shiftless lout who called himself a minister, spent most of his time at Brown's store leaving his poor, lean horse hitched to a post from morning till evening.

I stayed about a month in Wealaka. I took down a large vocabulary, studied out the grammar, and obtained a few valuable myths.

When ready to leave, I found considerable trouble in getting started. There was no stage; the mail was brought either in a light wagon or by a man on horseback. At last I hired an American, by the name of Kinney, to take us to Muskogee in his freight wagon. In an Indian country all the traveling is done on horseback. The distance from Wealaka to Muskogee is fifty-five miles; we were obliged to spend a night at the Halfway house which was kept by Beams, an old negro.

In the 'sitting room' of the Halfway house was a fireplace where four logs were blazing. There was a bed in the room, a small table, and an organ. Overhead were rough, smoke-blackened rafters, but the house was clean and tidy. Beams had been a slave. A few years before the Civil War he arranged to buy his freedom of his master. He was to pay $1,200. When emancipation came, he had already paid $600. He knew then that he was free but he was so conscientious that he worked till he paid the last dollar of the twelve hundred. My driver had described the man and the place to me, so I counted on having an interesting conversation with my colored host. When I entered the sitting room, to my surprise, I saw a white woman sitting by the fire. She rose, introduced herself as Mrs. Carlton, and said that she was glad to see white faces. Then she told me that she was a missionary, and, with another lady, Mrs. Thorn, was trying to establish a school in the

neighborhood. They had spent several weeks at the Halfway house and had secured the promise of forty colored pupils. Our host had agreed to build a schoolhouse and a house for the teachers.

During the evening Mrs. Thorn played, and the old negro sang several church songs which, with rich voice and queer negro pronunciation, pleased me immensely.I remember with what power of lungs he brought out the words,'Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing' and "Tis the Old Ship Zion.' Though a devout church member, he had the superstitions of his race. I remember one of the *true* stories he told that evening.

He said: "A few years ago I was hunting. I saw two fat deer but as I leveled my gun they ran. I was about to go home when I saw a splendid buck standing within range. I leveled my gun and was going to fire when I saw the buck was turning to something else, and in a second the buck became a stump with dead branches, like horns. I was frightened, I turned to leave the place, but as I looked back there was that buck. A second time the same change took place. I was familiar with every inch of the prairie and knew that there was neither a tree nor a stump on it; but the next day, to convince myself, I examined the spot where I had seen the buck and the stump. I found it as level as my hand for miles around there was not a tree, or a stump."

To add to the entertainment of the evening, Kinney, my driver, gave a sketch of his life. From the time he was ten years old till he was sixteen he worked as cabin boy on a vessel which plied between New York and South American ports. When seventeen, his grandfather died and left him a fortune. Then came the Civil War, and his guardian invested the money in army supplies. When he was of age he received $75,000. He went to Chicago, invested the money in a wholesale clothing store and succeeded. He married a niece of Bob Ingersoll and expected soon to become a millionaire. Then came the great fire, and everything he had was consumed. The company he was insured in paid only a few cents on a dollar. His wife died. He wandered around for a few years, then married again, and came to the Indian territory. He did not like the country and did not prosper. (A year later while hunting, Kinney accidentally shot and killed his only son, whom he almost idolized.)

It was late before we retired. Touzer had followed me from Wealaka. As soon as I discovered him, I sent him back. He kept out of sight for sometime, then came boldly forward, and I had not the heart to send him off again. That night he slept by the fire in the sitting room. Early the next morning we were jogging along in the freight wagon. In traveling through that beautiful country the mystery was where the people lived, for there were very few houses to be seen. In riding a hundred and twenty miles we did not pass a dozen teams although we were all the time on the highway between Muskogee and Okmulgee. We reached Muskogee late in the afternoon. The wind was so cold and the journeys with horses were so long and wearisome that I decided to go to Seneca, Missouri, and work with the Choctaw and Modoc Indians living on the Quapaw reservation near that town and return to the heart of the territory when the weather was more favorable.

On the way to Seneca I spent a day at Burn's hotel in Vinita. Though the best hotel in the town, the rooms were so small that I had to get into my sleeping room and sit down on the bed in order to shut the door; the 'sitting room' was parlor, sitting room, and wash room all in one. In Seneca 'the best hotel in town' was so wretchedly dirty, flies were so plentiful, and food so poor that after a few days I secured board at the agency farm and a room in the house of Mr. Watson, a Quaker missionary. Mr. Dyer, the agent, was away, but Mr. Williams, his assistant, sent for Indians supposed to know a good deal 'about the old time.' Scar Face Charley and Anna Long-John came. I decided that there were myths to be had, but the first thing was to get a vocabulary and a working knowledge of the language. I discovered at once that harmony was lacking in the official circle. This situation was decidedly unpleasant. I found that it was best to see as little as possible of the government officials, then I could not be accused of favoring either party.

There were 26 Modoc families on the reservation, in all 102 souls. The older ones, those supposed to have been connected with the murder of General Canby and Dr. Thomas in 1873, had been brought to the Quapaw agency in chains. They were discontented and homesick; they wanted to go back to Oregon, 'to the place where the world was created.' I had been on the reservation only a few days when I found among this exiled remnant of

the Modoc tribe, a most remarkable person; Ko-a-lak'-ak-a *Hard Working Woman*, a woman who had in her mind all the lore her people possessed a hundred years ago. She was the daughter and granddaughter of a chief and when a child her grandfather taught her the wisdom of the Modocs. She had a wonderful memory. Though she was no longer young and her health was poor, she was willing to give me the myths and beliefs of her tribe. She had more stories in her head than I dreamed it possible for any one to learn and keep without aid of books.

Ko-a-lak'-ak-a a Modoc and Norel-putis, a Wintu Indian. I consider the most remarkable persons I have ever met. Both possessed mental power of the first quality. All the lore of the Wintus would have been lost had I not met Norel-putis in the autumn of 1884. Very little of the Modoc mythology would have been saved had I not found Ko-a-Iak'-ak-a. Both were of the old-time Indians; neither one of them spoke English.

I spent thirty days, from seven in the morning till six in the afternoon, taking down what Ko-a-lak'-ak-a told me. My evenings were occupied in learning the Modoc language, studying out its construction, and getting a vocabulary. Meanwhile, I had to endure many hardships which could have been easily avoided had the agency been under the control of proper officials. But I counted hardships as nothing compared with the treasure which I was obtaining. The Modocs were at that time quiet, and, for Indians, they were industrious. They tried, however, to keep up their customs and in that way caused the agent annoyance. The summer before I was there a woman died, and, following a Modoc custom, her family burned all of her clothing and several blankets. When winter came and the blankets were needed, the agent was forced to draw on government for new ones. The Modocs still shave and tar their heads when a relative dies. From change of climate deaths are frequent. They mourn for their own country near the lava beds of Oregon and Califronia where each mountain, valley, and lake has a story and is connected with the religion and mythology of their tribe.

Toward the end of March I went to Tulsa, Indian territory. In that little out-of-the-way town I met a Russian from Moscow and had the pleasure of again speaking and hearing a language which, for me, is one of the most

melodious in the world. This man was traveling and sight-seeing. In New Orleans he met a German who was going to the territory. The German gave such a glowing account of the Indian country that the Russian decided to see it. He had a dog and gun and spent a good deal of time hunting. His surprise at meeting 'in the wilds of America' a person who spoke Russian was great. He said his first thought was that something had happened at home, and he had been sent for. Though we had never met before, he knew friends of mine, both in Moscow and St. Petersburg, and during the two days I was in Tulsa we were together most of the time.

On my second arrival in Wealaka, Mr. Porter, an educated Creek Indian (two-thirds white), said if I would spend a few days at his house, he would read Creek with me and explain, as well as he could, its grammatical construction. This I was glad to do. Porter owned a large tract of land. While I was at his house, he set fire to the dry grass of the previous summer to make ready for fresh grass. I think that he and I enjoyed that burning as much as we would had we been boys. One evening we set fire to the grass around a belt of timber which he wished to fell. It was a fine sight to watch the fire creep to the top of the trees, to see it blaze, and to hear it crackle. But, somehow, I feel that there may be conscious life in a tree, and this feeling ruined the spectacle for me. I was sorry for the trees. After my pleasant visit at Mr. Porter's house, I went to Yuchi to finish a vocabulary of the Yuchi language and get as many myths and traditions as possible. There was no hotel. The only room I could find was in the house of one Thomas Crow. The weather was fine, and we could work outside, but at night five persons shared our room. The first morning a hen insisted on coming in. I wondered at her tameness, but it was explained when Crow put a nest egg on each bed. During the morning three hens laid, in turn, an egg on the bed I had occupied the preceding night. Notwithstanding this, the room was tidy and clean. I was glad, however, to learn that the Yuchis living at Pole-Cat creek knew more about the old time than did those around Yuchi.

The Pole-Cat Yuchis lived near the highway between Yuchi and the Sac and Fox agency; the nearest town was thirty miles away. I stopped at the Halfway house. It was the best place from which to send for Indians or to go to them, and it was also the only place for miles around where I could get lodging and board.

The house belonged to Tiger Jack, a Yuchi. He owned a large tract of excellent land and might have been rich had he not been lazy and intemperate.

The 'hotel with accommodations for man and beast,' I found to be two log houses chinked with mud; each house a small unplastered room. In one was a fireplace where all the cooking was done. There was a bed in the room, a table of home manufacture, four or five trunks — piled one upon another, and a cupboard. At night a piece of braided cloth in a saucer of liquid lard served for a light. The other house contained a bed, a stove, a small table, an oil lamp, and a few chairs, which three limes a day were carried to the kitchen. We occupied the second house but not alone. At night several persons slept on the floor near our bed. It was a board led, and on it was a tick in which there was a small quantity of straw. We spent several nights at Tiger Jack's house but we did not undress, nor did we sleep much, for there were rats in the room, and occasionally one jumped onto the bed. I stayed to finish a vocabulary and to take down some valuable myths.

One afternoon I went to the Yuchi planting festival, a ball game, in which women as well as men take part, and a night dance in the open air. The ball game and the dance were both interesting. The dancing began after dark. A great fire was built, and the Indians threw off their blankets and, almost naked, danced around the fire. It was a weird sight. The dancers got so excited, and so many of them had been drinking that their wild whoops made us somewhat uneasy, especially as one of the younger Indians had suggested that I might be a government spy. At the end of the dance we had an alarming experience.

Tiger Jack drove us to the dancing place in a lumber wagon drawn by two spirited horses. His wife, and the teacher of the Yuchi school, Mrs. Curtin, and myself were passengers. The ride was pleasant. We forded a large river and then went on through the quiet country, the horses hoofs making almost no noise on the soft road. I enjoyed the ball game and the dance. About ten o'clock in the evening I had seen what I wished to. I had talked with many of the Indians and was ready to go home. Tiger Jack's wife and the teacher were also ready, but Jack had been drinking and was unwilling to leave congenial company. For two hours we used our persuasive powers to induce

him to change his mind, but in vain. At last I suggested taking the horses and letting him remain until morning. This roused him, and he decided to drive his own team; so we started. Everything went well for a time, then Jack began to urge the horses. Soon they were going through the woods and across the prairie at full gallop, and we had to hold to the sides of the wagon to keep from being bounced out. We were afraid of hitting a tree, stump, or rock, and being thrown from the wagon and killed. No matter what we said, the drunken driver was deaf to our words. We feared the river for we thought there was danger of being thrown into the water and drowned. Down the bank we went and into the river at full speed. Out, and up the bank! On we raced. Several times I tried to get the reins from the crazed man but could not. When at last the horses reached the house, they stopped so suddenly that the jolt was terrific. The key to the house was in Jack's pocket, but for more than an hour he hunted for it. His wife dare not speak to him for fear he would strike her. The wind was blowing, and the night air was very chilly. Just when we had determined to break in the door, Jack found the key, and I was fortunate enough to induce him to let me try it in the lock, to see if it was really the right key.

April 18th. After a long ride over hills, through brooks, and across prairies I reached the Sac and Fox agency. It was quite a little village; there was a hotel, a store, and a mission school, as well as a church. The agent occupied a large brick house. The Indians lived outside the agency from 3 to 15 miles. It was about 60 miles to the railroad; a stage line went to Kansas City, 140 miles away.

In this cattle country there was never any fresh meat used; the taste of beef, veal, and mutton was unknown — the cattle were sold and driven away. No one had energy enough to fatten cattle. Salt meat, mainly pork, was the 'staff of life' there. What little butter was used came from Kansas City.

There were no bridges in the country. Whenever there was rain and the rivers were swollen, everyone who was traveling had to wait for them to run down. Consequently, there were many vexatious delays. While I was at the agency, we did not get mail for three weeks; the rivers were so high that it was impossible to cross them. Quakers traveling and converting Indians were weather-bound and turned their attention to agency people, so there

was some excitement. The Indian work was interesting. The Sac and Fox Indians are secretive. It is difficult to obtain any of their traditions. I learned their language and took down a vocabulary, and got a number of myths, but this required several weeks, for I had to gain the confidence of the tribe.

From the Sac and Fox agency I went to Kickapoo Station. The Kickapoos are blanket Indians. I have often seen them naked except for a short, loose shirt, and a breechclout. They are bright, intelligent men. One old, blind man gave me a wonderfully beautiful myth of the months.

At the end of June I was in Wewoka, crossing rivers in dugouts, some of which had to be bailed continually and were risky affairs; but the Indians had considerable information to give me, and I did not value the risks I took to secure it.

In August I went to the Quapaw agency and worked with the Wyandot Indians. The heat was intense, often 102° in the shade. Ill from overwork, I decided to go to Washington and then to Vermont for a rest.

Three weeks in Vermont and a week in Montreal in company with Alma's parents, passed quickly. Then, well and strong, I returned to Washington ready to resume field work.

CHAPTER: 19

California — Wintu Myths

September 25 we started for California, stopping in St. Louis to visit the exposition grounds. The country from St. Louis west did not interest me till we were near Green river. There the bluffs reminded me of the broken walls of old, feudal castles. The river is well named. I have never seen greener water. In San Francisco I met Comte and Stetson, my classmates at Harvard, now successful attorneys.

I spent a day with Comte at his home just outside the city. Returning to the city we had to leave the carriage and walk some distance. A torchlight procession, in honor of James G. Blaine, had drawn to the streets the greater part of San Francisco's population. Before I left the city, I met a number of men whom I had known in earlier years. An old Wisconsin friend, Judge Sharpstein, now judge of the supreme court of California, spent an evening with me and told about his career in the West. Judge Tyler took us to Alameda to spend a day. He was at that time connected with the noted Sharon case. Though born in Vermont, he had become a typical Californian. He declared that he would not live in Vermont if he had a deed of the whole state; that he had made more money in fifteen minutes than his brother had in a lifetime back East; that he had the handsomest daughter on the Pacific coast, etc. I did not take his statements too literally, so I was not surprised when I found that his daughter was not a beauty. My last day in San Francisco was spent in Chinatown, hunting for Chinese books and newspapers and listening to a noisy play in a Chinese theater.

From San Francisco I went to Chico where General Bidwell owned 20,000 acres of land. In his employ were some 250 Indians, mainly Maidus. The general received me with cordiality and sent for the oldest and wisest men among his Indians to come to his house and talk with me. He had a whole settlement of people employed in his fruit orchards, vineyards, and nut groves. Formerly the general owned the land where Chico now stands. After

I had learned what I could from the Maidu or 'General Bidwell Indians,' as they are called, I went to Redding. There are high flats back of the town and nearer the Sacramento river. If the town had been built on those flats, it would have been a pleasant place but now it is low and hot. The morning after our arrival I went to look for Indians.

On the sidewalk, near a drug store, I met a Nosa or Yana Indian, who could speak a little English. I made him understand what I wanted, and he started off for Old Headache, who he said knew a great deal about the old time. The two, later in the day, came to my rooms, and I began work by taking down Yana words. The old man gave the names of the hills, trees, and plants, but his mind retained only fragments of the myths he once knew.

The next day I visited Old Headache in his cabin near the river. He was busy preparing food for the rainy season. Onthe posts of the cabin, clusters of grapes were sun-drying. On a tree nearby hung several large salmon surrounded by a swarm of wasps. The old man said there was a good story about the wasp "people," but he could not remember it. I afterward obtained the myth from Sam, a Yana employed by Oliver, a Vermont man who owned a ranch on the outskirts of Redding. I worked many days with Sam, who knew a good deal of Yana mythology. Sam's wife Anna was a disagreeable Indian, a woman who thought she knew all there is worth knowing. During the story-telling she annoyed me by constantly interrupting Sam with criticism and corrections. I found it difficult to learn Yana. The Indians who knew English best knew only a limited number of words. In getting myths I had to take down all they said, no matter how numerous repetitions were. If I asked a question, the story-teller got confused and sometimes could not finish the myth — he couldn't remember. I took down myths in Yana but I could not get them into English till I had learned a good deal of the language, enough to give me a clue to the grammatical construction.

For a time we lived at the Redding hotel kept by Conroy, but as the proprietor did not like to have Indians around, I found rooms at Mrs. Smith's. Her house had a wide porch, and we worked there with, at times, as many as ten or twelve Indians around us. This was undesirable, but the Yanas and Wintus are so few in number that the members of each tribe are

related to one another and an offense given to one is resented by all. In order to work with the old men I had to endure the presence of young Indians and half-casts. October 15 while on the way to the post office I met a good-natured looking Indian and I began asking him questions. He told me that he was a Wintu and his name was Mike. When I asked him if he knew any of the Wintu stories about the old time, he said: 'No. but my uncle knows everything.' I at once started him off to find the old man and get him to come to my rooms. When Mike came back, he had with him a tall, fine-looking, old Indian who he said was his uncle Norel-putis. I employed the uncle and nephew and began to take down Wintu vocabulary. Evenings, rainy days, and Sundays I worked on Yana for Sam could help me then.

October 21 the Democratic population of Redding was out en masse to listen to a man by the name of Hamilton, who was "stumping" the state for Grover Cleveland. The speech was not remarkable in any way, but it roused great enthusiasm. In vivid language Hamilton described the many heinous crimes committed by the Republicans. He told us about 'Cross-eyed Ben Butler' and about Belva Loekwood's velocipede. He finished his speech by saying that California would become a rich and glorious state if Cleveland were made president. I worked many days with Mike, and Norel-putis, whom I found to be, as Mike had told me, a man who 'knew everything.' In those days with me he did for the Wintu people what Ko-a-lak'-ak-a, a few months earlier, did for the Modocs. He gave the world a knowledge of their traditions, religion, and myths. He was the only man in the tribe capable of doing this.

Before the coming of white men, the Wintus occupied all that part of California situated on the right bank of the Sacramento River, from its source near the foot of Mount Shasta to its mouth at the northern shore of San Francisco bay. Some of their finest mental productions are connected with the upper course of the Sacramento and with McCloud river, or 'Wini Mem.' It is not possible to determine what the Wintu population was a century ago, but, judging from the number of houses in villages, the names and positions of which have been given me by old men, I should say that it could not have been less than 10,000. In 1884 there were not more than 500 Wintus in existence. Great numbers have been killed by white men; others have perished from diseases brought by the stranger. The religious system

of the Wintus is remarkable for the peculiar development of the chief divinity, Olelbis. Olelbis lives in the highest part of the sky. From his beautiful house, Olelpanti Hlut, he sees everything on earth. He seems more real and familiar than any divinity connected with other tribes. Two old women, the grandmothers of Olelbis, were his counselors but, before 'the world change' came, he turned them into stone this pumis stone has a spongy appearance, looks like the inside porous portion of bones which are without marrow. Norel-putis after he had told me the story of Olelbis, found a stone of this kind and gave it to me as a souvenir.

The Wintus in 1884 had no land; they lived where white men would let them, generally on the useless land of some farmer or ranch owner. One day I went to Mike's 'home.' across the Sacramento. I found him living in two little tents just high enough to crawl into. They were on Mr. Reed's land, not far from Reed's ferry. When Norel-putis had told me the most of the Wintu myths I have published in Creation Myths of Primitive America, had described the customs of the Wintus, and related their stories of adventure, and I had obtained a knowledge of the Yana and Wintu languages, I went to Round Mountain to work with the Yana Indians living in that locality. It was a tiresome ride over hills and across rough valleys. At one place we crossed what is called 'Rocky plain,' a flat, a mile and a half long, which is one bed of rocks and stones. Not far from Cow creek we passed through a deserted mining town; there were houses, a store, a building that had been a boarding house, a large quartz mill, with all the machinery to run it, and a long flue. There was every evidence that the town had once been a hive full of activity. The driver told me that after large sums of money had been expended, the owners of the mine found that the quartz, though rich with gold and silver, was so heavy with copper, iron, and other minerals that it did not pay to work it. We drove slowly through the place, for a town without a human being in it is a weird and suggestive sight.

Not far from the deserted town there was a shanty occupied by a couple of old miners, who still clung to the place, and, with a pickax, managed to get a precarious living out of the rocks. The second tollgate was in charge of a man inclined to sarcasm. When I asked the distance to the next town, he said: 'You are ten miles from Buzzard's Roost.' It seemed a droll name for a town, and I asked if he knew why such a name had been given to it. 'Yes,'

he said, 'the people there are vultures. It would be better to call the place Vulture's Roost, but the vultures think Buzzard sounds a little nicer.' It was late when we reached Buzzard's Roost — a cluster of shanties and old houses, two small stores, and a building called a hotel. I did not care to stop there. We drove four miles farther, to Holcomb's, the stage station, which was nearer the Indian camp I was in search of.

The house had a large general sitting room with an open fireplace where huge logs were burning. The blazing fire was a gladdening sight. Darkness and night air had chilled us mentally and physically. The next morning I found the Yana camp, a few huts near the foot of pine-covered hills. There was no land for them to cultivate; all the land belonged to nearby farmers. The Indians were in a destitute condition, several were sick, and all were in rags. I began work with Jack, the Chief. He told me a fine myth and then found the 'big man' for me, the hero of the myth, the cocoon of a wild silkworm. I could not work with those Indians and live at Holcomb's. It took too much time for me to go to them, and Mr. Holcomb did not want Indians 'to get in the habit of hanging around his house.' On that lonely mountain road there were few houses, and they were far apart.

The farm nearest the Indian camp belonged to a man by the name of Hendricks. He was willing to rent me a room but said we would have to get our own meals. I immediately occupied the room and sent to Buzzard's Roost for provisions. Hendricks was a bachelor about sixty years of age. Attacked by the gold fever of 1849, he left Missouri for the mines of California. After mining for nine years, he decided that he could get rich faster by farming. He had exhausted strength in burning and rooting out pine and fir trees. Though I could not see where his land was, he had enough among the hills to yield feed for his cows and pigs and to raise an abundance of potatoes and apples. After living many years in a cabin, he had built a large house in the heart of a pine forest. There was a pine-covered hill back of the house, there were hills all around. He was often visited by a friend whom he knew back in 1849, a man who would never have a home of his own, for he drank up all he earned. Hendricks had lived near the Indians thirty years and had known them more or less all his life, but he had never known that they had any stories or 'a language worth a

white man's time to learn.' Chief Jack worked steadily for four days. Saturday night, when I paid him, he had quite a little sum of money.

He was as happy as a could be. 'Now,' said he, 'I will have a new blanket and a pair of shoes' and he promised to begin to work again early Monday morning. When Monday morning came and Jack did not appear, I went to the camp where I found Bill Bucket, his cousin, who told me that Jack had gone to Buzzard's Roost. I thought it a good time for me to see that hamlet so I walked the two miles and a half, crossed two brooks on stepping stones — there were no bridges in that section — and arrived at the Roost. My first call was at Ensign's store. Ensign was away, and his wife,a large red-faced English woman, was in charge. She asked at once: 'Are you the man from Boston who is stopping at Hendricks? I told her that I was at Mr. Hendricks', but my home was in Washington, not Boston, though I knew that city well. With this encouragement she began to relate her troubles.

Her people 'belonged to the gentry of England.' When quite young, she married a man whom her father hated. They came to America. Her husband found work in Boston, a child was born to them, and for a number of years they were happy. Then her husband died, and she was left without means. People were kind to her, they gave her work, she was able to educate her boy and was comparatively happy till one day she picked up a matrimonial paper and found that Mr. Ensign, a rich man who had a beautiful home in Northern California, wanted a wife. She answered the advertisement, and a correspondence began. Three or four nicely written letters came to her, then the photograph of a fine-looking, middle-aged man. She was tired of hard work, she wanted her son to get a start in life. At last she wrote to the man that if he would send her money for the journey, she would meet him in Redding, California, and marry him. The money came, and she started. When the train she was on reached Redding, Ensign was at the station with a marriage license in his hand. When a rough-looking old fellow spoke to her, she thought that something had happened, and Mr. Ensign had sent this man to meet her. But the old man called her by name and said he was Mr. Ensign. She was so frightened that for a moment she lost power of speech. When he showed her the license and said that a minister was waiting to marry them, she felt that the crisis of her life had come. She refused to leave the station or go with him, even to a hotel. She held up the photograph he

had sent and told him, and those who had gathered around, how he had deceived her. Ensign laughed, and his friends laughed; no one sympathized with her or offered her any help.

When she broke down and cried Ensign ridiculed her. At last, when he found she was determined to stay at the station till a train came and she could get away, he grew furiously angry and demanded the money he had sent her for clothes and railroad tickets. He threatened her with imprisonment and sent for an officer to arrest her for debt. She had only a few dollars, and, crazy from fright, she consented to marry the old man, and half an hour later she was Mrs. Ensign. Then began a life of misery. He took her to his 'beautiful home,' the shanty and rum shop at Buzzard's Roost, and made her a slave. She had to do his housework and sell his rum. The story of advertising for a wife interested me. I wondered how it would end. I thought by divorce, unless Ensign, who was an old man, was considerate enough to die soon. When I returned to Redding, three years later, the story had ended. Not as I thought it would, but with the death of Mrs. Ensign. While Mrs. Ensign was telling me of her trials, an old forty-niner came to the store, a man who was proud of having killed many Indians with his own hands. 'But you are living with an Indian woman and have several children by her, said Mrs. Ensign. 'Yes, times are different now,' was the answer. I met a number of old settlers that afternoon. Each one in speaking of Indians said: 'They are a lazy, worthless set, dirty and untrustworthy, a nuisance!'

When I told Mr. Hendricks about meeting these men, he said: 'They are all squaw men — live with Indian women and have children by them.' I did not find Jack, and he did not return to camp that day or the next. Pete, a sick Yana. told me a fine myth, the only one he remembered in detail. If I had not taken it down then, it would have been lost, for Pete died a few weeks later. When Jack came back, he was low-spirited and sick. He had gambled away all the money I had paid him and his coat. As he was without money and the weather was cold, I bought him a warm coat. December 16th the pine and fir trees were loaded with snow — a glorious winter scene! Through December I worked with the Yanas, learning as much of their language as possible. Then I sent for Moody Tom, a Hat Creek Indian, and began work on the Hat Creek language. Christmas came with snow and rain. It was a dreary day outside but it was cheerful for us, sitting by an

open fireplace where big logs of wood were blazing. There were no holidays for me. I worked every day with Jack or Moody Tom. New Year's day of 1885 it rained till evening when it grew colder and great flakes of snow began to fall. Several teams passed, for there was a dance either at Holcomb's or Bass's, the taverns of the Round Mountain world. Three deer had been killed and meat was plenty; we had venison for our New Year's dinner.

The next morning Chief Jack came but he could not work, so I went to the Roost to see old man Roberts, a forty-niner, the husband of a dirty, ragged Indian woman. Their shanty had no window and no furniture. I could not help thinking how much cleaner and happier their cat and dog looked than they did. But wretched as old Jennie looked, she had stored away in her mind many of the traditions of her tribe and she knew more about her language than most of her people did. That evening when I went to the camp to make sure that Jack would work the following day, I found a crowd in his shanty playing cards. Bill Bucket's old father, naked, aside from a ragged blanket thrown across his shoulders, sat watching the game; Jack had lost, not only his money, but his new coat. January 9th, we started for Redding. The roads were in a frightful condition. In places where the mud-holes could not be avoided, the wheels of the stagecoach sank almost to the hubs. Four horses could only with the greatest difficulty pull the vehicle out. Late in the evening, in a heavy rainstorm, we arrived at Conroy's hotel. Ten days later we were on our way to Oregon.

From Redding to Delta the road winds around hills and mountains following the Sacramento river. At that time it was a dangerous road, and the train ran slowly — there were many sharp curves. At Delta there was a railroad station, four saloons, a store, a hotel, and several small houses clustered together on a few feet of land; mountains set down on every side. A stagecoach, with six horses attached, was waiting, and we were soon on the road to Ashland, a hundred and twenty-five miles away. All day we went up mountains, over mountains, and down mountains. In places there was mud to the hubs of the wheels, and with six horses we traveled only two miles an hour. Where there was no mud, there were stones and rocks. There is not much level land in that part of the country. We traveled all night, stopping only to change horses at Big Bummer and at Little Bummer.

At three o'clock in the morning we were in Strawberry valley where we rested for a few minutes, warmed our hands and feet, and heated blocks of wood to keep our feet warm in the coach, for the night air was damp and cold. All that day the stage dragged along through the mud. Very often the driver stopped his horses and, with a broad piece of wood which he kept for the purpose, got the mud from between the spokes of the wagon wheels. At 5:00 p.m. we reached Yreka, a town where many tragedies have been enacted. The country around shows the terrible effect of greed for gold. Everywhere there are gravel hills and deep chasms made by men; acres and acres of land forever ruined. When approaching Yreka, we had a magnificent view of Mount Shasta, at that season of the year covered, nearly to the base, with snow. We spent the night in Yreka, and I had an opportunity to call on Dr. Hearn, a man who had the reputation of knowing a great deal about the Indians of that section of California. I found him pleasant and well informed. He had not interested himself in Indian languages or in collecting the myths and traditions of the Indians but he had brought together a large and valuable collection of Indian curios.

At four the next morning we were again in the stage. The only passenger with us was a merchant from Portland, a Chinaman. The road was fearful, worse than the road from Delta. At times I was sure that the coach would go over. Down mountains and around short turns the horses went at such a break-neck speed that I thought we should be killed by the terrible thumps we got. A number of times I put up my hand expecting to find a gash in my head. I recalled Mark Twain's description of a similar journey, and it seemed tame when compared with the real thing. Again we went through a deserted town. In the country around there had been a great deal of placer mining; gullies from ten to twenty feet deep had been dug out in all directions. At a station where we changed horses, we were told that two days before the stage from Yreka had been held up, and the passengers robbed when within a mile of Ashland. As it was long after dark when we went over the same road, we were somewhat nervous. I was glad when the stage drew up at the railroad station in Ashland. Staging over that road was soon to be a thing of the past. At that time a large number of men were at work on a tunnel through Scott mountain. When it was finished, half a mile would take one to a place thirteen or fourteen miles distant by the stage road and over a terrible mountain.

CHAPTER: 20

A Winter in Oregon (1884-85)

We were happy when on the train. It seemed as Heaven might after a dose of Hell. We rode all night; the next morning the train was going through beautiful valleys. When we reached the Willamette river, the air was damp and warm. For the first time we saw trees with the twigs and boughs covered with moss and houses with moss-covered roofs.

That evening we were in Portland. A week earlier there had been a terrific wind and snowstorm. On some of the sidewalks snow had drifted to the height of seven feet. Here and there along the street were piles of snow that had been shoveled from the walks and had not yet melted.

I waited in Portland two days for the fog to clear up, so that I could enjoy a view of the mountains and the water. Then, as the fog grew denser, and weather-wise men threatened us with another snowstorm. I went to The Dalles. The hotels were filled with snow-bound guests. It was only by crowding others that a small sleeping room was found for us at the Umatilla. Among the guests were three New Yorkers whom the climate of Oregon had greatly surprised. To get away from snow and cold weather and combine pleasure with business, they had come to Oregon to take up land. They had already waited seven weeks for roads to become passable. During that time one of the men made a short trip into the country. He reached a farmhouse, and was forced to stay there fourteen days. Then, in an effort to trek back to The Dalles, he nearly lost his life. He offered a man fifty dollars to conduct him ten miles; the man refused. He was afraid that going or coming he would get lost in a storm.

Though many persons were inconvenienced by this delay, all made the best of it, and we spent pleasant evenings together in the hotel parlor. Mrs. Hanley, the wife of one of the proprietors, usually came in each evening to give an account of her domestic troubles. Her husband was intoxicated most of the time. When drinking he created 'spirited scenes' He was ugly, and,

being a strong man, who weighed 300 pounds, no one could control him. If they got him to bed, he would get up, walk around in the corridors, or go to the dining room where guests were. Recently, when locked in his room, he had broken the window out and fallen to the ground — twelve feet.

Each evening our landlady had some new yarn to recount about her husband. A natural actress, possessed of a wonderful fund of wit, she kept the company laughing from the minute she entered the room till she left it.

January 22nd, tired of waiting for better weather, I decided to go to Bakeoven by stage and then to Haystack where I would be within twelve or fifteen miles of the Warm Spring Indian agency. When ready to start, I found that the stage was an open sleigh without robes or blankets. I remained at The Dalles a day longer in order to buy blankets for the journey. The sleighing was good, but a heavy fog shut out the view of the mountains and the country around. The road was through narrow valleys and over lulls. After crossing White river and Tygh valley, we came to where the road for a long distance was blasted out around a high bluff. The snow was deep. If one of the horses had slipped or gotten frightened, we would have gone over the abyss. It was a nerve-racking ride. At last we came to high table-land. There the north wind was blowing, and for the rest of the trip we suffered with cold. I stopped at Oak Grove. The 'village' contained a store and three houses half a mile or so apart. The merchant was building a house; none of the rooms were finished; he and his family occupied the kitchen. They made a bed for us on the floor of the living room. The next morning I found that we could not continue the journey. There was no sleigh for hire; we could not go on horseback, for no one had been through since the great storm. For two days I sat by the kitchen stove and studied The Chinook Jargon, the only book my host possessed. On the third day the fog disappeared, and the sun came out bright and clear for the first time in three weeks. It was a glorious sight after so many gloomy days. We could see Mount Adams and also Mount Hood, which is about twenty-five miles from Oak Grove. I decided to go to Simnasho (Hawthorn Place), where there was an Indian school. Two Indian ponies were hired, and Louis Kelly, a strong young man, six feet tall, accompanied us as guide. I took but a little baggage and that I put into meal sacks and placed on my horse, saddlebag fashion. We wrapped up warm and expected to have no difficulty

in making the journey. But we had not ridden a mile when trouble began. The wind blew fiercely, and the snow which covered the trail was from two to three feet deep. At every step the horses broke through the thin crust. When we readied the summit of a spur of Mutton mountain, we had to walk. Often we went through the crust and up to our knees in the snow. We fell many times. The horses refused to go, and had to be pulled along; they were tired and wanted to lie down. The crust cut their legs so cruelly that a trail of blood drops was left behind.

It was a terrible journey! Sinmasho seemed to recede. As the afternoon advanced, I began to fear that the guide had lost his way. He admitted that it was quite possible for when the ground was covered with snow to the depth of several feet there was no way of telling where the trail was. At last he said that if we did not reach Simnasho within an hour, it would be necessary to camp. Then we discovered that we could not build a fire, we hadn't a match. I was alarmed for my brave wife began to falter; she had reached the limit of her strength. I too was wretchedly weary. Just as I had decided that it was impossible for us to go farther, that we must camp and chance a night of suffering, I heard a dog bark. It was a happy moment for us. Encouraged by the sound, we hurried on through the woods and soon saw a cluster of unpainted board houses. A most welcome sight! They meant shelter, warmth, and rest. The guide conducted us to a house which served as a residence for the doctor of the Simnasho division of the agency, and also as a boarding house for Indian children, and soon a nice warm supper was served. The guide was too tired to eat; he threw himself down the minute he reached shelter and did not rise till the following morning. As there was no spare bed in the house, a room was found for us at Mr. McCoy's house nearby.

The next morning I secured board at that house, the only available one in Simnasho. The building, like many agency buildings, was unfinished. None of the rooms was suitable to live in during cold weather. Still it was the most comfortable place in Simnasho. We were given the best room. It was up a flight of stairs. Overhead were beams covered with boards. Our writing table was an old barrel, our chairs a couple of boxes and a chair with the back off. There was one small window; fortunately, it was on the south side, and the sun came in nearly all day. The McCoys had seven irrepressible

children, and there was always a fight going on. Mrs. McCoy was a trail woman, who in earlier life had had a terrible experience. After an almost fatal illness, she became insane, and was taken to the Portland asylum where she spent eighteen awful months. The account of her life there is frightful and shows what abuse the poor often receive at the hands of ignorant and brutal officials in many of the public institutions, throughout this so-called 'humane and Christian land.'

Though conditions were so unfavorable, I began work on the Warm Spring language with McKay, an Indian who had traveled in America and Europe with a troupe. His wife was matron of the Simnasho school. The Indians, for whom the government maintains that school, did not speak English; even boys and girls who had been there for years, when they came to McCoy's on an errand, spoke through one of the McCoy children, who had learned the Warm Spring language. A great expenditure of money without result!

When Sunday came, I attended services at the schoolhouse. There were present twenty-two Indian children ranging in age from five to nineteen; three or four men; one, the 'missionary,' an Indian, was decked up on the plan of a Catholic priest. He was like a monkey imitating someone. Mr. Willowby, the teacher, read a verse from the bible, then, in turn, each boy present read a verse, but with great difficulty. Afterward the missionary, Laksilo, harangued for twenty minutes about Moses, Abraham, and the son of David. His audience was absent-minded. Not a person present listened to what he said.

In that part of Oregon cattle hunt their food at all seasons of the year. The winter of 1884-85 was unusually severe, and the snow was very deep; a great number of cattle perished. Half-starved animals roaming around the house were a sight that was painful for me. Early in February a heavy rainstorm came. As the part of the roof over my bed was only three feet high, I heard the patter of the rain distinctly enough to please me. But I was not pleased to have water come into the room. However, I could endure almost anything for the sake of the information I was getting. McKay was very faithful. In the daytime we worked on the language, and evenings he told me the myths and traditions of his people.

Provisions got scarce in Simnasho. Some of the Indians ate the flesh of horses that had died of starvation. If McCoy's graham four had given out, I think that we would have suffered for food. On the 9th of February snow began to fall again. It came in around the chimney; it sifted in through cracks and crevices. It was impossible to work. No matter how we wrapped up, the north wind chilled us. A good meal would have warmed and cheered us, but that was not to be had. To add to our discomfort we were crazed by the noise of seven children in the room below. A load of groceries for the school had been within four miles of us for several days. When the snow came, men went with hand sleds and drew home a few of the boxes.

As soon as the road was said to be passable, I started for the agency. I was wiser than when I arrived in Simnasho, but I was ill from hardship and lack of proper food. McCoy drove the team, and Sampson, the agency carpenter, went along to help us should we get into trouble. The Warm Spring river was so full that we had to go ten miles out of our way. Three miles from Simnasho we found a large tree lying across the road. We unloaded and led the horses down an almost perpendicular incline into the creek. I expected that one, or both, of them would be killed, but they reached and crossed the creek in safety. We crawled under the tree and got the baggage through, packed up, and started on. When we reached Beaver creek, it looked too deep to cross. Sampson unharnessed one of the horses and crossed on horseback. The water came to his knees, but he said we could venture in. The boxes and bundles were put on the seats, and McCoy drove into the creek. The water came into the box of the wagon, but we crossed without mishap and started up a long, steep hill. Midway a dead colt was lying across the road. When we came to Warm Spring river, we crossed without difficulty though the stream was high and rapid. Coyota, a dog that had followed Sampson's dog, was afraid of the water. When his friend was on the opposite side, he ran up and down along the bank and howled pitifully. We watched him for a few minutes, and then started on, leaving him to come or stay. When he saw that we were going, he gave a terrific howl and sprang into the water. Soon, wet, but happy, he was running along by the side of the wagon. Badger creek, though narrow, was deep and turbulent at the crossing. Lower down, at a footbridge, we unloaded the wagon and carried the baggage to the other side, then drove the unwilling horses into the creek. The water came nearly to their backs, a few inches more and they

would have been forced to swim. But the good animals struggled to the end and reached the bank in safety. At the next creek there was driftwood in the way of crossing. It was two o'clock when we reached the agency mill in the midst of a pine forest. There seated on a pile of lumber, we ate our luncheon. Thus far we had traveled at the rate of two miles an hour. Soon after leaving the mill we found deep snow and we had to walk, for the horses broke through the crust at every step. They had all they could do to pull the wagon. Under a large pine tree near the road we saw ten dead horses. Farther along we passed a horse that had found a sagebush, but was so weak that he fell over it and died; there were some of the dry twigs of the sage in his mouth. During the heavy snowstorm thousands of horses had died of starvation.

At last we reached an open plain where there was a fine view of several mountains: Mount Hood, around the top of which a light cloud always hovers — the cloud is caused by steam rising from the crater; Jefferson, which stands up boldly against the sky, its summit crowned by a rim of rock seventy-five feet high; Three Sisters; Black Butte; and Three-Fingered Jack. After crossing the plain, we readied the mouth of a deep, wide canyon. We drove into the canyon, high bluffs on all sides, some rimmed with huge rocks that from a distance look like the ruins of a fortress, or the broken walls of a primeval castle. We came to the river bank, and behold, the agency was there, nearby!

We were greeted by half a hundred dogs and by the agent, Mr. Gesner, who came out to welcome us. Pleasant rooms were placed at our disposal. Once more we sat at a comfortable table and saw clean faces around us, a pleasure which only a person who has spent weeks in a family where there are many unkempt children can appreciate. That evening, for the first time since leaving The Dalles, I had my shoes polished. In Simnasho there was no call for shoe polish; had I used it I should have been ostracized. The day following my arrival the agent sent for Charley Pitt, and I began to study Wasco.

Inauguration day the agency flag was raised in honor of Cleveland our first Democratic party president in twenty-five years, and hope was expressed

that he would correct many of the abuses which existed in the Indian department.

Life at an Indian agency in the wilds of Oregon is monotonous enough, but many incidents occur which interest a student of human nature. I was present when hats were distributed to the Indian school girls. Though several of the girls were fourteen years of age, they had never worn a hat. It was amusing to watch them as they made a selection. Their faces expressed the liveliest pleasure. As soon as they were outside, each girl took off her hat and examined it.

One day Otis, a Warm Spring Indian, came from Simnasho to ask the agent to assist him in collecting a debt. He had been hired by Simnasho Indians to make the snow go off. When it melted away, they refused to pay him. He said that he had worked hard. He used his different medicines and songs; the third time he used them a west wind came, and in twenty days all the snow was gone. He claimed horses for this service. The old man was very angry when the agent refused to arrest the men who owed him.

A gloomy day came for my Wasco teacher, Charley Pitt. His wife, for whom he had paid ten horses, ran away. He was much distressed, for she was the third woman who had left him in a similar manner. I paid him for his work, and he went to Simnasho to find her, if possible.

Fortunately, Donald McKay came to the agency, and I was able to continue my work. McKay frequently insisted that a former agent and ex-minister had ruined the Warm Spring and Wasco Indians. He had encouraged the Indian women to talk, and now there was no end to their words. Before the ex-minister came, the women never made rows, "but now they were noisy, quarrelsome, and discontented.

One morning Old Smoke, a Wasco friend of mine, brought me a present which he thought would please me, a rabbit. I thanked the old man and gave him half a dollar. As soon as he was out of sight, I took the rabbit to the river and freed it. The gift did give me pleasure, for it was pure delight to see how gladly the little creature sprang away.

In March came 'the raising of the dead.' Each spring the Wasco and Warm Spring Indians take up their dead, wrap them in new blankets, and bury them again. A Wasco woman told me that the first time her father was raised he had been buried five months. 'Friends looked at the body, wrapped it in a new blanket, and put it in the ground again.' The ceremony had been repeated every year since. Only bones were left now. After the ceremony, those who officiated bathed and sweat for five days.

The agent planned a picnic for Easter Sunday. When the day came, the weather was unfavorable. It was midday before we started. On reaching the Deschutes river neither a level space nor shade could be found. There were no trees, except small willows and cottonwoods growing at the edge of the river. We spread our tablecloth on a rock by the roadside and fastened it down with heavy stones, for the wind was blowing. After luncheon, we had sport fishing. There are salmon in the Deschutes; we expected to carry several home, but our strenuous efforts were balked by the wind. One salmon was the extent of our catch.

April 20th, I left the agency. I had obtained a good working knowledge of the Wasco language; I had taken down a vocabulary and all the myths the old men of the tribe could remember. Gesner and his wife went with us to The Dalles. The weather was perfect. We crossed Mutton mountain and halted for luncheon near the bank of Warm Spring river. We were a merry party and would have enjoyed the luncheon but, as soon as the food was taken from the hamper, millions and millions of crickets appeared. The ground was black with them. It was not possible to keep them away from the food. After a good deal of fun, we gave up the struggle and, leaving the crickets the greater part of our luncheon, resumed the journey. Beyond the river are picturesque, rocky bluffs. One is specially fine. It stands out like a monster sentinel. We spent the night at Simnasho. At eleven o'clock the next morning we were in Oak Grove, or Wapinitia. While we were eating our luncheon in the shade of a large tree, a blow snake appeared. Gesner killed it, but fear that where there was one snake there might be another ruined the pleasure of the ladies; they finished their luncheon in the carriage. From Oak Grove we traveled over dry, barren hills till we came to Tygh, a village consisting of a store and half a dozen houses. The view is fine. Not far away

are low wooded hills, beyond the hills is a rocky mountain, and beyond and above all towers Mount Hood.

For hours that day we rode along the canyon made by the Deschutes river. We crossed the river at Sherar's Bridge and spent the night at Sherar's inn. The following evening we were at The Dalles. I crossed the Columbia river in a skiff rowed by a Dane, climbed a hill, and had an extensive view of a rocky, barren country.

When I got back to the river, the ferry had just reached the Washington side. It had brought over a four-horse team with 3,600 pounds -of freight on it. The boatmen put down planks so that the horses could pull up the steep bank, but an unskilled driver got them off the planks and only after an hour's hard work was the wagon out of the mud and up the hill.

CHAPTER: 21

Modocs and Klamaths — Wintu

We left The Dalles by boat. The weather was clear and beautiful; the scenery magnificent. Mount Hood was visible for hours. At times it seemed not more than half a mile away from the river; as if a short walk through a forest of pine trees would bring us to the snow. I think that no river in the world commands finer scenery than the Columbia does. When near Portland, Mount Tacoma came out of the mist. A grand mountain! Glorious in the evening glow! Mount Adams was also visible.

From Portland, which is the largest small city I have ever seen, we went to Ashland, a place at that time advertised as 'The Venice of America.'

I wanted to know something about the Indians living around Klamath lake. The nearest way to reach them was to cross the mountains to Linkville. The stage left Ashland at one o'clock in the morning. In bright moonlight 'The Venice of America' looked more attractive than it did in daylight; squalor and dirt were hidden. Only a few miles beyond the town we began to ascend the Cascade mountains. The road was tremendously rough. One jolt followed another so quickly that, though I was sleepy, I could not doze even. I had to be constantly on the alert to avoid a broken arm or head.

At the stage house, where we stopped for breakfast, there was great excitement. A grizzly bear, that within two years had killed $1,000 worth of stock, and for which a reward of $130 was offered, had been seen the day before.

After breakfast we traveled till midday over mountains and through pine and fir forests. At midday we came to a house in a clearing. We were halfway over the Cascade mountains. From remarks I made about Ashland the landlady of the Halfway house got an idea that I was in the country to invest in land. I was amused by the earnest expression of her face when, as a warning, she told me the experience of a friend of hers. She said: 'My

friend came to Ashland with quite a little money. She invested it in land, expecting to get rich quickly, but within a year she was taking in washing to buy skimmed milk for her children. The good woman was pleased when I told her that I was in search of knowledge, not of land. The road was mountainous the whole way and was mainly through pine and fir forests. Toward evening we came to Klamath river. Many of the rivers of northeastern Oregon flow through the deep canyons. The Klamath is wide and has low banks. It was a pleasant sight after the monotony of the mountain journey, but we were not away from hills till near Linkville. Then the scenery was fine. Mount Shasta was visible and also Little Shasta. The Klamath river winds through the valley and there are low hills here and there. In the distance were mountains. At last we crossed the Klamath and drove up a steep rise of ground to a small village built on the side of a hill. There was a comfortable hotel in the village, and it was a haven of rest, for we were lame and tired from the long, rough journey.

Early in the morning we started for the Indian agency. Driving over low hills we had a fine view of Mount Shasta and of the Cascade mountains; many of the high peaks still had snow on them. After riding a few miles, we came to Klamath lake, a lake which has few if any rivals in the world. From its shore high mountains are seen in all directions. Mount Pitt, one of the snow peaks, is visible in its entirety; though smaller than Shasta or Hood, it is still a fine mountain. Shasta is seen from its summit to the snow line. With such a magnificent setting Klamath lake surpasses the Italian lakes in beauty. On the calm, blue surface of the lake were ducks, pelicans, and other water birds. Nowhere have I seen so many eagles as along the shore of that quiet lake. Sitting on a tree near the water were two so confident that they did not move when we passed the tree; another was on a rock at the roadside, so near that I could almost reach him with my cane.

Most of the way, after the first change of horses, fifteen miles from Linkville, where we left Sunrise mountain on our right, the country is level, covered with sagebrush and grease root. Government has had control of that region for many years. Every inch of land should be under cultivation; barley could be raised if nothing else. It seems a sin to leave tillable land unused.

Beyond Modoc Point were a few Indian houses, beyond those a pine grove, and then the agency buildings — a row of one-story houses, surrounded by a fence. My coming was embarrassing for the agent. A government inspector had recently visited the agency and given each official there a reprimand. He had discovered that farming utensils were standing out under rain and snow; that the farmer was rearing cattle of his own on the reservation; and many other things forbidden by government were being done. The officials were in an unenviable position. Even the agent feared that when the inspector's report was received at Washington, he would be asked to resign. A family of six missionaries had control of the school, religious exercises. and the boarding house. Air. R. was teacher and preacher; Mrs. R. was matron; their son was a teacher; one of their daughters was a seamstress, the other assistant seamstress; the daughter-in-law was assistant matron — quite a harvest of government positions for one family. The greater part of the time spent in the schoolroom was devoted to reading the bible and singing — an easy method of teaching. The minister's wife was grieving over the fact that evil doing had been exposed. 'There would have been no trouble,' said she, 'if the farmer had been at home. He would have driven up the reservation cattle for inspection and said nothing about his own. It was a misfortune that he was away.'

In 1852 Mr. R. and his wife were sent by the Methodist church as missionaries to the white people of Oregon. They were five months in crossing the plains. It was not a lonely journey, for they met many people. Sometimes when forced to camp and wait two or three days for rivers to lower, as many as 500 persons assembled. Our missionaries had two young children, a third child was born while they were crossing Nevada. The baby was born in the morning. That afternoon, from the great necessity of pushing forward, mother and child were placed in the oxcart, and the journey was resumed. From that on they traveled the usual number of miles each day. There were many delays and hardships to endure, and at last provisions gave out. The family was near starvation when a rescue party, sent from Oregon to meet emigrants, reached them. One would expect that this man and woman, remembering their own trials, would have an abundance of sympathy for the unfortunate. But an incident which came under my observation, shows that trouble does not always make people sympathetic.

May 20th was a wintry day. A cold wind was blowing, and snow was falling. That evening a family traveling in a canvas-covered wagon stopped just outside the agency enclosure. They came from Big valley, California, where they had not prospered, for they were seventy miles from a market for the products of the little plot of land they owned. The father read glowing accounts of the fertility and the mild climate of Oregon. He sold his small possessions and started with his family for the 'Land of Sunshine.' They traveled many days, then, discouraged by the cold weather they encountered, and told that the country farther on was not satisfactory, they turned back. Overtaken by the snowstorm, they were forced to camp near the agency.

The next morning the father asked for milk to give his children. The minister's wife, who was matron and boarding house keeper for the Indian children, had control of the milk of the government cows. When told of the request, she replied that there was no milk to give away and, if there were, she would not encourage such people by giving it to them. They had no right to camp on the reservation. Her son, who was studying for the ministry, suggested that skimmed milk might be sent to them. This was done. At the same time the family were asked to be present at prayer meeting that evening.

Fake Christianity is often the offspring of greed.

I had considerable difficulty in getting Indians to give me words and assist me in learning their language. Many reports were in circulation. One was that the agent had been asked to resign, and I had come to take his place; another, that government, not satisfied with the inspector's report, had sent me to quietly investigate the affairs of the reservation.

The officials were alarmed, and through their influence Indians demanded four dollars a day for work. The bureau of ethnology authorized me to pay two. By degrees I quelled the fears of the officials, and then work went on moderately well. I got a Klamath vocabulary and gained a working knowledge of the language. Whenever one Indian failed me, I sent for another and, while waiting, I kept my nerves steady by reading Persian.

From the agency I went to Yainax. or 'The School,' as that part of the reservation is called. We had a peculiar escort, a man on horseback, who was going over to make coffins or rather pine boxes — two Piutes had died, and they had to be buried 'as Christians are buried' — and a policeman, who had an Indian girl in charge, Ella Wilson. Ella had refused to work for the agent's wife and receive whatever the woman chose to give her as wages. Hence, she was sent to Yainax, a prisoner.

The girl was unhappy. She did not know how long she would be kept in confinement, or what treatment she would receive. But she had 'rather die than work for the agent's wife.' The road was rough, and the journey not pleasant though at certain places a glimpse of fine mountain scenery delighted our eyes. Two miles from Yainax we crossed Sprague river in a dugout. Near Yainax there are low mountains. I learned later that one is Isis' house, another Maidikdak's house, a third Blaiwas' house (Modoc Mythology).

The school at Yainax was conducted better than the one at the agency. A serious mistake was made in erecting the school building at the foot of a hill. There was a great deal of sickness, and I have no doubt that much of it was caused by defective drainage. The reservation doctor was unwilling to visit the sick in Yainax. One day while I was there, he was sent for and came, but a week earlier, when sent for to attend an Indian who was very sick, he refused to come, his excuse being that the agent was sick; he could not leave him. This was untrue, for I was in the agent's house at the time. The agent, though in poor health, was no worse than usual. This is the way the Indians were treated by a doctor who drew a government salary. He did as he liked; let them die while he dallied around the agency. He was employed for the Indians, not as a personal doctor for the agent.

While I was at Yainax, a number of sick people were taken to Linkville for treatment rather than send for a physician who probably would refuse to come. When the matron of the Yainax school complained of this disregard for the sick and dying, the agent's wife told her she was meddling with what was none of her business, and the doctor told her that he would get his salary just the same if he never came to Yainax. During the five weeks I spent at Yainax, six Indians died.

I did not go to the Klamath reservation to report upon the management there, but I became cognizant of so many abuses that later I mentioned them at the proper department in Washington. To keep up the number of pupils in the agency school, married women were forced to attend. An Indian woman by the name of Lily, much against her will, was kept in school; she was at least thirty years of age. This was done because they could not have teachers and assistant teachers without pupils.

While I was in Yainax, a man from Lakeview came to the house where I was boarding. He was proud of having assisted in exterminating the Yana Indians. He told me that the white men, in the region where he was living at the time, formed a band and each man took an oath to spend fortune, and life, if necessary, in killing Indians. 'They killed as many Yanas as they could.

Then followed the few who were left as far as Chico where they took refuge with General Bidwell. When the general would not give them up, their huts were set on fire, and as the Indians came out forty were shot.' This inhuman wretch was seeking an appointment as Indian agent!

In Yainax I worked mainly with the Modocs. Their settlement was six miles from 'The School,' but I went there often to talk with old men and women, who could not come to me. The settlement consisted of a few houses from a quarter to half a mile apart. They were poor and not over clean. Sometimes the wind was so cold and damp that it was necessary to close the door. Then I had only the light from a small hole cut in one side of the house — there were no windows.

In one house I found an old woman who knew a remarkable myth. She was lying in a corner of the room on a pile of dirt and rags. It was a rainy day, and three of the small children of the family were at play in the house. 'Both my head and stomach gave out, but fortunately, not till I had the myth on paper.

Old Sconchen told me several fine myths and also a good deal about the religion of his people. Though very old, he had the most active and alert mind of any man among the Modocs. He was good-looking. He had a broad, rather high forehead, expressive eyes, and large well-shaped ears.

For many years he was chief of his tribe. In his old age everyone revered him. When he talked with me, a crowd gathered to listen to his words. Men and women sat on the floor in the house and stood around the door outside. This was not pleasant for me, but it had to be endured.

I usually went to the settlement in a lumber wagon drawn by four mules — slow, stubborn creatures that required constant urging. My driver was an Indian woman. She was shabbily dressed, but, wrapped in a gray blanket, a bright colored shawl pinned around her head, and a long lashed whip in her hand, she made an attractive picture as she sat on the box seat alternately urging and whipping the mules. Though it was summer, the weather was often uncomfortably cold; there was a snowstorm in June, and a heavy frost in July. I made the journey from Yainax to Linkville in a lumber wagon drawn by four stout government mules. The driver was Billy Ball, an Indian. It was the work of two strong men to get the beasts over the road. The country is hilly and rocky, and mainly wooded till Alkali valley is reached. When we came to Lost river, I called on Mr. Applegate, the man who was in charge at Yainax at the time of the Modoc outbreak, and he gave me a good deal of information. He said that he made every effort to get the Indians onto the reservation and avoid trouble; Sconchen aided him by going to the Lava beds and trying to persuade his brother to make peace. Applegate warned the peace commission against meeting the Indians unarmed, but his efforts and his warning were unavailing. After leaving Applegate's home, I examined a spring of hot water which was flowing out at the very edge of Lost river. While I was testing the heat of the water, Billy Ball filled the front end of the wagon with stones to throw at the mules. After that we traveled more rapidly.

In Linkville I stopped at a hotel kept by 'Judge' Smith. The house was crowded with guests, for a murder case was to be tried the next day. Fifteen miles from Yainax a man named Walker had been shot in the back and killed by one Brown, without any known cause, except 'his wife had left him, he was mad, and wanted to shoot someone, so shot Walker.'

The witnesses were having a grand time. To spend two or three days at a hotel and have their bills paid was an event to rejoice over.

From Linkville to Yreka we followed Klamath river for ten miles, then turned away from it and began to climb hills. After traveling two miles our driver found that he was on a wood road and must go back to where the roads branched off. I had considerable amusement out of the incident, for he declared that he had been misled by blazed trees. All day we traveled up and down hills. We passed, perhaps, half a dozen houses. Those were built where there were a few acres of level land between high hills: dreary, lonesome places! At times we caught sight of the Klamath as it wound along at the bottom of a deep-wooded canyon. Late in the afternoon we reached what is known as the 'Narrow Gauge,' a very narrow road down a steep mountain; a high bluff on one side, and on the other an almost perpendicular slope to the river hundreds of feet below. We were only a few rods down when we met a team coming up. There was no room to pass; our wagon had to be pulled up the hill, the driver backing the horses all he dared to. Had the horses not been perfectly docile, they would have gone over the precipice. When the trouble was over, the man said he hoped that if he ever met us again it would be on a less dangerous road.

We spent the night at Shovel Creek, a place celebrated for mud baths. Baths advertised as a 'sure cure' for rheumatism. Under a tule turf there is soft warm mud. Houses have been built nearby, and people come there to sit in the mud and cure their ailments.

From Shovel Creek we followed the Klamath for some miles, then traveled all day over low, barren hills.

There were a few farms along the road, but, as a general thing, the soil looked worthless. The Halfway house was kept by a man who, some thirty years before, came from Waybridge, Massachusetts. He described his old home to me, then told of a curious event in his grand father's life. One day during a February thaw, his grandfather went, on horseback, to Boston. While he was gone, a terrific rainstorm came, the river near his home left its banks, and the bridge was swept away, only one beam remained. His grandfather came back late at night. It was so dark that he couldn't see the road, hence did not attempt to guide the horse. He reached home and did not know that the bridge was gone till he was asked how he crossed the river. The horse had crossed on the single beam.

Two miles from the Halfway house a hill stands out alone on the plain. There are no trees or shrubs on it. I saw that water was trickling down one side of the eminence, and going to the top I found a spring boiling up out of the ground. The water was strong with soda. Not far away there is a second soda spring, somewhat colder. While I was examining this spring, a gentleman drove up. When I asked about the medicinal properties of the water, he said he didn't know what they were, but he had lived near the soda springs for fifteen years and had used the water, and in the fifteen years he had not had a day's illness. He added that the hill had been formed from a limestone deposit in the water. Hence, he thought that the spring had been in existence since the beginning of the world.

We were soon in sight of Mount Shasta, and after a while it was visible from base to summit, no mountain or hill intervened. Our arrival in Yreka roused a good deal of curiosity as I found out later. Who were we and where did we come from? Our driver was questioned, but could give no information. Then one of the hotel loafers suggested that we were the 'advance part of a show.' The problem was solved by the fact that among our baggage was a cage of magpies and a live owl. I was in Yreka to learn the Shasta language, and wishing to be comfortable and quiet while doing so. I found rooms and board in a private house, the home of Mr. Cleland, one of the merchants of the town. As soon as we were settled, I began to hunt for Indians. Dr. Hearn was the only man who could tell me much about them. The people of Northern California despise the red race, root and branch. They know nothing whatever of their language, customs, or beliefs.

I went to the Indian camp and found old men who were willing to tell me all they could remember of the myths and folklore of their people. I also found an Indian who could give me a vocabulary. Mr. Cleland's home was pleasantly situated. The house had a broad porch around it, and I spent most of my working hours there, for Mrs. Cleland did not want an Indian inside her house. While I was getting a vocabulary and learning the language, Alma took down myths, some of which are remarkable, considering the condition of the tribe. Our greatest trouble was that a dozen half-casts accompanied each old man, crowded around, and made work difficult.

Dr. Hearn called frequently. He was a well informed man and a fine conversationist. He had much to tell about the Yreka of mining days and the adventurers who swarmed there when the gold fever was at its height. In speaking of Mrs. Fair, a woman who had recently murdered a man in San Francisco, he said that the man she killed began his career in Yreka. In those days he wore pantaloons made of flour bags, the brand of the mill stamped on the back of them. By sharp practice he accumulated considerable money, became deputy sheriff and then sheriff. He wanted to go East to marry. To manage this and have his expenses paid, he had a charge of horse stealing brought against a man by the name of Thompson. He got a requisition from the governor of California and went to Missouri for the thief.

Thompson, meanwhile, was living in Sacramento valley and knew nothing whatever of the charge. The trickster received $1,700 for his services; married and brought his wife to Yreka. At the end of his term as sheriff he was worth $80.000. He went to San Francisco and invented the Sheba mine; hired two men to go to Nevada and 'start the mine.' They presented in San Francisco ore which was reported on as worth $200 a ton. He formed a company, bought a mill, and sold shares. In this war he made from five to six millions; then he sold out. As the mine did not exist, the stockholders were ruined. A few years later he was murdered by Mrs. Fair. G. W. Tyler, one of Mrs. Fair's attorneys, had washed out gold in Yreka. Later he was an auctioneer and then a San Francisco attorney. former governor Lucius Fairchild of Wisconsin was at one time in Yreka. When a man by the name of Steele received three beef critters as payment for pleading a case, he and Fairchild started a butcher shop. They prospered for awhile, then had a falling out, and dissolved partnership. The old inhabitants of Yreka were greatly pleased when news came that Fairchild had become governor of Wisconsin. Many another interesting history had come under Dr. Hearn's observation.

The heat of summer became almost unendurable. John, our owl, that had been a pet for us and a source of amusement for the Indians, though kept out in the shade, began to droop. A doctor came to examine him, but a few hours later John's spirit fled, to the mountains, perhaps. I buried his body under an apple tree in one corner of the orchard. Yreka is not a handsome

town. Most of the buildings are one-story wooden structures, and many of them are old and unpainted. Were it not for an abundance of vines and trees, the place would look dirty and dismal. Around the town on all sides are barren hills. One afternoon I drove out to Hawkinsville, a Portuguese settlement, the scene of the great mining activity of 1852. Almost no soil is left in that region. Destruction is complete! The earth is everywhere in mounds and ditches, and it will remain so for ages, for the dirt is gone, only rocks and stones remain. A few Chinese were at work in the debris; probably they found gold enough to keep hope alive.

July 17th we celebrated the anniversary of our marriage by starting on a journey to Fall River. Notwithstanding the heat, and the annoyance attendant upon trying to work with Indians, who wanted to lie in the shade and sleep, we were sorry to leave Mr. Cleland's hospitable home where kindness and goodwill reigned.

Our driver, an Irishman whose name was McNeal, was a droll old bachelor, his body about forty-five years old. his mind fifteen. One of the Cleland twins, a boy of sixteen, accompanied us 'for the pleasure of the trip.' We drove through Shasta valley, then crossed a series of mountains. Mount Shasta was on the left, and we approached it till we reached Sisson's in Strawberry valley. There the view is grand. From the porch of Sisson's hotel we watched, as the sun disappeared, the quickly changing tints of crimson which lighted up the snow on Shasta. As the last rosy shadow crept away from the summit, we were driven indoors by damp, chilly air.

Dutton of the United States coast survey was at Sisson's, and we spent an interesting evening together. Karly in the morning I was on the road to Fall River. We lunched near Squaw creek, a beautiful stream of water guarded on either side by majestic pine and fir trees. Through an opening Mount Shasta was visible. The mountain, the tall trees, and the swiftly flowing stream made a glorious picture. All that afternoon we drove across plains covered with sagebrush and through manzanita thickets.

McNeal, who drove his own horses and was frightened whenever they showed an inclination to trot, lost the road and went miles out of the way. Fortunately, we met a party of cattlemen who told us we were on the wrong road and how we could reach the right one without going back.

Just at dusk we came to Bartlett's ranch. The house was about the first one we had seen that day. The place is used as a summer pasture. We spent the night in the vacant house. The next morning we drove through a forest of majestic pine and fir trees. I have never seen such a forest outside of Russia. About midday we spread our luncheon under a tree near a mill and a house. The owner and his wife are natives of Fairview, Vermont. Toward evening we came into Fall river valley within a mile of the source of Fall river. There are a good many houses in the valley and here and there cultivated fields, but the lack of water is everywhere evident. Dust was a foot or more deep in the road; we were nearly suffocated with it. The so-called 'city' of Fall River is in reality a small town. I took rooms at the only hotel in the city, by all odds the dirtiest house I have ever been in — a fly hive. The food, mainly salt bacon, stewed beans, and heavy bread was black with flies. I never have seen so many flies in one place as were on the dining table in that hotel. The dining room opened into the kitchen, and the kitchen into the back yard where all kinds of refuse was thrown. Afraid of typhoid microbes, I ate only boiled eggs and drank black coffee.

The morning after our arrival I drove to an Indian settlement seven miles away and found an old man. Captain Joe, chief of the Pitt River Indians, who remembered some of the myths of his people, and a younger man who could give me a vocabulary of the language. The following day they came to the hotel, and Captain Joe told the Pitt River creation myth, which is remarkably fine. He knew many good myths and, while I worked with the language, Mrs. Curtin took them down. It was difficult to work steadily, for the heat was intense — 106° in the shade for three days in succession. I could not blame the Indians for getting listless and sleepy. One night during that heat wave, only two miles from town, there was a frost which nipped the corn.

One afternoon while sitting on the hotel porch, I heard a conversation between two of the leading ladies of the city. One was on horseback, the other was passing near the hotel. The 'Wild West' slang amused me. I intended to jot down the conversation but failed to, and only a few sentences remain in my memory. The woman on horseback called to her friend: 'I am mad! I want to go to the Odd Fellows' dance this evening, but my old man has got a bucking fit and won't let me go.'

'If I were you,' answered her friend, 'I would take him down and lick the bucking out of him.'

I learned that the offending husband was a small man. Possibly the woman was able to carry out her friend's suggestion.

When I had obtained a vocabulary of the Pitt River language, and all the myths the old men could tell, I spent a day at the Indian village near Burgettville, a miserable little place on the bank of Fall river — merely a collection of tumbling down shanties — and then set out for Hat Creek. Captain Joe went with us. It was a rough ride over hills and lava beds. At Hat Creek I secured rooms in the house of Mr. Bainbridge, as it was near the Indian 'camp.' Captain Joe went to the camp and returned with two old men. Shave Head and Buckkin. The latter was chief of the Hat Creeks. Shave Head told me the creation myth of his people. There are but few of those Indians left, and I feel that I was fortunate in getting their account of the creation. From Hat Creek we journeyed to Round Mountain going through Hat creek valley, Burney valley, and across Hatchet creek mountain. Mr. Hendricks' welcome made us feel that we had reached a hospitable home after a long and wearisome journey.

I had heard that Jennie, Bolly Roberts' wife, knew about the old time. August 14th, when the thermometer stood at 100° in the shade. I walked to her home, three miles from Hendricks', and about a mile and a half almost straight up a mountain. I found that Bolly was a good-looking white man, somewhat more than seventy years of age and a 49er. Jennie, a droll-looking Indian woman, was older than her husband. She was almost blind and disgustingly unkempt. The wretched hut they occupied had no window. In place of a window there was an opening with slats nailed across it. Bolly and his wife were evidently very poor. She was glad of a chance to earn money. Jennie and Round Mountain Jack came next day and began work. I took down myths in Yana and with Jack's assistance translated them into English. Sunday the 16th the thermometer stood at 105° in the shade from eleven o'clock in the morning till five o'clock in the afternoon. This excessive heat continued with slight variations for ten days. Jennie was suffering from chills and fever, but she was determined to work. While Jack and I were putting a myth into English, she would wrap herself in a blanket

and lie down in the sun to get warm. One Monday morning Jack was missing. I went to the camp and found that he was at 'Gum Creek' (Montgomery Creek) gambling. There were very few Indians in camp; many were away gathering manzanita berries, their staple article of food. These berries do not decay; hence, do not require drying or preserving. They are well suited for Indian food. Though I took this walk at eight o'clock in the morning, the heat was so intense that upon my return I had an Ague chill and then a high fever and was not well again for weeks.

We left Round Mountain the last day of August. Ensign of Buzzard's Roost was the owner and driver of our rickety outfit. The horses were underfed, the harnesses tied together with pieces of rope, and the wagon surely a forty-niner. I was not surprised when it broke down, and we had to wait for repairs.

That journey of forty miles was up and down stony hills. When there were a few rods of level road, the dust was a foot or more deep. At Yank's on Churn creek we lunched and let the horses rest. From there on the heat and dust increased. It was a terrible ride! I feared exhaustion from heat. The road was so bad, and the horses were so tired that they could not trot, they simply dragged along. Never was I happier to reach haven and rest than I was that night when we reached Major's hotel in Redding.

The following day I secured rooms at Smithson's, where I could have wholesome food and quiet. Mr. Smithson was one of California's pioneers. In 1850 he crossed the plains with his wife and three small children, making the journey from Illinois in six months. As soon as we were comfortably housed, I sent for old Norel-putis and Mike. They came and camped under a large tree near the river. I worked with them a number of days (including my birthday, September 6th). When an evening was cool, I went to their camp, sat in front of blazing sticks and talked with Norel-putis in Wintu about the Wintus of long ago (Lang-dady-Wintu). In 1864 Norel-putis was living at Woodman's, where he and his two wives had work. White men came and killed his wives and would have killed him had he been at home — he happened to be in Copper City. Had he been killed at that time, our knowledge of Wintu mythology would have been very slight. September 31st 1885 we started for Washington, D.C. I worked with Norel-putis and

Mike till nearly train time. A crowd of Indians came to the station to see us off. After I had said goodbye to them, they separated; some stood on the freight platform, and others along the railroad to wave a goodbye.

CHAPTER: 22

A Quiet Interval

I left an overcoat, and all the clothing I could spare, with Norel-putis. The poor old fellow was scantily clothed, and the rainy season was at hand. We crossed the Sierra Nevada mountains and September 12th were in Reno. The scenery in the Weber and the Echo river country interested me. Bluffs of naked limestone stand out like gigantic sentinels. Weber river, as it winds in and out around deep bluffs, is very picturesque. Devil's slide disappointed me; Moran's painting had created in my mind a much greater slide than the real one. At Green river the train was delayed for four hours. There were two young men, musicians in our Pullman; one had a banjo, the other a Jew's-harp, 'To shorten time' they played for us. We listened to the music while we watched the beautiful sunset and the shadows creeping over the Wyoming plains. We stopped a day in Buffalo to rest and to see old friends, especially Dr. Tremaine, and my classmate, Wheeler.

On my arrival in Washington, I found that all the force of the bureau of ethnology were at work on Filling's catalogues of Indian pamphlets and books. The work mapped out for me was Alaskan tribes. We settled in pleasant rooms on Capitol hill. Almost the first friend I met was Andrew G. Curtin, and right away we had a long heart to heart talk. He asked me to write his biography, promising to give me every detail of his life, especially of that part connected with the Civil War. 'Many men,' said he, 'have wanted to write up my war history. Some of them have been so persistent that Alma has had to aid me in getting rid of them. They wanted to make money and reputation; they were not interested in me or in anything I have accomplished. Alma said: 'Let Jeremiah do it, who is an honest and capable man.'

I felt that this was a great compliment, especially as the governor added that for several years he had had me in mind as 'the right man. But, greatly as I valued Governor Curtin's friendship and confidence, and fully as I realized

how much the work would mean for me, I felt that I could not give a year or more of my life to it; I had still many languages to learn, and journeys to make.

Our life for a few months was quiet. In the bureau I was occupied with the Alaskan work but I found time to read Hebrew and Persian, and with the assistance of Smith, a Cherokee Indian, I learned the Cherokee language. Evening hours were given to study. When I was too weary to work longer, Mrs. Curtin read aloud from the Mahabharata. The translator had sent me a complete set of that remarkable book. Later I wrote to Pratapa Chandra Ray: 'I have read carefully from beginning to end twenty-four volumes of your translation of the Mahabharata and can honestly say that I have never obtained more pleasure from reading any book. The Mahabharata should open the eyes of the world to the true character and intellectual rank of the Aryans of India. You are doing a great work, not only for Hindustan, but for the Aryan race in other countries. The Mahabharata is a mine of wealth, not entirely known, I suppose, at present, to any man outside of your country, but which will be known in time and valued in all civilized lands, for the reason that it contains information of the highest import to all men who seek to know in singleness of heart the history of our race upon the earth, and the relations of man with that Infinite Power above us, around us, and in us. Before reading your translation I had studied Sanskrit to the extent of having read in the original the Hitopadeaa, Nala, the Code of Maim, and the lligveda. Now, having read your translation, I have resolved to study all the great poems of India in the original. I have learned Bengalee, which is a very interesting language to a philologist, and is not difficult to read. In a few years I intend to visit India, become personally acquainted with your people, and study the Aryan religion and philosophy in the place of their birth and development.'

I once remarked to a far-traveled man and philosopher that for me the conquest of India was justified by the opening up to the world the wealth of thought in the literature, and that if England had done nothing more than make Sanskrit accessible to us, the fruits of the conquest would have been rich. He replied that perhaps at the end of the story that would be the chief result.

The idea that the colossal nature has dwarfed men is not true. Not greatness dwarfs men, but littleness, petty surroundings, petty associates, petty interests dwarf. Nowhere has the imagination of man been so active, mirrored in itself such colossal pictures and many of them so true as in Hindustan.

That Thanksgiving was a particularly happy one. I was free of care; I was in a beautiful city and among friends. We spent Christmas in Vermont with Mrs. Curtin's parents. New Year's day we were back in Washington. We were now a family of three for my wife's sister was with us. Leisure hours I spent in reading the Koran in Arabic. In June we journeyed to Warren again, called there by the death of Alma's grandmother, a woman whom I admired and loved. I worked diligently all the year of 1886. I rose before five o'clock, took a short walk, ate breakfast by gas light, then studied till nine o'clock — I was at work on Oriental languages. From 8:00 a.m. till 4:00 p.m. I was occupied at the bureau. Toward the end of March, 1887, I went to Versailles, New York, to work with the Seneca Indians. A week later I visited Buffalo to consult Dr. Tremaine, who told me, most emphatically, that mental rest was necessary. Nevertheless, I went back to Versailles and continued my work.

May 2nd I was present at an Indian funeral feast given by George White for his wife, ten days after her death. It was the last time that her spirit would enter the house and eat. A large quantity of cooked food was placed on tables in the living room of the house. An old man rose and eulogized the dead woman. Then he divided her clothing among her intimate friends. The relatives retained nothing; every article was given away. Then came the division of the food; none of it was used in the house. The Indians who participated in this funeral ceremony were all pagans. I like the pagan Indians better than the so-called Christian Indians; they were more truthful, faithful, and intelligent.

A week after this event I gave a 'pot feast' to the Indians of New Town, the pagan Indians who still adhered to their old customs. It was their usual spring festival after planting was over. I simply paid for the uncooked food. They assembled at the Long house. Three fires were built outside and over each fire a huge kettle was hung. In one kettle hulled corn was heated; in

the second beef soup was made; and in the third pork soup with brown beans. When each man and woman had partaken abundantly of the corn and soup, dancing began. The dances that afternoon were all of a religious nature: the 'Feather dance,' 'False face dance,' and other dances in honor of the Great Spirit, who gave the blessed springtime to man.

CHAPTER: 23

First Visit to Ireland (1887)

June 1st, 1887, I went to Washington, and on the 4th we sailed for Ireland. For many years I had been possessed with the idea that there was a great stock of myths current among the people of Ireland, as well as many of that class of facts which throw light on the history of the human mind. Facts of value to the scientific world. I hoped that there might still remain in the minds of the people of the remote districts of Ireland many idioms useful in explaining the language of the manuscripts preserved in the Irish academy, and myths that would supplement and strengthen recorded mythology. I was going to Ireland to settle that question.

I wanted to cross the ocean on the City of Chicago, of the Inman line. On inquiry I found that every stateroom was taken. But determination won the day. By paying seventy-five dollars extra I got the captain's room. The steamer must have carried a thousand passengers that trip. The clearing was interesting. I enjoy looking at unknown faces. At four o'clock all persons not passengers were ordered ashore. Then came the last hurried words and embraces. The immense iron doors, which shut off the pier, were lowered, and the journey began.

In the dining room that evening a lady with two daughters, one a vivacious, joyous girl of eighteen, the other an attractive child of five, had seats opposite us. Could we have looked into the future, we should have known that the three had come into our lives to remain during all the years given to us. I recall the names of only a few of our traveling companions: Father Cronin of Buffalo, a newspaper editor and well known educator; Father O'Meara; Father Doyle; ex-minister to Sweden, Thomas, on his way to Europe as correspondent for Harper's Magazine; Darwin, a gentleman from Australia, who had many interesting facts to tell us about his country; Mrs. Dougan and her daughters; and Mrs. Lynch, a typical Irish woman.

During the voyage Mrs. Lynch told me several fairy stories, all 'true.' I remember two: A woman had a beautiful child just learning to talk. One day the child began to fret and soon it became a poor, wizened thing that cried all the time. Once, when the child demanded bread, the mother had to go a mile or more to get it. The moment she was outside the door the boy got pipes out of his cradle somewhere and began to play. He played long and loud till it was time for the woman to come, then he hid the pipes and began to cry. A neighbor was watching him through a crevice in the wall. When the woman came, she said: 'Faith, and that is not your boy at all, but a villain of an old man that the fairies have brought.'

The next day the mother said she was going to a neighbor's. As soon as she was outside, the boy began to play, as before. She opened the door quickly and caught him. Then she knew that the creature in the cradle was a fairy. With the help of her neighbors she gathered hay and sticks to burn him. But he knew her intention. He flew up, out of the chimney, and off. In the cradle lay the woman's beautiful boy.

The second story was about a woman, who had much to do with fairies. Still she always went to mass. In chapel one Sunday the priest told the people to give her neither food nor shelter. She was present when he gave this command. She spoke up and said: 'Faith ye'll not be here yerself today week.'

'Why, what will ye do with me' asked the priest.

'Nothing, but ye'll not be here yerself to celebrate mass again.'

And sure he was dead and buried before the week was over. The woman came when they were saying mass for his soul. 'Sure,' said she, 'ye needn't be crying, for this moment he is saying mass in the fairy fort.' Fairy forts are circular earthworks found here and there throughout Ireland. Probably they are of Druidic origin.

The second or third day of the voyage, Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Thomas became declared enemies. By mistake they bought the same steamer chair, and neither would give it up. A heated controversy ensued. At last Mr. Thomas, speaking to a third person, made a remark about the ignorance and

arrogance of the 'newly rich.' Mrs. Lynch overheard the remark. Her Irish blood boiled up. Good manners were ignored, and Mr. Thomas was informed that he was 'no gentleman' as anybody could see by bis face. Mrs. Lynch kept the chair, and thenceforth Mr. Thomas avoided that side of the steamer. The concert for the benefit of sailors was amusing. Father Cronin recited 'Lord Ullin's Daughter'; Dr. Powell described his friend Buffalo Bill; another gentleman told us 'the real Enoch Arden story'; and I related the story of Pan Tverdovski. There was considerable music, and a good deal of mirth.

Monday the 15th land was sighted and, at six o'clock that afternoon, together with the priests, Mrs. Lynch, and a number of other passengers, among whom was our friend with her two daughters, we were landed at Queenstown. The view from that magnificent bay could never be finer. The glow of a brilliant sunset was over the entire city. It was a glorious picture! Father Cronin, returning to his birthplace after an absence of thirty years, was carried away with enthusiasm. Speaking of the size of the bay he declared that all the shipping of the world could find room there.

At the landing we were greeted by beggars. One of Dickens' characters was there, a dwarf who took a Saratoga trunk on his shoulders and pushed through the crowd.

Americans have a distrust of railroad officials. Hence, there was general consternation when we found that no checks were given for our baggage. Only a few of us expected to see it again. While waiting for the train, Mrs. Lynch asked a man to bring her a glass of water, for she felt ill. This he did with the remark: 'You are a strong woman to be so weak, but wait till ye have three blue duck eggs to eat. Faith they will cure ye.'

Fourteen of our traveling companions went with us to the Royal Victoria hotel in Cork, and for a number of days we made excursions together, up the Lee, to Blarney castle, and other places of interest. One day, when at the station to see a friend off, I witnessed a pathetic parting. An old, ragged, careworn woman was taking leave of her grandson, who had been ordered to the army. She made no effort to control her grief. She wrung her hands, cried aloud, and screamed with despair. At last her two daughters dragged her away screaming and cursing the queen. Tears were in the eyes and

wrath in the heart of many of the onlookers. Not a few of us felt like joining the old woman in her curses.

At Blarney castle attempts to kiss the Blarney stone caused much mirth. It was agreed that we would hold a certain young lady of the party by the feet while she reached down and kissed the stone, then each man would kiss her. She reached the stone, or professed to, then we drew her back, but, with female craft she kissed Father Cronin, then declared that after kissing a priest it would be sacrilege to kiss an ordinary man.

Near the castle are Druidic places of worship which greatly interested me. Rock altars facing east and west; on the east morning worship; on the west evening worship — pure sun adoration. While in Cork, I spent the greater part of three days with Dr. Sullivan, president of Queen's college, one of Ireland's celebrated Gaelic scholars, an intensely patriotic man. We talked about the political condition of the country. And he told of his career, and the obstacles that had been maliciously placed in his path. A grandchild, four years old, was making 'grandpa a visit.' Kathleen was a remarkably bright and intelligent little creature. When I asked where her home was, she answered: 'I am from County Mayo, God help me!'

Queen's college, built on a low hill, overlooks the city. The grounds around it are extensive and beautiful. It is an ideal home for a scholar, but Dr. Sullivan was old, and his strength was failing under the burdens he bore.

At this time William O'Brien and his friend Kilbride returned from Canada. Crowds welcomed them with enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. While in Canada, O'Brien narrowly escaped death, but he succeeded in thoroughly exposing Lord Landsdown and his treatment of his Irish tenants. A reception was held for the patriot, and there was a banquet in the hall of commerce. The banquet began at eight in the evening and ended at two o'clock in the morning. There was a brilliant assembly. The leaders of O'Brien's party were present, and many of the important citizens of Cork and Dublin. There was speech making; wit and repartee sent telling shafts here and there; good feeling and patriotism prevailed. Toward the end patriotic songs were sung. I was glad to make the acquaintance of so many of Ireland's patriots.

From Cork to Tralee the country looks like a gigantic checkerboard. The blocks are of all sizes and shapes; the dividing lines are stone walls and earth ridges covered with moss. The land is mainly uncultivated. It is impossible for poor people to pay the exorbitant rent demanded by the landlords; hence, they go to America, or stay at home and, in many cases, die from lack of sufficient nourishment. At Mallow there was a delay of several hours' duration. I walked around the village and went into two or three houses. In each house I met a pleasant welcome. In the first was an elderly woman, her married daughter, and her daughter's seven young children. The house consisted of one small room with an earth floor, a ladder led to the loft. In the room was a wooden cradle, a board bed, and two or three benches. The family had relatives in America and were interested in the politics of our country. In the second house was a feeble, old woman, who was petting a blind chicken. When I asked her if she knew anything about the fairies, she said: 'No, but my father, who lived when fairies and witches were in Ireland, once saw a firkin of butter walking along the road. When it was near a witch's house, a squad of soldiers met it, and one of the soldiers ran a bayonet through the butter. That stopped the firkin.

'Faith, and my father saw this with his own eyes: One morning a neighbor came to our house, picked up a firebrand, and ran out with it. A man was sitting there who knew what that meant. He took a piece of burning peat and threw it into our butter firkin. If he hadn't done that, we would have been a whole year without butter. It would have been stolen from us, for it was May morning.'

In Tralee I stopped at Blennerhassett Arms. Mrs. Lynch had told me so much about her three old aunts and their experience with fairies that the first move I made was to go to their home. Strand street is a street of straw-thatched houses, and in one of those houses I found Mrs. Lynch and her aunts. The eldest aunt, when a child, had a fairy stroke. Running after cows she got so thirsty that she drank from a spring near a fairy fort. This angered the fairies, 'and from that day out she was blind.' I spent several days in Tralee. I was interested in the quaint, old town. I had met in America a good number of persons who had mentioned it as their birthplace and I found that nearly every family there had relatives in the United States.

From Tralee to Ballybunnion was a pleasant trip by train and jaunting car. Ballybunnion was a dreary place then; one street with a few shops and two or three business houses; a row of straw-thatched cottages, the roofs so near the ground that a man while walking along could pull straw from them. On a cliff of the seashore are the ruins of an ancient castle or stronghold; only one wall is standing, but it is the attraction of the town.

The mouth of the Shannon is around a bluff not far from the old castle. The bluffs along the seashore are honey-combed with caves. At low tide it is possible to row from one into another. About one cave there is a story to which the inhabitants of Ballybunnion give full credence. An Irish king had nine daughters. He found that one of those daughters was in love with a man whom he hated, an enemy, and that she had given him the keys of the fortress. Unable to discover which one of the nine daughters it was, he had all nine pushed from the edge of the opening into the ocean below, and drowned.

I spent several hours rowing through the caves with Father Cronin and Father Godley. Father Godley told many amusing incidents that had come within his own experience. One was about a couple who came to him to be married. The groom in putting the ring on the bride's finger dropped it, and the accident made her so angry that she struck him a heavy blow on the side of his head, saying, meanwhile, 'Take that, ye fool'

The man did not retaliate. 'But, said Father Godley, 'I was very angry and I deeply regretted that I had already spoken the words which made them man and wife.'

He told of a woman a hundred and five years old whom he had 'prepared the previous Sunday she had walked eight miles to mass and two weeks later she walked the same distance. She lived till she was a hundred and seven vears old.

We had been in Ballybunnion a few days when Mrs. Lynch arrived with her little daughter and her maid. Then there was excitement. She hired pipers and invited the young people of the village to a dance. They gathered on the cliff, near the wall of the old castle, and had a merry time. The hotels of

Ballybunnion were wretchedly kept. The servants received no pay, they simply 'took their chances,' that is, had what guests gave them.

Ireland in 1887 was in a deplorable condition. Many laborers received for a long day's work only 'one and three pence' which is about thirty-one cents, and with this pittance supported a family of eight or ten children. The poor lived almost wholly on what they called gruel, corn meal boiled in water. When they worked for landlords, they were not given food. They got thirty-one cents and 'found' their own sustenance. Mill girls received twenty-five cents a day. It was only fortunate people who could get plenty of potatoes and salt to eat.

Walking one day with Father O'Conner, a priest who had twenty parochial schools under his care, we came upon a family of beggars sitting by the roadside — a man, his wife, and five children. When questioned, the man said he could find no work to do. To get enough to keep his family from starving he was forced to travel around and beg from house to house. 'This,' said Father O'Conner, 'is not an unusual case. I am heartsick over the condition of my people.' A priest afterward told me that out of a parish of 27,000 people 10,000 were so poor as to be reduced to begging on the streets of Cork.

I was in search of men who knew myths and could speak Gaelic. I found these men in Ballybunnion. In most cases they were Limerick farmers, who, not well, had come to the seashore to rest. The weather was too warm for pleasure out-of-doors, so I assembled the old men in a large room of the hotel, and each day they talked with me in Gaelic, told me of strange adventures, told their Iwliefs' (superstitions), and their myths. One of my myth tellers was O'Conner, a Limerick man. He knew the story of the battle fought at Bantry bay, 'a battle which lasted a year and a day and ended when only seven men of all the great forces were left.'

O'Conner was a believer in fairies. He had many incidents to relate which had come under his own observation. One was of a Protestant clergyman who bought land on which here was a fairy fort. The clergyman had the fort leveled to the ground. 'But if he did, he was never well from that day out, and died inside of twelve months.'

A feeble, old man told me a few myths which he knew. When his daughter came to help him home, I had food brought for her. She refused to eat, but I insisted, and she yielded. Though forty years old, it was the first time she had ever sat at a table covered with a cloth. Among other eatables there was fruit jam. The woman said she had not seen any since she was six years old when, for doing an errand, the landlord's wife gave her a slice of bread spread with jam. Not knowing 'what the dark stuff was,' she laid the bread down, she was afraid to eat it. The woman was so angry that she caught hold of her and gave her a shaking that she had never forgotten.

One bright afternoon I went with Father Godley to a mountain two miles from Ballybunnion. The mountain is 880 feet above sea level, but the land slopes up gradually. On the mountain side were several vacant huts. Poor people built those huts and dug up peat till they had land enough to plant a few potatoes in. No sooner was that done than a landlord claimed the mountain and put such rent on the hitherto worthless land that the poor people were unable to pay it. They were driven from their huts to the road to beg or starve. One old woman lived for weeks in a ditch, without shelter of any kind.

The poverty of the people of Ireland and the oppression they endure is beyond belief. Father Godley told me that often when a man was at work for a landlord who had cows, his wife went with him in the morning; she milked eight or ten cows and helped to skim milk and wash milk pails and pans. For this she received one quart of skimmed milk for her children. She did the same at night and got the same reward; giving from three to four hours' hard work for milk worth less than one cent— fresh milk was five cents a quart. He said that with the laborers of Ireland it was a question of living on the verge of starvation, or going to America if they could find some one to pay their passage. If a tenant had children in America, the landlord was still more demanding. Most of the money sent found its way into landlords' pockets.

One day when O'Conner and I were walking around a bluff, I looked down and saw several small, straw-covered hovels built as though out of the bluff among the rocks of the seashore. I asked why they were vacant and was told that poor people, unable to pay rent, got enough together, after a long

struggle, to build those wretched homes. No sooner were they built than a landlord appeared who said he owned the bluff. He demanded rent. They could not pay. O'Conner himself saw their few household articles thrown out onto the sand. Another landlord said he owned the sand of the seashore. Whoever took a load of sand must pay for it. At last the priest brought a lawsuit against the landlord and won the suit, for he proved that the sand washed up by the sea could not be private property. If a tenant improves land, builds a thatched cottage, puts up out buildings, or in any way increases the value of the place he has rented, the landlord at once advances the rent. If the tenant does not pay the advanced rent, he is thrown out, and his labor benefits the landlord only.

O'Conner told me that once when the old Duke of Sutherland was coming to visit his Irish estates, his tenants hired an old tinker to pretend to be a tenant. They dug a grave, made a coffin, put the old man into it, and formed a long procession. When the duke was on his estate and near home, the procession met him. As it was passing he asked: 'Who is dead?'

'No one. Your Honor,' answered a tenant.

'Whom have you in that coffin?'

'One of our old men.'

'What are you going to do with him?'

'Bury him. Your Honor.'

'What! bury him alive?'

'Yes, Your Honor.'

'Stop! instantly! What inhuman brutes you are!'

'We can't help it. Your Honor. He is useless. He can't work, and we can't support old folks; we have nothing for them to eat. It is better to bury them.'

'How is it that you haven't enough to eat?'

'Your Honor, it takes all we can raise to pay the rent.'

'This shall not be! Go home. Let the old man live. I will see that you have plenty to eat.'

The duke at once reduced the rent ten shillings on an acre. He was a 'soft.' old man and believed everything that was told him. His son was no such man. He would have said: 'Bury your old men, but pay me my rent.'

From Ballybunnion I went to Listowel by side-car and then to Newcastle West. A river, which can be crossed on steppingstones, runs through that town, and there are many trees along either bank. The river and the trees make the place attractive. I was fortunate in arriving on the day of a cattle show, for I had a chance to talk with men from adjoining towns. It was a pleasure to go around among the cattle. Reared on small farms and petted when young, they were tame and affectionate. It was also butter market day. The farmers brought their butter in small, hooped firkins, on a donkey-cart. They paid a penny a firkin to enter the market enclosure and 'take chances' of selling the butter. "While I was talking with a farmer who had a donkey load of hay to sell, he called out to a boy who was teasing the animal: 'Git away from that donkey or he'll ate ye.' I asked if the donkey wouldn't prefer to eat hay. 'Indeed not, he'd rather the boy for he is cross,' said the farmer. In the crowd I met my Ballybunnion myth teller O'Conner and the following day I went to look at the farm he rented. I had never been in an Irish farmhouse and it interested me. The kitchen was a large, low room with rafters overhead. It had an earth floor and a huge fireplace where the cooking for the family was done. In a second, but much smaller room, there was a board floor, a homemade couch, several chairs, and a bed.

O'Conner had asked an old man, an ex-schoolmaster, to meet me. He brought with him a manuscript a hundred and twenty years old. After patiently listening to a long story about the manuscript, I asked the old man if he could tell me a Gaelic myth. His answer was: 'I don't care to be telling lies that have been handed down from father to son. I care only for things that have been recorded and are authentic.' I told him that the manuscript contained myths which had been handed down for a thousand years or more but I couldn't reason with him. What was written was true. I went from Newcastle West to Knockaderry to look over the parish records. The old

records were written in Latin, the ink was faded from age. I found only one item that interested me: the birth of a child to Diemetria Curtin and Joanna Curtin, born Cronen. My grandfather's name was Jeremiah, but Diemetria is used in Latin for Jeremiah: my grandmother's maiden name was Joanna Cronen.

A few days later I was in Dublin at the Imperial hotel, one of the worst kept houses I have ever stopped at. I wished to meet the Gaelic scholars of Dublin: Professor O'Looney, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Fleming, Canon O'Hanlon, and others, and to examine the Gaelic manuscripts. Those manuscripts fill about 2,000 volumes and are kept in the Royal Irish academy and the University of Dublin. This is the largest collection of myths in Europe. Neither in ancient nor modern times had any nation on the mainland such a collection.

During my stay in Dublin, I frequently visited Professor O'Looney at his Krumlin home. He was a man who loved his own Gaelic language, and the preservation of it was the subject ever uppermost in his mind. The 17th of July, our anniversary, was spent with O'Niel, the sculptor, and we passed a delightful evening listening to Gaelic melodies of the old time. Mrs. O'Niel was a fine harpist. She not only had a magnificent modern harp, but one of the finest of the ancient harps of Ireland, an heirloom.

I again met William O'Brien and had long talks with him regarding the condition of the country.

July 25 all Ireland, except one county, was proclaimed under the Crimes act. It was an interesting time politically, but I was in Ireland to study Gaelic and collect myths and I avoided politics in as far as possible. I spent several hours each day in the Irish academy, or with old men who came to tell me myths. Evenings Mr. Fleming came to read Gaelic with me.

I visited Professor Joyce at Bray, a delightful summer resort on Dublin bay. A few days later I went, with Wakeman, the artist, to see the house where Tom Moore was born. In the lower part was a dramshop. Perhaps, there has always been one there, for the father of our world -renowned poet kept a dramshop. I saw the room where the poet was born and the room where convivial feasts were given by his mother when he was advancing toward

manhood. I climbed the worn staircase to the room where he wrote his first poems and read them to his comrades. I looked out of the same window that he looked from and I saw a bright-eyed little child. the first one born in the house since Moore's birth. That same day I went to Howth hill. In the evening I was at a banquet given by the lord mayor. At that banquet I made the acquaintance of Patrick Collins, then our consul to England, later mayor of Boston, a man of most remarkable mentality.

Before leaving Dublin, I visited Burke's birthplace, and the spot where Emmet, the martyr, was hung, drawn and quartered by the humane English, who try now to rouse the world against the Russians, professedly because they send Polish 'patriots' to Siberia.

I spent a few pleasant hours with Canon O'llanlon. who was writing the I Avert of the Irish Saints; and I dined with one of the most interesting women in Ireland. Miss O'Connor, a descendant of the kings of Ireland, a cousin of our renowned advocate, Charles O'Connor. Though old, Miss O'Connor was still a skillful musician. She entertained us by playing on the piano and also on the harp, music of her own composition.

From Dublin we went to Belfast. In our compartment was an insane man. We watched him constantly, ready to defend ourselves should he attack us. Our relief was great when, after an hour's run, the train drew into a large station and stopped. I signaled to the conductor and changed compartments.

From Belfast I set out to visit remote places in the West. On the way to Strabane I met an old gentleman well acquainted with every part of the island, except the extreme West. When I told him what I was in search of, he said: 'I am afraid you will be unsuccessful. When I was young, I heard many a fine story of Fin Mac Cool and the kings of Erin. But the men who knew those stories are dead and gone — dead from hunger, old age, or drowning in the sea — gone to America, Australia, or elsewhere. You remember that we had a population of over 8.000.000, at the end of 1846, and at the end of 1848 but 5,000,000 — 3,000,000 of souls gone in two short years. Of the 3.000,000, 2,000,000 died of hunger. After 1848 came a systematic extermination of the Gaelic language and, when the language is gone, the stories are gone. The people are changed too, and I am afraid you will travel far and find but little of what you seek.' Reference to the

persecution of the language brought to mind what was told me by one of the members of the Gaelic society in Dublin. He said that when a schoolboy he was obliged to wear a sort of wooden collar around his neck; any person who heard him speak a word of Gaelic had the right to cut a nick in the collar and when he appeared at school the master gave him a flogging for each new nick. In spite of discouraging words I continued my journey. At Strabane we encountered what I called a rainstorm, but for the inhabitants of the place it was simply 'soft weather.' Every person I met had the same greeting for me: 'A soft day, Sir, a soft day!'

On an eminence in the town of Donegal are the ruins of an old monastery. Here and there walls are still standing which show that the structure occupied a large extent of ground. Among the broken walls are the graves of many of the O'Donnell family. The monastery was destroyed by a desperate battle fought on the eminence. After the battle the monks crept back, built cottages among the ruins, and wrote The Annals of the Four Masters, one of the great books of the world.

It is seventeen miles from Donegal, over the hills and along the bay, to Killybegs. In any other conveyance than a side-car, it would be a pleasant ride, but a side-car is not adapted for easy riding over rough roads. Not successful in finding men in Killybegs who spoke Gaelic and knew myths. I went to Carrick. As I traveled east the land grew poorer and poorer, and very rocky.

Near Carrick is Slieve League, one of the highest mountains in Ireland. The morning after my arrival in Carrick, I went to Teelin point to see the people and get an idea of their knowledge regarding myths. I had, as usual, to listen to tales of oppression. The proprietor of the hotel in Carrick 'claimed the ocean' and allowed no one to fish near the coast where fish were. He forced them to starve or go out in the sea where there was danger, and almost no catch. He kept men to guard the coast and drive the inhabitants away. I found later that these statements were true. Teelin point is two miles from Carrick. In the first house I entered I found a man, his wife, and seven children. The oldest child was fifteen years of age. The children, from five years up, were knitting socks and underskirts. For a pair of socks, two days' steady knitting, they received twelve cents! It was a house of two rooms,

and a room for the pig. For the use of two acres of wretchedly poor land the man paid a rent of ten dollars. Until the previous year he and his family had lived in a hovel. At that time the woman's brother died in America, and she inherited a share of his property. They built the house and then had what they considered a fine home. The roof of the house was made of straw and turf fastened down with straw ropes; the floors were of mother earth. In the living room, which was also the kitchen, there were two long benches, a deal table, and a cradle of home manufacture; in the cradle was straw, and on the straw a child of six months was sleeping. I found that the owner of this house, Donald McBreearty, knew a good number of fine myths and later I spent many hours with him each day bringing my luncheon from the hotel. When dinner time came for the family, the mother hung a kettleful of potatoes over a turf fire. When the potatoes were boiled sufficiently, she turned them into a basket pan and put the pan on one of the benches. The family gathered around as best they could, and, with the addition of a bit of boiled salt fish, made their meal. Then the mother swept the potato skins in for the pig.

From a point not far from the house, two men were always on the side of a hill watching the bay so that no man, save the men employed by the rich owner of Carriek hotel, sold fish near the shore.

Where there is little food to cook in a peasant's house, there is not much work to do. Donald's wife neglected everything in order to earn a few pennies by knitting. Oppression is not an incentive to work. Donald was lazy and unkempt. It was a trial to sit near him; often both my head and stomach rebelled. One day when he was too indolent to work, I went to Carrigan head and there, among the hills and rocks, found a house. In the living room hung the carcass of a calf. It was to be sold to pay rent. In one corner of the room a live calf was eating from a pile of grass. When I hung up my ulster, I disturbed a hen that was roosting on a beam. The owner of this house, Barror, an old man, told me a very good myth.

One morning when we were walking to Teelin, it began to rain heavily. A man driving a donkey-cart overtook us and, whether he invited us or we insinuated that 'a lift' would be acceptable, we were made welcome and, seating ourselves in the end of the cart with our feet hanging over, we rode

to Teelin. The man, Mike Byrne by name, was very talkative; he was a fish dealer. He said that he made just money enough to furnish food for himself, his wife, and his donkey. He had a son in America, who helped him with the rent. That afternoon I went up the hill to Barror's to have the old man tell me another myth. On the way I rested for a few moments in a house where a pig that weighed at least 200 pounds lay in the kitchen, stretched on his side in front of the peat fire. When I congratulated the woman on having such a fine, fat pig, her answer was: 'God be blessed, that's our rent.' While I was talking with Barror, two women English tourists who had been at Jiunglass, halted at the door and stared at the family, much as though they were some new species of monkey.

One day I went to the top of Slieve League. High up on the side of the mountain men and women were digging turf. They were going to carry it, in baskets, to their homes: a wearisome task to walk so far, dig the turf, and carry down the heavy baskets.

From the summit of Slieve League, which is 1,900 feet high, there is a grand view of the ocean. We looked at the 'one-man path' around one of the highest peaks, but did not care to travel it.

In a small house near the foot of the mountain I found a man, James McLaughlin, who told me a good myth, and I spent the following day at his house taking down what myths he knew. Work in a small, dark room where a peat fire is burning and hens are roosting is very wearisome for one accustomed to fresh air and light. Donald thought there were old men in Glen Columbkille who knew about fairies, so I went there.

I found no accommodations at the Public house; but was directed to 'The Lodge,' the landlord's house, which was used only in the hunting season. At other times the caretaker was permitted to rent it by the day or week. We were soon established with the caretaker to cook for us. A turf fire was lighted, and candles were brought. We were satisfied and cheerful till Alma discovered that we were to be alone in the house, and there were no locks or bolts on the doors. When I arranged for the caretaker to sleep in the house, she was less nervous. But he was a stranger, and she was uneasy till a heavy table had been moved against one door of our sleeping room, and a pencil

put into the other in such a way that it would fall if anyone touched the door.

During the week we spent in Glen Columhkille I talked with most of the old men living there and obtained a few excellent myths. I visited the celebrated holy well and got a good photograph of it. The trip was interesting, and I returned to Carrick satisfied with its results. The next day I went to Kilcar to examine a bog where turf had been cut down many feet deep, and a forest of tree stumps uncovered. Unquestionable proof that a thousand years ago, or more, there was a dense forest in that section.

We left Carrick the last day of August. The country was green and beautiful. It was the harvest season. Along the road and off in the fields were huge ricks of hay, thatched over as a protection from rain. Mowing was done with a sickle, the grass turned mostly by hand. Not even a fork was used or a rake. I spent two days at Enniskillen on Loch Erne where the scenery is very beautiful, but the old people knew no myths, so I went to Dundalk bay, the place where Bruce was crowned and lived in royal splendor for two years. There with his Scotch and Irish followers, he fought against the English. There he was killed and was buried. Later I visited Drogheda where Cromwell massacred people, for five days. The scenery along the eastern coast of Ireland is different from that of the western coast which is striking and in places grand. The scenery of the eastern coast is only beautiful.

It was pleasant to be back in Dublin to talk over my adventures with Professor O'Looney, and the condition of Ireland with Major McHenery. who was a member of the Land league that had just been proclaimed illegal, and its meetings forbidden....

After a few days I went to Galway. The interesting part of the town for one is the Claddagh. Till recent times the Claddagh fishermen governed themselves. In the old time they had their own king. I found an assemblage of small stone huts in all stages of decay. They were near together and built, without regularity, wherever there was a sufficiently large plot of land.

The second man I met was a sailor. I asked if he knew an old man who could tell stories. He said that he did and he conducted me to one of the

houses where I found an aged couple sitting by a turf fire, their morning meal, on a chair, in front of them. The meal consisted of a bowl of tea and some bread the woman had baked on the coals. They welcomed me pleasantly, and the old man told me a long myth. The following day there was a horse fair. It was held on the strand of the sea, but the streets of Galway were crowded till a late hour of the night. People had come from villages forty or even sixty miles away. I had a good opportunity to see the different types of Irish in County Galway. Among the people were men dressed as was usual a hundred years ago, in knee pants, and tail coats trimmed with brass buttons; the women wore immense cloaks made of long wool.

I spent a week in Galway working each day, from morning till evening, with old men at the Claddagh. The trials of myth collecting were intensified by the misery of the people and the terrible condition in which they lived. Each house was, from necessity, a pigpen. If a pig was kept at all, it had to live with the family. In the house where I got the best myths, two pigs lived under the bed which was a high box affair, with something on top which answered for bedding. When the pigs were hungry, there was a fierce squealing. The woman tried to quiet them, but evidently they were not accustomed to confinement. They got desperate, broke into the room, and began to lick the pots and kettles which stood around the fireplace.

I spent only three days in Athenry, for the public house was dirty almost beyond endurance. A sheep-fair was in full blast when I arrived, and I had a chance to get acquainted with some of the old farmers. There had been a heavy rain, and mud was nearly ankle deep in the streets. I drove to Ballinacrag and brought back an old man who knew myths. Under most unpleasant circumstances, for there was tumult and drunkenness in the rooms adjoining mine, I took down all he knew. Then I went to Limerick. I called on the mayor and found him a man fully alive to the condition and needs of the country.

I went again to Newcastle West and to Knoekaderry and out to the townland of Grange on the river Deel. In that township, I think, my grandfather was living when he decided to come to America. I visited an old cemetery below Knockaderry. Though there were many stones, I found but one legible

inscription, that bore the date 1783. From Newcastle West I went to the Lakes of Killarney. I enjoyed the beautiful scenery but I found no myths. Each boatman knew stories, but as a rule they were stories made to amuse travelers. In Mallow I collected a few myths, one or two from a man who lived in the dirtiest house I have ever been in. Four pigs were eating in the kitchen. I could not stay indoors, so I went with the old man beyond a pile of manure which was just at the back door, to a little garden, and wrote down his myths. In Fermoy I visited a family of Furlongs, distant relatives of mine. Their beautiful home is on elevated ground and commands a splendid view of hills and old castles.

CHAPTER: 24

Discovers Henryk Sienkiewicz

September 21st, 1887 we sailed from Queenstown to New York, on the steamship Ohio. When we were three days out, a child died. The burial service was read, the steamer stopped for two minutes, and the body was lowered to the ocean. Sept. 26th the fog bell rang from morning till evening and then all night. Waves washed over the deck, and the steamer groaned as it rocked from side to side. But gradually the storm abated, and the last days of the voyage were pleasant. On the morning of the 30th the glad words went from passenger to passenger, 'The pilot is on board!'

We were again in Washington. How fine, and calm, and bright the beautiful city looked that autumn morning. It was a joy to be at home. The journey, though intensely interesting and instructive, had been in a way depressing and wearisome.

I secured a pleasant apartment and excellent board at 1115 G street and again I was busy with bureau work. I began also to get my Irish myths ready for publication. I rose at five o'clock each morning, had a cup of coffee, and then wrote for two hours before breakfast. From four in the afternoon I wrote till nine or ten in the evening.

December 17th I spent with O'Connor and Sir Thomas Esmonde, Irish members of the English parliament, who had come to America to tell people about the political condition of Ireland. That evening there was a crowded and enthusiastic meeting at Masonic temple. Senators Sherman and Ingalls. presided; Springer of Illinois made a brilliant speech. He was ready for America to seize arms and strike down the enemies of Ireland. His speech breathed war. His audience was sympathetic; he was cheered time after time. Frederick Douglass, the celebrated negro, was present. When he was called to the platform, he announced that he had 'not come to make a speech but to lend color to the meeting.' This remark called forth laughter and loud cheers.

O'Connor and Ksmonde described in plain, unexaggerated terms, the wretched condition of Ireland, but they were too phlegmatic. Had there not been sympathetic fiery Americans among the speakers, the meeting would have been a failure. The following day the two patriots were shown the city. I was in a carriage with Esmonde. He gave most of the time, not to sight-seeing, but to discussing the political condition and persecution of Ireland.

Christmas week we were in Boston, and I went to Cambridge to see Fiske. He had changed in personal appearance; he had taken on many pounds avoirdupois, but his mind was never more alert. He was humorous and to converse with him when he was in a joyous mood was to laugh almost continuously. After luncheon I took Alma to see the rooms I had occupied when a student.

December 24th we went to Vermont. Our homecoming was a surprise. It was a happy Christmas. Unlike the proverbial son-in-law. I was very fond of Alma's father and mother. We left Warren the first day of January 1888. Usually in going to and from that town we crossed Loxbury mountain, but that time the road was under snowdrifts. It was necessary to drive through the valley to Middlesex, then go by train to Koxbury where at one o'clock in the morning we could get the night express for Boston. The ride from Warren to Middlesex was agreeable, the sleighing was not had, and I had a witty driver, who did his very hest 'to shorten the road' for us.

In Boston again I dined with Fiske, and after dinner he said: 'My Hieremias, I have a treat for you. We will take a trip to England,' and, hunting up a journal, he began to read notes that he had written from day to day when we were living together in London. His quaint, original way of stating facts amused us immensely, and from time to time we indulged in hilarious laughter. His delightful way of recalling those joyous days in London gave us great pleasure. During that short stay in Boston I spent an afternoon and evening with John Boyle O'Rielly, a man for whom I had the most sincere respect and admiration.

Not long after my return to Washington, I was drawn into a controversy with Professor Gatschet of the bureau of ethnology regarding a certain tribe of Indians of southern California. I maintained that it belonged to one

linguistic group, and he that it belonged to another. My opinion proved correct, but it took valuable time to clear up the question.

That winter we boarded at Strathmore Arms. Representatives La Follette and Caswell of Wisconsin, and Mason of Illinois, were at the same house. We had many lively after dinner chats. Mason was a jovial, good-natured man. La Follette impressed me as an untiring worker, a man who did not act upon impulse but weighed well the chances for and against.

The winter and spring passed pleasantly. I read articles before different societies, one on Irish mythology before the Anthropological society. There were social duties, but I avoided them in as far as possible. Time was too precious to waste. There was always some language I wanted to learn. In June I was in Boston to attend the twenty-fifth anniversary of my class. Sixty-seven men were present out of a class of 125. While in Boston I arranged for Little, Brown and Company to publish my Irish myths. I left in New York with Alden and company Taraa Bylba, a novel I had translated from Russian. On my return to Washington I took an apartment on Capitol hill, thinking it cooler there than on G street.

One afternoon when going home I noticed that a man who sat near me in the car was reading a Polish magazine. The car was not crowded, and I was soon able to get a seat at his side. When I addressed him in Polish, his face lighted up, and he was eager to know who I was and where I learned his language. Then, speaking of the magazine he held in his hand, he said that each month he anxiously awaited its arrival, for a story, written by Henryk Sienkiewicz, was appearing in it serially. He offered to loan me the back numbers of the magazine and that evening he brought several to my rooms. The following day I ordered from Poland a copy of Sienkiewicz' trilogy: With Fire and Sword, The Deluge, and Pan Michael. As I followed the course of Slavonic literature with more or less care, I knew that the works of this author had aroused interest among Poles and Russians, and that they were voluminous, but when I saw thirteen volumes of more than 4,000 pages brought in and laid on the table, I thought: 'Here is a good deal of a good thing.' I had ordered this trilogy to read, not to translate, and I thought to put it aside for a season of more leisure. But on looking over With Fire and Sword the opening chapter seemed so vivid, and the style so striking,

that I read the work through without delay. American readers would be delighted with this book; they ought to have it. I will translate it. That was my immediate decision. A little later I read The Deluge and then Pan Michael. The splendid gallery of historical word pictures in those volumes caused me immense and keen delight.

CHAPTER: 25

California Again 1888

I had no time to spare that summer but I translated two chapters of With Fire and Sword just to break ground as it were. In September I received orders to proceed to Northern California to study the languages and get vocabularies of the different tribes of Indians living in Humboldt county. We left Washington September 28th, going to Vermont to say goodbye to the family. There had already been a snowstorm; Roxbury mountain was beautiful. The boughs, branches, and twigs of the evergreen trees were loaded with snow. While in Warren, I wrote the preface of Taras Bvlba. October 1st we started for Milwaukee. That was our last parting with one member of the home family. Alma's father died the following July, some months before our return.

From Milwaukee I went to Greenfield and visited the familiar places on the old farm. As it was Sunday, I went to church to look for known faces. I found only three or four.

On the way West I stopped in Minneapolis to see my mother and brother.

Bismarck, North Dakota, surprised me. I had thought of it as quite a city. I found it a small prairie town built on a sandy side hill. When we reached Washington territory, I was interested in the mountain scenery, and in the railroad, a wonderful example of skillful engineering. Near the summit of a high mountain we just escaped a fearful accident— a coupling broke. If a chain had not held, half of the train would have sped down the mountain or gone off the track into a deep ravine. There was excitement when the passengers knew what danger they had been in.

October 21st we were in Tacoma. Not many years earlier the whole country was covered with a dense forest. At this time on one lot there was a fine house, on another immense tree stumps. In the business part of the town the hitching posts were stumps. There were many foreigners in the place, and

everybody had a 'just come' look. From the hill the view is fine on a bright clear day, but I imagine there are not many of those days in a year. The Tacoma house was large, but the service was wretched.

When we reached a station six miles from Yreka, the first man I saw was Sam McNeal the man who, three years before, went with us from Yreka to Pitt river. He was now driving a hack from the station to town. I employed him of course. Every few minutes he would laugh and say: 'Well, well, I never expected to see you again.' We had scarcely entered the hotel when Miss Cleland called with the message: 'Mother says you can not stop at a hotel in Yreka. You must come to us.' Each member of the Cleland family welcomed us with great cordiality. It seemed like a homecoming. Three days later we went to Redding. I found there a new hotel. Judge Bush, who was called the 'Father of Redding,' assured me the town had great possibilities. It seemed to me growing in size but also in wickedness. There were several gambling dens and two or three saloons in every block. The sand in the main street was over our shoe tops, and every unirrigated lot was in the same condition as the streets.

I crossed the ferry to Reed's and found that Wintu Mike was at the hatchery on McCloud river, fishing. Reed was greatly exercised over the politics of the country; he was working to get into the legislature. I decided to go to the hatchery and find Mike. The air was cool, and the ride across mountains, manzanita flats, and through forests of scrub pine was pleasant. There was sand everywhere, except where there was irrigation, for the earth had been dry since June. When we reached Pitt river, we circled around a high mountain where many of the curves were so short that they were frightful. It was the old stage road to Oregon. At last we rushed down a mountain side into a ravine and there was McCloud river.

The hatchery, at that time the largest in the world, was shut in by high hills. It was in charge of George Williams, an agreeable young man from New Hampshire. He had finished his education in Germany and obtained this government position. Connected with the hatchery was a store, a boarding house, and the superintendent's home. When I inquired about accommodations. I was referred to the superintendent. I met Mr. Williams on the piazza of his house and, when he found that I was from the

Smithsonian institution, he received us cordially and gave us rooms. Everything connected with the place was new for me, and interesting when described by a man who had made a study of the work. Salmon go from the ocean to spawn in fresh water; when they get to the meeting of McCloud and Pitt rivers, they choose McCloud, for the water is colder. Afterward, those which are not caught, work their way back to salt water. Mr. Williams sent for Mike and old Norel-putas. They expressed as much pleasure at seeing us again as white men express when they meet old friends. Norel-putis gave me the Indian names of many places along the McCloud, the sacred river of the Wintus, about which there are many stories. In a San Francisco paper that I received November 1st was a telegram from New York telling how Patrick Forde, editor of the Freeman, had shown that Senator Morgan of Alabama, Collins, and others, had tried to get an extradition bill through congress with a wording detrimental to the Irish. Forde would not have known of this bill till too late to act, had not a representative read it to me. I saw at once what the English, through West,' were working for; I secured a copy of the bill and sent it to Forde. I was glad that he had made such good use of it.

At the McCloud I worked with Norchputis and Klencladdy, the two oldest men of the Wintu tribe. On the 11th of November a flag was raised which Williams paid twenty-five dollars for in San Francisco with the understanding that if Cleveland was elected he would raise it; if Harrison was elected, Radcliffe, Williams' assistant, a Democrat, was to raise it. Radcliffe had to officiate. November 14 I was in Redding at work with Wintu Indians. Evenings, and when it rained too heavily for the Indians to come to my rooms, I translated Polish. I also wrote at this time the preface to Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland, November 24th I received Tarns Bulba and was much gratified to see it in print. I had finished the manuscript some years earlier. The Nosas and the Wintus wanted me to tell the president what a homeless condition they were in, how white men drove them from place to place. I told them to find out how many of each tribe were living and draw up a paper stating their condition, and I would try and do something for them in Washington.

November 27th I was in San Francisco. I visited Comte and Judge Sharpstein, and Comte gave me a letter to Senator Stanford, for I wanted

the Wintus and Nosas to have passes that would permit them to ride to and from the hop fields of California. December 2nd we went by steamer to Eureka. We had a disagreeable experience in crossing the bar of Humboldt bay. The town of Eureka was at that time a rough place. There were wooden sidewalks; the streets were unpaved, and the mud was terrible. While there, I visited a mill where enormous logs of redwood were being sawed. The machinery was so perfect that trees were handled as though they weighed but a few pounds. But felling such magnificent trees is a desecration.

From Eureka I went to Areata. Just back of the village were many redwood stumps of immense size. Twenty or thirty years earlier the whole country around must have been covered with a glorious redwood forest. At the hotel I met Major Joyce, who was connected with the troops stationed in Hoopa valley. He was born in Galway, Ireland, and when I told him about my visit there, he became very friendly and assisted me in making arrangements for going to Hoopa. Our baggage was unpacked and put in boxes and bags which horses could carry, for the journey was to be made on horseback. I had had no experience in packing for such a trip, but the landlord and Major Joyce were very helpful.

While in Areata, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Walker, an old settler, and he told me much about the Indians of Humboldt county. In speaking of the massacres that had taken place he said: 'With all the killing, I never saw reason for shooting an Indian, but they were hunted and shot as though they were deer. White men killed Indians as they would game. I came to California to mine but found that I could make more by building a ferry and carrying produce to mining camps. So, in partnership with two friends, I built a ferry. Not long after that a white man was killed on the mountains.

An Indian was accused of the murder, and soldiers were sent to hunt for him. They came to a rancheria near my ferry. When the Indians heard that soldiers were coming to kill them, they ran away. Only one woman was left in the camp; she was too old and feeble to escape. The soldiers killed her. After they had gone, I and my friends buried her body.

When the Indians came back they accused us of sending for the soldiers. They surrounded us, and when I tried to convince them of our innocence, they said: "We will find out. If you are guilty, we will kill you." The chief

sent men to gather an herb which he called medicine. When it was brought, he said: "The smoke from this medicine doesn't lie. If you are guilty, it will tell us by going toward you."

'I knew that at a certain hour each day a slight breeze came from the ocean. The question was how to keep the Indians from igniting the herb before the breeze came. We began to parley, to reason, and to try to buy our freedom. In that way we occupied the Indians till I felt the breeze. Then I told them to try the medicine and see if we were guilty. The smoke went toward the mountains — in the direction from which the soldiers had come. The Indians were satisfied, and we were liberated.

'In the fifties,' continued Walker, 'I made plenty of money. I got a dollar for each mule that crossed on our ferry and often crossed as many as a hundred in a day.'

December 4th we went by rail to Blue Lake where a guide, with pack and saddle horses, was to meet us. The train had on one passenger car, a box affair with a long bench on each side. In the car with us was a woman who at once began to talk, and before we reached Blue Lake, she had given us an account of the principal events in her life. Dissatisfied with the climate of Pennsylvania she and her husband, a lumberman, moved to Michigan where they found sand heaps in place of timber. When they had spent a miserable year in Michigan, someone sent them a pamphlet which stated that the finest land in the world, land covered with heavy timber, could be bought in Texas for twenty-five cents an acre. They went to Texas. The heat there was so great that they had 'to sit up nights to eat watermelons, to keep cool, and rattlesnakes were so numerous that a person could never go outside the door without an ax or a club.'

They spent one summer and one winter in Texas. Early in the spring, before snakes came out, they started for Oregon. She didn't favor the change, but her husband and son were determined, so she yielded, 'as a weak woman always does.' The men intended to buy tickets direct to Portland, but found they could only get them to San Francisco. Just before the train reached San Francisco, boys came on board and distributed circulars announcing that several hundred men were wanted in the lumber mills of Humboldt county. Her husband and son came to Blue Lake, and she came with them. They

had been there three years, and she had shivered all that time. Moss grew on her house, and moths ate her kid gloves. Her son developed asthma, her husband rheumatism. The woman was witty, and her jeremiads shortened the journey for us.

The horses were at the station, and we were soon in the saddle. We crossed a river and then passed through a redwood forest where giant trees had been felled, the branches cut, and the bark burned off the trunks of the trees — a spectacle of devastation and ruin! On leaving that wrecked forest, we rode through a magnificent forest still untouched by ruthless spoilers. There was no undergrowth. It seemed like riding between the mighty columns of a vast temple. Occasionally we came to an open field. In one field a number of Indians were camped. A little farther on was the shanty of an old Irishman. There was no window in the shanty, the door answered for a chimney. The man, though seventy-eight years old, had just 'taken up a claim.' He was a sorry-looking person. His face was black with dirt, and his clothes were in rags. He could scarcely speak from asthma. It did not seem right to go on and leave him there.

We lunched in Hungry Hollow. At that place the redwood belt ends; we began to climb pine-covered hills. The trail was bad, in places dangerous. The last part of the day's journey was down hill through a sombre, pine forest. At last, just as darkness came, we reached Redwood creek, and stopped at the only house there, the summer home of a man by the name of Biers, A Chinaman was in charge, and he soon had a good supper ready for us.

I was anxious about the journey of the morrow, for Major Joice had stated that he was afraid when riding around the cliffs, especially at a place called Cape Horn. I thought that possibly my Alma's courage would not be equal to the emergency. During the night she was nervous, for the wind blew, and the walls of the old house creaked, sounded exactly as though someone were walking cautiously across the floor over our heads. We were miles away in the mountains with only a Chinaman in the house. Our guide and a mule driver were sleeping in a shack somewhere outside. A few months before a man had been murdered at a spot not far from the house. The place was gruesome enough.

We were up early and ready for the journey. It was a foggy morning, as most mornings must be in that little valley surrounded by high mountains. Mrs. Curtin rode a mule, for it was considered safer, and I took her horse. The first pull was a climb of four miles up a mountain. We rode around bluffs where we could look down for hundreds of feet. The trail was barely wide enough for the mule to walk along the brink. The trail around a cliff on Pine creek was frightful. It was rocky, and nowhere wide enough for one mule to pass another. It was above a precipice, perhaps a thousand feet deep. There were a few shrubs growing on the side of this cliff, but later on we wound around a bare mountain side where all the naked horror of the depth below was visible.

We came down over a narrow trail where there were rocks and roots of trees for the horses to catch their feet in. My horse was like an inclined plane of at least 45 degrees. I had to brace back lest I might go over his head. There were miles of this sort of road. The day's ride was called fifteen and three-fourths miles; but there were five miles in one.

At last we came to the crowning terror, Cape Horn. About a mile from the agency a mountain juts out in a sharp peak around which a trail has been cut. The earth looks as if it might slide at any moment, and the trail, in places, seemed to us not more than six inches wide. It is, perhaps, a thousand feet high. Fortunately, there are only about forty rods of this terror. Major Joyce had described the spot, but I could not realize how frightful it was until I passed over it. Half an hour later we were at the hotel in Hoopa valley. As there were no other guests, we were given the parlor and an adjoining room. The hotel and nearby store belonged to Bier[s?], an Areata man, who supplied the agency and the fort and was evidently amassing wealth by managing affairs as he liked.

The day following my arrival, I began to hunt for Indians. The agency was half a mile from the hotel. As there was no one there to assist me in learning the Hoopa language, I went to an Indian village four miles beyond Trinity river. The village was interesting, for it was thoroughly Indian. To get into one of their 'dugout houses' we had to lie down and crawl through a round hole from twenty-one inches to two feet in width. There was no other opening except at the top to let smoke out — enough smoke remained in to

make one's eyes smart and ache. The passage was three or four feet long, then a ladder led to the bottom of a hole in the ground. Around this underground room were shelves on which were baskets, old blankets, piles of rags, deerskins, and all kinds of trumpery. On the earth floor, in the center, was the fire.

In one house four old women sat on the ground, near the fire, cracking pine nuts; one was blind, and all were in rags. I found old Captain John, and he took me to his village where I counted seventeen of these dugout houses. Each family seemed to have its own burial ground. In the village, among the houses, there were six or eight graves; over each grave was a large, conical, reed basket. In a gulch I saw rags and old garments hanging on trees. When I inquired why they were there, I learned that the Hoopas never wear the clothes of the dead. They hang them out to be destroyed by wind and rain.

I got Indians to work with and began, in a few days, to learn the Hoopa language and take down the myths that the old men knew. I found the language easier and more musical than most Indian languages. All the evenings of my stay in Hoopa valley were spent in translating With Fire and Sword.

At the fort in Hoopa, Captain Doherty was in command. He was a fluent talker, and I enjoyed conversing with him though his ideas and mine differed radically. The captain thought that one had only to look through the Lick telescope to dissipate all hope of a Hereafter. That the universe is held in place and performs its functions by an eternal balance. Born in Ireland he saw no reason why the Irish language should be preserved; no reason why the Irish should have Home rule. They don't know enough to rule themselves,' was Doherty's statement. I spoke of the famine and how landlords sent food out of the country when people were starving; and while all the nations of the world were giving money and produce to relieve the terrible suffering, England remained stolidly indifferent. He defended even that dastardly meanness. But our discussions were always carried on in a good-natured spirit.

The moral condition of the people in that part of the country was beyond description, and it was caused by white men who, thoroughly degraded

themselves, degraded the Indians. Many while men lived with Indian women. There was no legal marriage. If a man wished to leave the reservation, he went, and the Indian woman he had lived with reared his children as best she could. While I was at Hoopa, there was a fight, with pistols, between two white men, a soldier and a blacksmith. The quarrel was about an Indian woman. The captain arrested the soldier, and there was great excitement for a few hours. This wretched affair cost the United States government several hundred dollars, and gave a number of the white men of the reservation one or two journeys to San Francisco.

It was very evident that government officials were not in Hoopa valley to better the condition of the Indians. The teacher at the agency school told me that she was forced to sign pay papers for an industrial teacher, and there was no such teacher. When she objected, she was told that it was all the same; the children worked in the garden occasionally. I discovered several such government swindles while in Hoopa.

December 30th while 'watching the old year out,' we spoke of many things. The year with three eights was ending, and till 2888 — 1,000 years — the three eights would not occur again. I tried to conjecture how the world would change in that time. How many names of men of the nineteenth century would be known, if any, even from books. I think that our written language will change much; our books will look far droller than those of 200 years ago look to us now.

New Year's day there was an almost total eclipse; only a rim, that looked about the size of a new moon, was left of the sun's disk. To celebrate the day, an Indian, told me a story in Hoopa, and I put it into English, a difficult piece of brain work. January 8 I finished the translation of the first volume of With Fire and Sword — one fourth of the book. It had still to be corrected and copied. During that month I worked a good deal with Old Tom, a Chimariko, one of the last of a tribe that once inhabited the country between Burntranch and Weaver on the Trinity. When gold was found in the bars of the river, the Chimariko were driven away from their home — the place where (for them) the world was created — and were killed by the miners. Probably not half a dozen of a large tribe remained. Tom was the only Chimariko at Hoopa; there was another on Willow creek.

Often while at Hoopa, I watched with interest the incoming of a long pack train, with supplies from Areata.The mules crowded up in front of the store, each mule acting as though he were anxious to be the first one to get his load off.

Of all the men at the agency, or fort, Dr. Polhemus, the array physician, was the most intelligent and conscientious. He was a graduate of Yale, and a man who was interested, not only in medicine, but in the politics and literature of his country. The one attraction that Hoopa valley had for me was its beautiful fog pictures, the finest I have ever seen. Tufts of fog rose here and there, floated along, blended, became a wide ribbon, and extended across the mountain side, green trees above, and green below. Again, only the tips of trees on the mountain top were visible; or, bunches of fog rose, scattered in fantastic shapes, and, ever diminishing, sped to the mountain top, and away. I derived much pleasure from watching those rapidly changing fog pictures.

After three months of hard work, I left Hoopa for Orleans Bar. I had learned the Hoopa language and through that medium had taken down a Chimariko vocabulary. Two thirds of With Fire and Sword was finished, and a good number of myths collected. I had also learned a great deal about the deceit and trickery of government officials when dealing with Indians. Leaving Hoopa on horseback we went up steep bluffs and down into deep ravines. In places the trail around the cliffs above the Trinity river was nerve-trying and dangerous. Toward evening we descended a rocky mountain to the bank of the Trinity where it met the Klamath, and found ourselves in a wonderfully picturesque spot. At this meeting of the waters was the Indian village of Weitchpee, part of it on the high bluff that pushes out between the rivers and part on the bank of the Klamath. At the foot of the bluff the rivers unite and flow away as one. The little village seemed to stand as a silent witness, looking down upon the marriage of the waters. We crossed the river in a shallow boat, and, in spite of the rower's efforts, went onto the rocks near the base of the projecting bluff. Later, when bringing over the baggage, I watched the boat with anxiety. The manuscript in it was invaluable. If lost, the Indian material would, probably, never be collected again. Fortunately, the boat came safely to shore. Early in the morning we were again in the saddle. The narrow trail wound around high mountains with almost

perpendicular slopes. At times the horse Alma rode was so frightened that he trembled, and it was necessary to lead him. Mountain travel in California is difficult, dangerous, and wearisome.

When we readied the valley of the Klamath, we found the earth torn up by hydraulic mining. A large flat of excellent soil was being washed into the river. Only bed rock, deep gullies, and piles of stones would remain — a lamentable destruction of land that could have been tilled for centuries to come. Not far away, on an unpretentious one-story building, we saw the words 'Klamath house,' a most welcome sight. Near this inn were a number of small houses and a store. Perhaps a mile away, under a hill and near the bank of the river, was an Indian rancheria. The following day I visited the rancheria and among the Indians there found two who afterward worked many days for me. Three-Fingered Johnny assisted with the language, and Old Tom told what myths he knew.

The inn afforded only a smoky kerosene lamp. I bought candles and continued my evening work on With Fire and Sword, often translating twenty-five pages before retiring. The evenings and early mornings were delightful; the air was cool and invigorating, but from 10:00 a.m. till 4:00 p.m., the heat was intense.u The whole interest of the valley was in placer and hydraulic mining. If the population had turned their attention to agriculture, they would have been happier and more prosperous. The fields were uncultivated. Cattle were not reared. Canned milk was used. Butter, brought from Areata, was in demand at seventy-five cents a pound. For some weeks Indians and white men had been praying for rain. They wanted water for mining purposes. At last it came.

When the rain was over, I went with Old Tom to see 'the center of the world.' An eddy in the Klamath marks the spot. The eddy rises from the 'navel' of the earth. Afterward I went to the rocks, 'where Coyote lived when he was a man.'

One morning handbills, announcing the arrival of an 'all star company of musicians,' were posted on the store. The stars appeared; six cadaverous and ragged young men. I patronized their concert and the next morning, when the innkeeper threatened them with arrest, I aided in liquidating their bill. They came to California with the expectation of getting rich, but at the end

of three years, to avoid starvation, they became tramp musicians. Many of the old settlers of Orleans Bar had a tale of misfortune to tell. The storekeeper, an old man. related how thirty years earlier he came 'around the Horn' to San Francisco, a sail of a hundred days. He thought that in two years he could make a fortune and go home. At the end of a year he was without a cent. He worked hard for several years, denied himself every pleasure, and accumulated a little; he could have gone home, but at that time a railroad across the continent was in process of building, and he decided to wait its completion. When the road was finished, he was again destitute. And so, year followed year, and he has never been back to his old home.

April 15 I finished the translation of With Fire and Sword, and ten days later started for Soraesbar on Salmon river. Strapped to my mule was a roll of clothing, and saddlebags contained manuscript and writing material. With us, in the capacity of guide, was a young man from Australia. He had come to San Francisco as a sailor, had deserted his ship, and made his way to Orleans Bar where he obtained employment as gardener. The innkeeper's dog, Bruce, followed us as far as the river. There, afraid of the water, he ran up and down the bank, howling, ready each moment to spring in, but not quite daring to.

The trail from Orleans Bar to Somesbar was one of the most dangerous I have traveled over. Often, when approaching the bend of a precipitous mural cliff, it looked as if the trail ended mid only the abyss awaited us. It was a nerve-racking ride, and to add to our discomfort the heat was intense. At Somesbar was a long, low building, store and house together. The one other house in the narrow ravine was occupied by a half-breed and her children. The man in charge of the store gave us a room, and I began work.

Salmon river enters the Klamath three miles below Somesbar. Near the junction of the rivers lived the Indians whom I had come to investigate. The day following our arrival I went to the rancheria, which is in a wonderfully picturesque spot. A gigantic wooded bluff, the home of eagles, stands near the confluence of the rivers. Tumble-down shanties on the green, sloping bank of the Salmon add much to the picture. As I approached the shanties, an old man, perfectly nude, came out of the sweat house; the children

playing around were nude. In that remote nook in the mountains it does not seem to matter much to the Indians whether they are clothed or not. Near the rancheria, but a little aside, was the house of a well educated, elderly white man whom I had met at Orleans Bar. The early part of his life was spent in Baltimore, Maryland. He had known many distinguished men, and he enjoyed talking about them and about polities. When at Orleans Bar, I spoke to him of the investigations I had to make at Somesbar. I was somewhat surprised that he did not ask me to call on him. My first visit to the rancheria made the reason clear. He was living with an Indian woman, Curley, She was old, untidy, and not pleasant to look at.

After the first trip, I went many times to the rancheria. It was a long disagreeable walk, but to secure the services of the Indians I was obliged to go to them; they were too lazy to come to me. Curley, my white friends Indian woman, told me a good deal about the religion and medicine of her tribe. She was herself the proud possessor of two kinds of love medicine. She had used them and knew their power. She said: 'When my man went East last year, white people told me he would never come back, that he had gone to stay. But I didn't worry. I knew he had to come back. He couldn't help it; my medicine would make him come. The first thing he said when he got home was: "I wanted to stay, but I couldn't." She added: 'I sell the medicine to Indians and it always does its work.'

At the store I met many squaw men who owned small mining claims near the Salmon. One of them, Merrill, a good-looking man of sixty, told me that in 1853, with a party of a hundred and fifty men, he had destroyed a rancheria that stood where the present one stands. A white man was murdered by an Indian. The Indian came to his friends, and they refused to surrender him. The rancheria was fired. From the top of the bluff the Indians watched the fire that made them homeless. Half a mile below Somesbar a man by the name of Montgomery was seeking a fortune in a hole in the mountain. The gold craze is all powerful! Montgomery is a man in the prime of life; he is educated and could be prosperous. But the craze seized him, and at this time he was washing dirt panful by panful from morning till night, living on bacon and black coffee. Some days he got out gold to the amount of a dollar, other days he found nothing, but he was always expecting to find a 'pocket.'

Beyond Montgomery's claim, around a frightful chasm, was a trail, in places less than two feet wide. This trail led to Jake's ranch, where I often worked with the Indians. Nelson, a man from the Middle West, lived near the ranch. Married to a well reared woman, he had a pleasant, tidy home. He told me of Rosalena, a Spanish-Mexican, who he thought could give me Indian information. I found the old man sitting on the bank of the river washing the sand for gold. Rosalena's wife was also his stepdaughter. Her mother had been his wife and had a son by him. When tired of the mother, Rosalena moved her into a wretched cabin and installed her daughter as mistress of his heart and his more pretentious cabin. Knowing the Indians well he gave me valuable information. A few years later I found this man in Mexico. His enemies had driven him away from Salmon river. Given but a few hours' time he had left his wives behind. He was ragged and hungry. I took him with me to Guatemala.

I spent several days at Nelson's. Returning to Somesbar. I came near losing my manuscript of With Fire and Sword while crossing the deep and dangerous Klamath in a rotten canoe. Had I lost it. I should have been sorely tempted to abandon the work. I was so wearied with translating while struggling with the Indians and the wilderness, it would have been no slight task to take it up a second time.

At Jake's ranch was a very old woman who knew a good story. May 24th her granddaughter, Maggie, sent for us to come as her grandmother was ready to tell the story. So over the narrow trail we went, the temperature at 100° in the shade. Maggie was in her cabin, sitting on the ground by the fire. The old woman told her the story, and Maggie repeated it to us. We worked till midday, ate our luncheon, and began to work again. Suddenly Maggie screamed; childbirth pains were on her. In the intense heat of the midday sun we went back to the store. An hour later Maggie's husband came to tell us that she had a little boy. This was a new experience for me in Indian work. Two weeks later Maggie, with her baby on her back, came over the dangerous trail; she had another story to tell. Pay for the story and a gift of material for baby dresses made the poor woman happy. Several days in June when it was 101° in the shade, we walked to Rosalena's. It was so warm, and there were so many flies in his house, that we worked by a spring in the orchard, always on the lookout for rattlesnakes.

June 20th we returned to Orleans Bar. The temperature at that season from 11:00 a.m. till 4:00 p.m. ranged from 102° to 110° in the shade. Alma worked from ten to thirteen hours daily copying With Fire and Sword. I worked with the Indians, especially with an old medicine woman who told me about medicinal herbs and roots. Kach herb and root has a story and a song. The glorious 4th was a day of turmoil. The hotel was crowded with white men and Indian women. We spent most of the day in the annex, a tiny building often used as a wash house, correcting and copying With Fire and Sword. In the evening there was a ball. When the uproar of music and dancing ceased, we were kept awake by the hysterical shrieks of a jealous woman in an adjoining room. Her husband had danced too often with a good-looking Indian girl. July 11th I sent the first volume of With Fire and Sword to Alden, the New York publisher, who had brought out Tarns Bulba - he wished to read the manuscript. A few weeks later he returned it stating that the subject was too unfamiliar. If some striking period of English, French, or German history had been treated in the same manner of With Fire and Sword, the book would be a great success, but Polish and Russian subjects were too remote, too foreign, in America. Then I did what I had intended to do at first, I sent the manuscript to Little, Brown and Company, who had already published my Myths and FolkLore of Ireland.

July 17th to celebrate our anniversary I began to translate a magnificent novel, Yuri Miloslavski, thinking to do a few pages each day. The weather was so warm that the only exercise we had was in the early morning when we crossed the river and walked to the Ferris ranch where I bought most delicious fruit — blackberries, such as I have never eaten or seen anywhere else in the world, and apricots and peaches of unexcelled quality. Ferris was fond of agriculture. His home, cared for by a half-breed daughter, was tidy and attractive for that country.

The last day of July we set out for Bluff creek, going by boat, to avoid a dangerous trail. But we found the river was as rough and quite as dangerous as the trail. The boatmen were constantly on the alert to avoid eddies, rocks, and places where hydraulic mining had almost dammed the river. When at last we reached the landing, Mrs. Curtin was so ill that she had to chance snakes and lie on the grass by the river bank while I went to McFarland's, three quarters of a mile away, to see if we could obtain room and board.

McFarland was starting for Martin's Ferry. We could occupy the house if we could board ourselves. When, with the aid of Indians, I got Mrs. Curtin to the house, an old mangy dog barred our entrance, growling viciously. Not thinking that such a wretched mongrel might belong to the master of the place, I drove it away. I was somewhat nonplussed when I discovered that the dog was McFarland's pet.

The first thing I did was to send one of the boatmen to Weitchpee for groceries. I did not quite like staying alone in a house so far from civilization, so when the boatman returned, I arranged for him to stay all night. About midnight someone rapped and hallooed; then all was silent. In the morning I found that our 'halloo man was Rosalena, who had come to cook for us.

If we did not have mueh to eat, we had attractive scenery. The Klamath was not far away though an elevation hid it from view. A short distance below the house both the river and the creek were visible. There were wooded mountains on all sides. McFarland, a bachelor inured to life in the mountains of California, used his house as a place to camp in, and such it was for us. I sent for Indians and began to get words. We could not work out-of-doors, rattlesnakes were too numerous; from neglect the house was almost impossible. In our sleeping room there was a hole in the floor which, through fear of snakes, I closed with the only thing I could find that was large enough — John Fiske's Polish dictionary (a borrowed book). In my next letter to John I told him of the use I was making of his dictionary, and afterward he referred to it many times. We spent a week in the house without removing our clothing. We looked around, not for robbers, or for fleas which were there in myriads, but for rattlesnakes. I killed two large rattlers in front of the house and one near the spring.

August 6th Alma received a telegram telling her of the death of her father. His going was a grievous loss and overwhelming affliction for Alma. Wishing to get out of the mountains as quickly as possible, we started with only two beasts; a horse and a mule. Mrs. Curtin rode Rosalena's horse, and Rosalena and I shared McFarland's mule. I walked and rested Rosalena, then he walked and rested me. It was a wearisome journey. At Weitchpee, where we spent the night, I met an old gray-haired Indian whose face

interested me greatly. I wanted his photograph but could neither persuade nor bribe him to let me take it. When I asked why he refused, he gave a peculiar reason: 'When I die, I don't want a part of my spirit to stay in the world.'

From Weitchpee we went to Martin's Ferry by boat. There were large rocks in the river; several times we landed and walked along the bank while the boatmen worked their way through dangerous places. At midday we reached the ferry and climbed up the steep bank. Not far away was Dowd's orchard, house, and store. All the land in that little nook in the mountains belonged to Dowd. There were no buildings there but his, nor room for any. The house, kept by his daughter, a young half-breed, was in much the same condition as the one at Bluff creek; but a cleanly Chinaman was cook, and there was an abundance of fruit. We remained several days, for my wife was too ill to travel. Meanwhile, I worked with Indians who had a rancheria, three quarters of a mile away. One day when returning from the rancheria, I came unpleasantly near stepping on a large rattlesnake. Snakes detract much from the pleasure of mountain travel in Northern California. At Dowd's I met an old man by the name of Bond, a native of Orange, Vermont, a recluse, living in the mountains some miles from Martin's Ferry. He said that he lived alone but he had dogs and pigs and was happy.

For the trip to Blue Lake we had plenty of horses and men. All day we rode up and down mountains. Apparently well when we started, we had not gone far when Alma developed a high fever. Often she dismounted and lay on the ground for a few minutes' rest but she would not consent to turn back or to camp. She was so anxious to get where she could communicate with home that she was ready to take any risk. The second day's journey was as difficult as the first, but when sunset came, we were at Blue Lake, in touch with the world.

On the way to Areata we passed Warren on Mad river, a small settlement that interested us only in the combination of names. Warren on Mad river (Vermont) is Alma's birthplace. September 6th, my birthday, was spent in Areata. During our wanderings I had purchased many Indian baskets and curios for the National museum, and now I packed and forwarded them to Washington.

One day in Areata an old man, Jasper Janes, called to see me. He said that his father gave Janesville, Wisconsin its name and that he himself was the first white child born there. Janes had spent many years in California. He was in poor health and evidently was not rich in this world's goods. He called in the interest of the Mad River Indians who he said were driven from place to place by 'claimers' of the land on which they located. Janes remembered when Indians were hunted and shot down like deer, white men boasting of the number they killed.

September 9th I began to translate Prince Serebryani. The following day I went to Eureka and a day or two later visited the Pacific lumber company's mills. The president, Mr. Curtis, went with me to the forest where men were felling trees and hauling logs. Their method interested me, but it was sad to look upon the destruction of one of the most magnificent forests of the world, giant trees many, many centuries old. Later I went by private conveyance to Blocksburg. All the forenoon we were winding around the hills above Vandeusen river. For, perhaps, fifteen miles the road lay through a grand, redwood forest. At dusk we reached Blocksburg tired and dusty from a wearisome ride of forty-four miles. I found rooms at the Overland hotel kept by Mr. and Mrs. McLane, Mrs. McLane being, as my driver informed me, 'the better man of the two. Blocksburg, the founder of the town, was boarding at the hotel.

Like many men in the mountains and the gold sections of Northern California, he had had Indian wives. In an interesting way he described his life in the mines in the early fifties. Once when he was penniless and had walked many miles, he came to a miner's cabin. On the ground near the door of the cabin there was a pile of beans that had been burned in cooking and thrown away. He sat down and was eating the beans ravenously when the owner of the cabin came and seeing how hungry and destitute he was gave him food and shelter. Later, when he had accumulated a thousand dollars, and was ready to start for the East, he met an old friend who had a few hundred dollars and they decided to buy pack mules and establish a trading post on Fraser river. The mules were bought but soon were stolen, and again he was penniless. He worked a few years longer and saved another thousand dollars. Then he bought a store and from then on he

prospered. In speaking about trouble with Indians, he said that in his experience the white man was always the aggressor.

We spent two pleasant days at Blocksburg; then, after much trouble in hiring a conveyance and getting our baggage packed into it — Mrs. McLane, her husband, and Mr. Blocksburg all assisting — we started for Round valley. At midday we had passed three cattle and sheep ranches, each ranch three or four miles long. The country was deserted, apparently; the grass was dried up. The eye rested on nothing that was pleasing. Late in the afternoon, while we were traveling through a forest, there was smoke and the odor of burning which increased as we went on. At last we came to a ranch in a clearing in the forest. All around trees were blazing. A long fence made of brush and wood was also on fire. We left the road and went around the fire, but I was greatly afraid of being stopped by it. We passed near an immense tree blazing to the top, just ready to fall. In another place a tree was across the trail. We got the horses down a steep bank and came up beyond the tree. A forest on fire is a grand sight, but it should be seen from a safe distance.

Just at dark we reached a little valley. In the valley was a log house, and in the house lived Mr. Gwin, the manager of a cattle ranch. We were given lodging and supper. That night no one slept. At midnight the wind began to blow, and it caused great alarm. The previous night Gwin and his family had fought fire from evening till morning. The fire was the red man's answer to injustice. The manager of a ranch had promised Indians $200 if they would build a certain fence. When it was finished, he would pay them only $25. They set the fence on fire: the fire spread to dry grass and trees, and the whole countryside was in danger.

Leaving the fire region early in the morning, we reached Eel river at midday. It was hot in the ravine, and the water, covered with green slime looked so unwholesome that I decided to climb the mountain straight ahead of us. Though it looked a short distance away, we had a long ride, and the heat was intense. Just beyond the summit of the mountain, in a small valley, was a sheep ranch. In the house on the ranch there was an amiable woman who made coffee for us and, meanwhile, gave me a good deal of information. An easy ride of ten miles brought us to the Indian reservation

of Round valley. A mile and a half farther on was the Round valley hotel. We had heard, for sixty miles back, that at this hotel we would find good rooms, but nothing to eat. The report was not untrue, we could not swallow a mouthful of the food placed before us. There were many rough characters in the house. In half an hour I heard more swearing than I had heard up to that time in all my travels in California.

The next morning the Indian agent went with me to a private house where, as a favor, we were given room and board. Half an hour later we were pleasantly housed in a large room opening onto a broad piazza that faced an orchard. Mr. Updegraff, the master of the house, was a widower with two daughters and a son. In 1850 he crossed the plains with a party of 500 men and women. Before they reached California, their provisions gave out, and they were forced to kill their horses for sustenance. Nine of the party who had fallen a day behind their companions were attacked and killed by Indians; only one escaped. Updegraff told me an interesting story about Lassen the man for whom Lassen's butte was named. He said that being a good and honest man Lassen was swindled out of many thousand dollars and his ranch, which was the largest one in California.

I could do but little Indian work in Round valley, for the old men were away sheep-shearing. The agency was in a bad condition; there was a great deal of drinking and gambling among the half-breeds, and, true or not, it was said that officials encouraged this dissipation in order to get the money the Indians earned sheep-shearing. October 8th Mrs. Curtin finished copying With Fire and Sword, 1,400 pages. She had taken down the story from dictation so in all had written 2,800 close pages.

In Updegraff's library I found a copy of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Mrs. Curtin read it aloud evenings. It recalled the days in the stone house where as a boy I first read this remarkable book. October 15th I hired a private carriage and started for Ukiah. It was a pleasant journey. Our driver, Robert Redwine, was gladsome and happy. On the 8th he was to many a niece of Judge O'Ferrall of Virginia — a man whom I know well. In a drive of thirty-five miles we passed only two houses. Toward night we stopped at a halfway house in a ravine called Scott's valley. The ride the next morning

was enjoyable. It was mainly down grade, and our horses were excellent. At eleven o'clock we were in Russian valley. At midday we drove into Ukiah.

Supreme court was in session, and the hotel was crowded. The proprietor found a room for us in a private house. At the hotel were two women who had spent twenty years in New Zealand and Australia. They were well informed, pleasant persons to talk with. In the afternoon I started for the Indian ranch, but, discovering that I had been given an unruly horse, I returned. I went the following morning and found a settlement of possibly a hundred Indians.

Oct. 18th we were in San Francisco. The following Sunday I attended service in the Russian church and afterward had a long conversation with the bishop. He had been in Alaska and in Japan and knew both countries well. It was a delight to speak Russian again. Our next stopping place was Niles where the hotel was as dirty as any of the halfway houses in the mountains. I was disappointed in the San Jose mission; all was new there except one long, low building then used as a wine cellar. The priest was an Irishman from Ulster. I examined the old Spanish records but found no Indian information of value. Then I went to Newark to talk with a man said to know a great deal about Indians. I found him, like most of the men said to be wise on Indian subjects. I had, however, an opportunity to study an Indian mound, for there was a large one nearby from which many human bones and Indian weapons had been taken.

On the 27th we were in Redding at the Golden Eagle hotel. Again I worked with Mike and old Norel-putis. The Wintus and Nosas had prepared the paper they wanted me to place before the president. They assembled at Bob's ranch, and the paper was signed by all present. At least their crosses were made in presence of an attorney and a few white men who were friendly to them.

The week following I went to Round Mountain. I found many changes. Buzzard's Roost was still ruled by Ensign; Mrs. Ensign was no longer living. Mr. Hendricks was glad to see us. He was not alone; his sister and nephew had come from Missouri to live with him. At Billy Bucket's ranch they had not grown rich.

At the end of a week's visit I sent to Redding for a carriage to take me to town. It came, and the following morning we started in a pouring rain.

At Blizzard's Roost the driver inquired carefully about the creeks, and was told that it was possible to cross them. We crossed Cedar creek, but when we came to it again, a mile farther on, we could not cross; the water was level with the bank. We turned and drove rapidly back to the first crossing; the creek had risen so that the carriage box filled and the horses had to exert every nerve. When they attempted the landing the first time and failed, the driver was terrified. I snatched the reins and the whip from him; I lashed the poor horses and shouted at them. It was a desperate moment! Wild with pain and fright the horses sprang toward the bank and readied it. Had the water been a foot deeper, we should have been drowned. Each year people are lost in crossing the creeks in that part of California. Even stages are swept away. Though it was raining heavily, I decided to try to reach Redding by the way of Bullskin mountain. At a ranch near the foot of the mountain, one of our horses had to be shod, and we lost valuable time. When darkness overtook us, we had great trouble in lighting the carriage lamp. It was raining hard, the wind was blowing, and our matches were damp. At last the driver unhitched the horses, and I held them. He covered his head and the lamp with a blanket and succeeded in striking a match. We waited, meanwhile, in fear. If the lamp could not be lighted, we would be forced to spend the night out in the rain, for we were descending a rocky mountain where the road was narrow and a misstep would mean a frightful accident. When we started again, the driver walked ahead with the lamp which he had detached from the carriage, and I drove. At the foot of the mountain we were made happy by seeing, not far away, the glimmer of a light. We went toward it, shouted, got an answer back, and found shelter for the night. The next morning near Cow creek we met a man who told us that one of his horses had been drowned the day before in Churn creek, and the man driving would have drowned had he not been an expert swimmer.

CHAPTER: 26

Study and Sickness

We were very thankful to reach Redding in safety. In the mail waiting for us was the first package of the proof of my Irish myths.

On Thanksgiving day we started for Washington, going over the Northern Pacific. I spent a day with my mother in Minneapolis and a day in Milwaukee. December 8th I reported at the bureau of ethnology and the following day I went north for a month's vacation.

In Cambridge I visited Lowell and Professor Child and dined with John Fiske. Two days later I spent a delightful afternoon with Lowell. Little, Brown and Company were to publish With Fire and Sword and a volume of Slav folklore which I was at work on. We spent the holidays in Warren, Vermont. January 17, 1890, found us in Washington pleasantly settled at 1112 G street. About this time I began to translate John the Terrible, a fine book, but as yet I have not had it published. I enjoy translating Russian. I am fond of Slav literature. I find in it a strain of melancholy and of self-examination which pleases me. I like the intricate working out of the motives which cause the characters to act as they do in the drama of life.

March 2nd I finished Prince Serebryani. We were happy over the event, and to celebrate it I began a new book On the Hills, one of the finest pieces of literature in the Russian language, a novel of 3,000 pages in which character and human motives are worked out to perfection. When I had translated one third and written a synopsis of the remainder, I tried to find a publisher who would promise to bring out the work when complete.

I failed. The part I translated is now packed away, but I hope some day to finish the book. March 8th my Irish book, Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland, was put on the market. I was satisfied with its appearance and with its reception by mythologists and scholars the world over. I received a great number of congratulations, especially from England and Ireland. But the

testimony of appreciation which pleased me most came from Charles A. Dana, editor of the Sun, who asked if I would consider going to Ireland under the condition that he would meet all expenses and give me $500 for every ten myths I could find among the Gaelic-speaking people of the country. He would publish the myths in the Sun, and afterward they would be mine to put in book form. I accepted his proposition and later carried it out.

I spent the month of March in trying to get a government school for the Indians of the Upper Klamath and in writing the preface of With Fire and Sword, which, as I wished to be perfectly just to both Poles and Russians, cost me considerable thought and labor. All the summer of 1890 I rose just as light was coming and went for half an hour's walk. At that early hour I could walk as rapidly as I chose. On returning I drank a cup of coffee, then worked till breakfast time. After breakfast I wrote till ten minutes of nine. At nine I was seated in front of my desk in the bureau of ethnology.

In May I began serious work on Myths and FolkTales of the Russians, Western Slavs, and Magyars. About that time I went to President Harrison with the petition drawn up by the Wintu and Nosa Indians. I described to him the condition of those tribes and interceded for them. The president promised to favor the petition with his executive initiative. He did this with such emphasis that an agent was appointed to find land for those Indians. The agent found land for them in various places, but within the radius of their former possessions. When I met the Indians, five years later, they expressed deep gratitude for the part I had taken in settling them in life.

At the end of May, 1890, we were again in Vermont, this time to be present at the marriage of my sister-in-law. When we returned, Alma's mother was with us. We passed a happy summer together though I never worked harder, for I had three books under way. September 21st the first proofs came of Myths and Folk-Tales of the Russians, Western Slavs, and Magyars. Business in connection with this book took me to Boston. I was away only two days but I found time to have luncheon with Fiske and spend a few wonderfully pleasant hours with Lowell. After my return I was asked to deliver a course of lectures at the Catholic university in Washington. The invitation pleased me, but I had other work planned; I could not prepare

lectures. About this time an article regarding my books was published in the Atlantic Monthly. I appreciated it highly, for it was written by Fiske, whom I considered one of the best literary critics in America.

December 12th Brown sent me the first copy of Myths and Folk-Tales of the Russians, Western Slavs, and Magyars, and a delightful letter came from Professor Child, thanking me for dedicating the book to him. Two days before the coming of a new year, my physician. Dr. Dunn, died, after a short illness. I felt his loss keenly, for he was a man whom I respected and in whose medical ability I had the greatest confidence. On January 30, 1891 my mother died in Minneapolis. I went to Milwaukee to be present at her burial. Little, Brown and company accepted for publication Michael Zagoskin's Men of Two Centuries, a book I had translated in London some years earlier. With Fire and Sword appeared; its success was immediate and striking. It was received with so much enthusiasm that I began at once to translate The Deluge, a heavy piece of work, for I gave six hours of each day to work going on in the bureau of ethnology. During morning and evening I could dictate fifteen pages; when I chanced to have a full day, I dictated forty pages.

In March, Vassili Vereshchagin, the Russian artist, a man whom I had known for many years, came to Washington. I called at his hotel and gave him a surprise, for he had thought that I was in Europe. He greeted me with joy, kissing me, Russian fashion, on both cheeks. Not finding at the hotel a room suitable for a studio, he moved to a private house on G street where the rooms were 'just right.' The next morning he came to me greatly vexed. The house was noisy, and the food wretched. He had told the proprietor what he thought of the place, had paid a month's board and left. A second time he tried rooms in a private house. Then he returned to the hotel. Vereshchagin was an agreeable man when everything went his way, but the slightest pebble in his road made him disagreeable and grouchy.

March 17th I was ill and called Dr. Prentiss. For three days Vereshchagin was in and out constantly, bringing flowers, books, anything which he thought would amuse or please me. But on the fourth day, when Dr. Prentiss said that typhoid symptoms were present, Vereshchagin disappeared from my room. He sent flowers and letters, but I did not see him again. For two

weeks I hovered between life and death, then came a slow convalescence. When I had gained strength enough to sit up, Vereshchagin had left Washington where he had made some good studies, but had been, as he told me later, uncomfortable and unhappy. Not till the 26th of May did the doctor permit me to start for Vermont. When I had pure air to breathe, I gained rapidly and was soon able to take up my work again. That summer I finished The Deluge and corrected the proof sheets.

I decided that I would go to Europe before resuming work at the bureau of ethnology and I arranged to leave Vermont September 19th. Our trunks were packed, and we were ready to start when I was seized with a severe chill, and before the day was over pneumonia developed. For three weeks I was dangerously ill, then I slowly recovered. We left Vermont the 12th of December. In Boston I received the first copy of The Deluge. Work accomplished brings its reward. I always welcome with joy the first copy of a new book. It rouses my mental energy. I think of the books that I want to write and of those I want to translate, and an unconquerable desire seizes me to crowd more work into each day.

CHAPTER: 27

The Second Irish Period 1891-1893

The 16th of December we sailed for Queenstown on the City of Chicago. Christmas morning the Irish coast was sighted. In Cork there was no conveyance at the station. It was 'Christmas.' At last I succeeded in getting two side-cars, one for ourselves and one for our baggage, two trunks and a heavy box of books. I thought the weight of the baggage would be too great for the poor, old horse, but evidently he was far stronger than he looked. At the Royal Victoria we were warmly greeted by Mrs. Wilson, the proprietress. Four years had changed her from an ardent O'Brien advocate to an enthusiastic Parnellite. We ate our Christmas dinner in her private dining room and met there Father Doyle, bishop of New South Wales, a well informed man overflowing with mirth and wit. He had traveled in the United States and had seen the great trees of Yosemite valley, but they did not impress him. He had seen larger trees in the jungles of New South Wales.

On New Year's day we started for Dingle. The weather was perfect; the country beautiful. From Tralee, where we spent the night, it is fifty miles by train to Dingle, but it took three long hours to make the journey. The only passengers in the car with us were four nuns and an Irish fop with an English monocle. I tried to talk with the nuns, but, though born in Tralee, they knew nothing about the country we were passing through. The views along the road were fine. In Ireland the effect of sunlight and shadow is wonderful, and cloud views are magnificent. That day there was moisture in the air; while some of the hills were in sunshine, on others, not far away, rain was falling. I saw a number of rainbows. One, particularly beautiful, hung over the peak of a low hill near Tralee bay. It was very wide, and the shades of red and green were unusually bright. When going from the station in Dingle to the hotel, I saw a wonderful rainbow. One end was off in a field, the other came down to the sidewalk, not forty feet in front of us. It vanished. The pot of gold was not to be seen.

There were two hotels in Dingle. I stopped at Lee's. After considerable trouble in getting a comfortable room and a luncheon, we went out to look around. Aside from the hotels, a bank, a Catholic church, a large convent, and many shops, the town is made up of small stone houses that are one-story high and connected. The floors in those houses are of mother earth. In front of the houses is a stone sidewalk, and beyond the sidewalk a ditch with running water. As I passed one of these houses, I saw a man weaving. Looking over the half door I asked if I could come in. 'And welcome,' was the cordial answer. The weaver opened the door, drove two pigs out, and we went in. He wished to tell me about his weaving and about the years he had spent in America soon after the Civil War, but the pigs, not accustomed to being outside, squealed so persistently that it was impossible to hear a word. At last the master of the house opened the door and let them in. On our way back to the hotel it began to rain. From one of the houses a man called, 'Come in, and wait!' To make room for us he drove out two pigs. Determined to get back they squealed viciously. The woman of the house let them in and to keep them quiet fed them, putting the food down on the earth floor. Several hens shared the unusual meal.

I could not find men in Dingle who knew Gaelic stories. A man by the name of Ferriter told me many interesting things -domestic tragedies, not myths. He had suffered much and had been three times in prison for serving his people and his country. While I was at Lee's hotel, the agent of the Earl of Cork arrived to collect rents. He came to that poor region twice each year. If a man's rent for house or farm was not ready, the agent gave him three months to get it. If he did not have it at the end of that time, a writ was served, and he was evicted. The agent was a burly, blustering man said to be merciless. One farmer told him that his wife had been sick for months, and that a horse had died on him. The agent's answer was: 'If all your cattle die, I must have the rent.'

A good many men from surrounding villages came in to pay rent, others came to see what took place. Among the crowd I found a man, a Mr. Lynch, who knew a number of myths and was willing to tell them. His home was near Ventry strand. For several days he came to me. Then, as he was very old, I decided to establish myself as near his village as possible. About this time I received an autograph letter from William K. Gladstone

congratulating me on my knowledge of languages and on my success as a mythologist. His words had the ring of pure gold; they gave me deep gratification.

In Dingle I became acquainted with Maurice Fitzgerald, a man who owned a two-story house at Ventry strand and was willing to rent me the upper story. When I went out to take possession, the rooms were not ready. Fitzgerald's wife, two or three other women, and a mute — a beggar going from house to house — sat around a turf fire in the kitchen. After a while the rooms were in order but they could not be heated till Fitzgerald sent to town for stovepipe. That night the wind blew fiercely, the house shook, the turf fire smoked, the sleeping room was cold, the bedding was damp and musty. The price paid for ancient lore is not small.

The next morning Lynch came, and story-telling began. A strong, willing girl was found to take care of the rooms and cook for us. Fitzgerald got the pipe and put up stoves. By evening our books were unpacked and we were quite cozy. Our landlord was a man who knew the whole countryside well, spoke Gaelic with more ease than English, and held intimate relations with the oldest inhabitants. He knew the Gaelic name of every field within two miles of his home, and the name of each hill, cliff, and mountain for many miles. In the Gaelic-speaking parts of Ireland, there is a system of naming any spot that needs to be distinguished from those around it.

Fitzgerald believed in fairies though at first he did not acknowledge it, at least explicitly, and in words. 'When I was a boy,' said he, 'nine men in ten believed in fairies and said so. Now, not more than one man in ten will say that he believes in them.' It was interesting to find a society with even 10 percent of the members professed believers in fairies. Of the remaining 90 per cent a majority were believers without profession, timid believers, men who had not the courage of their convictions.

The people of any purely Gaelic district in Ireland, where the language is spoken yet, preserve numerous remnants of pre-Christian belief. These remnants are in many cases very valuable though they may seem grotesque, naive, and baseless to most observers. I found more Gaelic-speaking people in County Kerry than in any other county of Ireland; especially were they numerous in the villages adjacent to Ventry harbor. From prehistoric times

Ventry strand has been used for races. It was there that Fin Mac Cool and his men (mythologic characters) had races and games. Near the strand is the 'Field of Blood' where mythology says a 'world-shaking' battle was fought. Fitzgerald's house stood at the intersection of roads. Not far away was a chapel, and half a mile beyond was the cemetery. The position was a good one from which to observe the people of the district as they passed. Donkeys and their drivers amused me; the donkeys were remarkably small, and their drivers were often remarkably tall, strong men. I enjoyed watching the school children. At the school in that remote district, the supply of fuel was kept good by the children. Every morning each child carried to school a block of turf for the fire.

I saw a number of funeral processions pass. The procession, usually a long one, halted at the crossroad, The coffin, carried on men's shoulders, was put down on the middle of the crossing, and all the people knelt and prayed. The prayer finished, the procession moved on. This custom of kneeling at the crossroads is old; so old that its meaning is unknown. At Ventry the members of an entire family in direct descent, and generally one removed (first cousins), are buried for generations in one small, stone chamber in the earth: one narrow grave contains them all. It may be said of a man buried thus that he is 'gathered to his fathers' in the strictest sense of the statement. His bones and those of his nearest kinsfolk are finally mingled in one mass. Rest, however, those bones have not, since they are brought to the upper earth whenever a new coffin arrives, for to this one belongs the lowest place in the stone chamber. At one burial I saw eight coffins taken out, as well as coffin-less skulls and bones. The new coffin was placed at the bottom of the grave, then each coffin in its turn was lowered. The coffin that has been buried longest remains on top of all the others until it falls apart. Then, when the grave is opened for a new burial, the pieces of decayed wood are thrown out — the skull and whatever bones are left are placed on the last coffin and covered with earth.

February 20th came the worst storm that even old men could remember. When we woke in the morning, our windows were dark from snow that had drifted against them, and the wind was howling fiercely. Down in the 10x12 kitchen was the family horse. He had been found, in his little stall, trembling with cold. Snow had blown in around him till he stood knee-deep

in it. He was led into the kitchen, hitched by the fire, and fed on the earth floor. Fitzgerald sat in my room most of that day. It was bright and warm and clean there; the only comfortable place in his house. He confessed to me, and I afterward found that it was absolutely true, that he would not go out alone after dark; he was afraid of fairies.

The day following the storm, there was a cattle fair at Dingle. People were passing from early morning. At fairs in County Kerry marriages are arranged. The parents of the prospective bride and groom go into a public house and, over a glass of beer or whiskey, tell what they will do for the couple and, if possible to agree, 'clinch the bargain.' At this particular fair, Fitzgerald's uncle and aunt were anxious to clinch a bargain for their daughter, mainly because she was determined to go to America. Fitzgerald tried to help them, but their efforts failed, greatly to the delight of the daughter.

The morning of the fair, a tinker came to me with a pitiful story. His wife was sick, and he had no money to buy medicine for her. I gave him the sum he asked for, and he started off. The next day he returned — the top was burned out of his cap, and his clothes were in rags. His appearance proved that Fitzgerald was right when he said the money I gave him would be spent for drink. This tinker, when twenty-five years of age, had married a beggar, the daughter of a beggar, and begun begging himself. In Ireland there are 'hereditary' beggars; generation after generation of the same family beg for a livelihood. Poor people who have a roof over their heads are kind to these beggars; kindness is a part of their religion. Fitzgerald said that in his father's house he had often at night seen beggars 'so thick on the kitchen floor that it was difficult to move around without treading on them.' When they ask in God's name for charity, it is seldom refused them.

February 26th was a perfect day. I hired a side-car and went to Smerwick harbor. The nearness of the harbor surprised me. From the top of a ridge, a short ride from Ventry strand, Smerwick, as well as Ventry harbor, was visible. Beyond Ventry harbor a range of hills adds to the beauty of the view. Smerwick harbor is made picturesque by long, narrow, rocky ridges which extend into the water. Smerwick's most interesting point, considered

historically, is Dun an Oir (Fort of Gold), the place where Spanish forces landed to assist the Irish against the English in Queen Elizabeth's time.

The site of Dun an Oir is at the end of a small headland that projects into the harbor. The whole peninsula on which Mt. Brandon is situated is extremely interesting. I went first to Ballyferriter to call on the priest, for I thought he could tell me the names of old men in his parish who were likely to know Gaelic myths. I did not get much information, but he took me to a hill, not far from his house and pointing out picturesque views, said: 'On the west our nearest neighbors are the Americans; from that promontory yonder to the North pole there is not, in a direct line, another foot of land. And around Sinerwicfc we have the most interesting ruins in Ireland.'

After luncheon I went to Kilmalkedar to see the ruins of St. Brandon's church. In that churchyard are some of the oldest headstones in Ireland. Half a mile beyond Kilmalkedar there are three beehive cells. From the cells we drove to Gallerus, then walked across a field to the oratory of Gallerus. This oratory, though of unknown age, is nearly as perfect as on the day it was finished. Built of stone and roofed with the same material it is so firmly and symmetrically put together that it will stand for thousands of years if spared by men, lightning, and earthquake — a magnificent example of dry masonry.

Another day I went to Blasket island. When we came in sight of the ocean, fog obscured the islands. The path to the water led down a cliff, at least a hundred and twenty feet high, to a narrow cove dug out by the waves. The canvas boat that took us to the island was so light that two men picked it up and put it at the water's edge. At the island we entered a cove similar to the one on the mainland. A curious, busy scene was before us. Boatmen, their boats loaded with shells used for enriching land, had returned from the rocks where the shells were gathered. Girls and boys were helping the men pull the boats in, unload the shells, and put them in baskets. Men carried the baskets halfway up the steep, rocky bank. There they emptied them, and boys and girls loaded them again into baskets for donkeys to carry. Donkeys could not bring the baskets from the water's edge, the cliff was too precipitous. From the halfway place the shells were carried to the few potato fields on the island and scattered. An immense amount of labor for a

few potatoes! We climbed to the top of the cliff, and there was the village; perhaps twenty straw-thatched cabins, the thatch held in place by a network of straw ropes fastened down with stones. In front of each cabin was a pile of manure. Cattle are kept in the cabin nights. Each morning the earth floor is cleaned by shoveling out the straw, but it is not taken far from the house. It accumulates all winter, and in the spring is carried to the potato fields. The schoolhouse is the best building on the island. It has windows, and the outside walls were whitewashed.

Kate, our faithful servant, found the cleanest house on the island and asked of its mistress the privilege of boiling a kettle of water to make tea. The wind blew so hard that a fire could not be built outside. She made the tea, but we could not sit inside to drink it; the house was too dirty. I asked a man on crutches if he knew any Gaelic myths. His answer was: 'I care more about getting the price of a bottle of whiskey than about old stories.' Another man said: 'If you'll give me the price of a bottle of whiskey, I'll talk about stories.' I got no stories. Our return trip was not without danger. The boatmen had to row against a heavy wind. Each time that a wave came toward us it looked as if the boat would fill and sink, but it rose, went down, and up on another wave. Mrs. Curtin and Kate were seasick. Fitzgerald, pale from fear, repeated, time after time: 'God willing, this is my last trip in a canvas boat.' We were thankful when we reached the little cove in safety.

On the way to Ventry a woman came out of a cabin built against a side hill and told us her story of woe. She and her husband had spent eight years in New York. They had prospered, but her husband's health failed, and they came back to Ireland. Now they were so poor that they often suffered for food. We went into her little windowless cabin. She stirred up the turf fire, brought rope chairs, and asked us to sit down. In a corner near the fire a donkey was nibbling straw. While the woman talked to us, she sat on the earth floor with four of her children around her. In a pile of ashes on the hearth stood a starved yellow and white kitten, its fur burnt in patches. The woman, noticing that I looked at the kitten with pity, said: 'When we had a cow, the kitten had plenty of food, but now it won't take even a sip of tea.' Later in the day I went to see a man who was a hundred and one years of age. I thought possibly his mind was clear and he could tell me something of the old time, but he had lost grasp of mental things.

March 6th we rode around Sica head. From the highest point the view of the ocean and the islands, the Blaskets and the Skelligs, is remarkably fine. On the way we passed through Comneenoole, one of the poorest hamlets in Ireland. It is at the edge of a rocky gulch on the side of a hill that slopes to the ocean. The cabins are old and in most cases windowless. To pass through the village the horse was taken from the side-car, and men drew the car down into the ravine and up on the opposite side. A crowd of ragged children gathered around to watch our progress. How the people who live in Conmeenoole can get food enough to sustain life is a mystery.

One day, when riding through Rahinn, I stopped to photograph the great rock that a giant from Scotland threw over Fin Mac Cool's house. Fin's mother had told the giant that that was the way her son amused himself. A woman came near and seemed interested in our work. To be pleasant to her I asked if she liked to live in Rahinn. Her quaint answer amused us: 'I have to like it, for 'tis here I found the man.' Among the men who knew Gaelic myths was Edward Shehee. To tell me those myths he walked from Dunquin to Ventry strand, four miles. Shehee was a hundred years old; his hearing was perfect, and his eyesight good.

Toward the end of May, when I had obtained all the myths I could in County Kerry, we started for Dublin. The weather was perfect, hedges were green, and fields were white with daisies. We were glad to leave Ventry. Still I had accomplished work there impossible to do elsewhere. I had saved from extinction many Gaelic myths. It is not in homes of ease and wealth that ancient lore is found.

The migration of 1892 had begun. At every station we saw sad partings; old men and women embracing and crying over their children and grandchildren who were going to America. Some of the young were kind and thoughtful of those whom they were leaving, others were indifferent and heedless. I thought: 'Soon life in America, with its manifold struggles and allurements, will absorb these young men and women; few of these sad-faced old people will ever again see the dear ones from whom they are parting today.' The thought caused me pain; I felt the deepest sympathy for those agonized parents, who unable to shield their children, had to let them go out alone to buffet with the storms of the world. At a station near

Limerick we witnessed a most pathetic scene. A woman, not less than eighty years old, was clinging to her grandchildren, or, perhaps, they were her great-grandchildren, a young man and woman, and was wailing as at a funeral. She realized that she was seeing them for the last time.

My first visit in Dublin was at the Irish academy where I was fortunate enough to meet two friends: Wakeman, the artist, and Count Plunkelt. From the academy I went to Krumlin to call on Professor O'Looney, whom I found ill and discouraged. Much of the work he had planned was still undone, and he feared that life was nearing its end. After a few days in Dublin I started for a journey around the northwest coast of Ireland.

In Donegal we waited at McGinty's hotel for the stage to Killybegs. For luncheon I ordered lamb chops and coffee. When served, the chops were so tough and the coffee so poor that I left them and went to the hotel opposite and ordered beefsteak. It was just ready to be served when we heard the stage horn. There was no time for eating. The stage was a long, open side-car. Soon after starting rain began to fall. When we reached Mount Charles, we were drenched, and I was afraid to continue the journey. We waited at Mcintyre's hotel for better weather. From Killybegs I went to Carrick and then to Glen Columbkille to be there on the 9th of June when people from neighboring parishes assembled to pray at the stations of the holy well. Our baggage had increased to four large boxes and three heavy parcels, mainly books. I started the baggage off on a donkey-cart, we followed on a side-car. Soon a tempest of wind and rain came upon us and did not abate till Glen Columbkille was in sight. It was a troublesome ride; with one hand I endeavored to keep the rugs around us. with the other to prevent the umbrella turning inside out. My mind was in turmoil, for I thought that my books and manuscript in the boxes on the donkey-cart would be ruined. The road was up-grade, and fast driving was impossible. There was neither house nor building of any kind wherein to take refuge.

On reaching the Glen we stopped at the principal house in the village. On the ground floor of the house there was a grocery just large enough to turn around in, kitchen with earth floor, a 'best room,' 10x12, with a fireplace and cupboard, and off from that a tiny chamber with two beds in it. The 10x12 room was used as a storeroom for the grocery. Apparently the

windows had never been opened or washed. The mistress of the house would rent this storeroom for five dollars a week. There was no choice. We must either take it or go back to Carrick. Ellen, a good strong Carrick girl, was with us. The windows were opened and the room aired; the sacks of flour and meal disappeared, and soon a bright turf fire was blazing on the hearth. We had brought a hamper from Carrick with food enough for one day.

When we found that there was no fresh meat to buy, we decided to live on bacon and eggs. The next morning Ellen came to us with a doleful face and complaining voice. How was she to fry eggs in a deep, iron kettle. She had fried the bacon in it but, if she put the eggs in, she couldn't get them out. We encouraged her to make the trial, which she did and succeeded in a way. Our landlady had kept house twenty years, and this iron kettle was the only cooking utensil she had — she baked, boiled, and brewed in it. She had reared four children and given them plenty to eat.

I met men from surrounding hamlets and obtained a few good myths. Then I returned to Carrick and resumed my journey. The first halt was at Ardara, the second at Glenties. The country we traveled through was, as our driver said, 'Wild enough.' It was hilly, rocky, and barren. Beyond Dunglow the earth is almost hidden under stones, boulders, and blocks of granite. I thought there could be no more inhospitable and unattractive place in the world, but I have since been in Montenegro. In such a region one would not expect to see a house, but there were houses here and there all the way, and between boulders were small patches of potatoes. I supposed that Gweedore was a town, but I saw only a large hotel with extensive grounds—a resort for English tourists.

From Gweedore there are many rocks and not a few bog fields, but the country is less desolate. When near Gortahork, we passed a cluster of six or seven thatched houses. It was Bedlam, where two or three years earlier several widely talked of evictions took place. When the poor people resisted, their houses were 'tossed,' torn down by the inhuman executors of English law. One of the houses is known as 'Donald's fort,' for Donald and his family fortified themselves inside and struggled against Fate, in the form of burly, 'hell bent' policemen and sheriffs, till the house was

completely wrecked. The ruins of this hamlet are indisputable evidence of English brutality and oppression.

The village of Gortahork consisted of a church, the priest's house, the national school building, and the house and store of a Mr. Gallagher. When I asked for accommodations, I was told that there was a town three miles farther on, but when I explained that I was going to Tory island and the village would be out of our way, Mr. Gallagher gave us rooms. After we were comfortably housed, I called on Father McFadden to whom I had a letter of introduction. Wishing to show us the country around Mt. Errigal, he proposed a ride and picnic for the following day. The next morning was bright and warm, and as soon as the Letterkenny mail was distributed, we started for the picnic. The priest and his sister with Father Kelly and Father Boyle met us at the crossroads. We drove to the base of Mt. Errigal, then east eight miles farther, and leaving our side-cars climbed the mountain till we found a spot level enough to answer for a table. While we were lunching. Father James McFadden, the McFadden, joined us.

Love of country and hatred of injustice has caused this priest much suffering. He has been imprisoned for acting against the government during evictions and for encouraging his people to resist injustice and oppression.

Two days after the picnic, we went to Tory island. It was six o'clock when our little boat was pushed away from shore. For a time the wind was favorable, then it dropped, and the boat moved slowly though aided by 'goose wings' (a sail on each side). But at long last we came to land in front of the village on Tory. The island, two miles long and from a quarter to three quarters of a mile wide, is in a wild part of the Atlantic ocean, ten miles from the northwest corner of Ireland. During winter it is inaccessible for a month at a time; in summer mail is carried over once a week. On the west side of the island there are stupendous granite cliffs. Gigantic rocks, apparently disconnected from the island, stand near it, defying the waves which pound against them unceasingly. The scene is one of wild grandeur. At the head of the island there is a magnificent cliff called Great Tor, or Castle of King Balor. Several myths are connected with this cliff.

The industry of the island is kelp. Along the east coast, which is low, waves bring in quantities of seaweed. When the seaweed is dry and ready for

market, sailing vessels carry it to the mainland. After a storm every man, woman, and child is busy collecting this weed. The girls of Tory are fearless riders. They sit on the rump of a horse and ride at breakneck speed, their only hold the long reins of the bridle. When the horse is loaded with a basket of seaweed on each side. the girl kneels on the horse's rump, and, leaning over between the baskets, guides him with the bridle reins. It is a peculiar sight. The baskets are large, but the seaweed trails from them to the ground. To empty the basket, or kreel, as it is called, it is only necessary to draw out the bottom.

On the 4th of July there was a fierce wind and rainstorm. Stupendous white capped waves threatened to engulf the island; many times they came within twenty feet of the village, then lost force and fell back. For several days after the storm, it was unsafe to go out in a small boat. While waiting for pleasant weather and a calm sea, I visited all the places mentioned in myth or story. I saw Great Tor when waves were struggling to hide it under spray. I saw the rock that so frightened the people by opening and swallowing a dog that was about to attack Columbkille that all, save one man and Columbkille, sprang into the sea and were drowned. In the churchyard there is a stone that kills whoever is foolhardy enough to meddle with it.

I went to 'The Place of the Holy Clay.' The story is told that in Columbkille's time six men and a woman were washed ashore on Tory. Columbkille buried them in one grave. The next morning he found the woman's body lying on the ground near the grave. He buried it again, and again it appeared. This happened for three consecutive mornings, then it was known to Columbkille that it was the body of a saint. He dug another grave and buried the body alone. Then he gave to Dugan, the only man left on the island, and to his descendants, forever, the right of raising dirt out of the grave when it was asked for in the name of God and Columbkille. I found the Dugan who now raises the dirt and asked him in the name of God and Columbkille to raise some for me. The old man knelt on the mound, prayed a few moments, then reached his arm down in a hole and drew up a handful of clay. He told me that a few particles of this clay if thrown into the sea would calm the waves. July 9th the storm abated, and we left Tory. We were three hours in reaching mainland. At one time a heavy fog enveloped us, the wind blew furiously, and our boat was dangerously tossed

by the waves. It was an anxious half hour not only for us but for the boatmen. When back to the newspaper world, we learned that the City of Chicago, the steamer we crossed the Atlantic on, had been wrecked on the rocks of Kinsale head.

Mr. Gallagher had found old men who knew Gaelic myths, so I did not leave Gortahork till the 25th of July. Four miles from Pettigoe, on an island in Lough Derg, is St. Patrick's Purgatory, a place annually visited by thousands of pilgrims. At the station in Pettigoe we encountered a throng of those people on the way to their homes. I saw no evidence that abstinence and prayer had resulted in spiritual profit. From Pettigoe I went to Galway. At Cavan there was a three-hour delay. The town seemed to be sleeping. In the middle of the main street two hens were brooding chickens. On reaching Galway I went to the Claddagh to see the men who had told me myths four years earlier. I found that the old man who related to me 'The Queen of Lonesome Island' was in the poorhouse; his wife was dead.

The following day, in a miserable craft, called a steamer, we crossed to Aranmore (or Inishmore). The other cabin passengers were a man and woman from San Francisco, California. Born in Ireland, they had returned to their country 'to get acquainted with it.' I spent several days on the island talking with the people and studying the ruins supposed to date back to 1500 B.C.

Black fort is two miles from the village of Kilronan, and the road to it is mainly over a bed of limestone rocks. In places the rocks are flat and look as if laid down for a pavement; again they are in steps or narrow broken slabs. Here and there on the limestone bed are huge, granite boulders undoubtedly left there during the glacial period, for aside from those boulders, there is no granite on the island. The fort is a gigantic wall made of heavy rocks and stretching across a promontory, the sides of which rise perpendicularly to a considerable height above the sea. In the narrow space enclosed by the wall are the remains of beehive houses.

The most remarkable ruin on the Aran islands, or in Europe, is Dun-Aengus, though Black fort antedates it by 1,500 years. Dun-Aengus was once a mighty fort. On the landside, at irregular distances apart, are three enormous walls. Beyond them are rows of sharp stones, also a defense. The

space enclosed by the walls ends in a sea cliff 300 feet deep. Archeologically considered, these forts are of immense interest. There are many ruins on the islands; I visited them all and the numerous holy wells as well. I took down what myths the old people knew. One aged man, afflicted with palsy, told me a number of 'true stories of the old time.' In relating them he got so enthusiastic that he rapped on my knees or nudged me continually.

While we were on the island, a policeman fell in love with Ellen, a Carrick girl who was with us to cook when we found hotels impossible, and in Ireland they are impossible everywhere outside of large cities. He came, one evening, to ask me for her, saying that he must have ninety pounds dowry. At first I thought he had been drinking. When I discovered that he was sober and in earnest, and was proposing in the usual way, I referred him to the girl and her relatives. As Ellen was not in love with him, the affair ended quickly.

From Aranmore we went by steamer to Kilkieran Cama in Connemara. I left my Alma and Ellen on the pier in the rain and mud and started to look for rooms; there were a few white-washed houses in sight. With some trouble I secured two rooms, over the store and post office, in the house of a Mrs. Cook. I had been told that there were many Gaelic-speaking men in Connemara. I decided to stay a few weeks in Kilkieran and make a thorough search for myths. The first difficulty encountered was that of procuring food and drink. I sent to Galway for bacon and canned Australian mutton, to Cork for coffee, and to Russia for tea. Fresh meat was rarely for sale in Kilkieran. I was at work on Pan Michael, and every hour not occupied in obtaining myths was spent in translating. A rainy day, or a day when a story-teller failed to come, I translated from forty to forty-six pages. Beginning with August 30, it rained for three consecutive days. I translated fifty-two pages each day. Then I undertook to finish the translation in four days, fifty-four pages each day, and I succeeded.

With September came clouds and wind. It was almost impossible to keep warm. We filled the cracks around the windows with cloth, but it was not so easy to fill cracks in the walls and floor. Turf burns quickly and does not give out much heat.

I found in Kilkieran several persons with whom it was a pleasure to speak Gaelic. A young man, by the name of Kneigh, had a remarkably fine accent and a pleasant voice. I employed him to talk with me evenings. Colman Goram knew many Gaelic myths. I took them all down. He was a ragged, dirty man with a large, red lump on his forehead. He was old but he had a good memory, and in childhood had been taught not from books, but from the lips of his grandfather. Goram and my landlady were enemies of long standing, and more than once I had to rescue him from the brutality of her son or her servant.

There were many sad cases of poverty around Kilkieran Carna. Half a mile beyond Mrs. Cook's in a windowless hut, 8x10, I found, sitting on the earth floor, a woman eighty-six years of age. Her niece, who was 'not so smart as another.' was incapable of working for wages. She did odd jobs here and there and got a bite for herself and her aunt to eat. I befriended the poor old creature, gave her food and money, but I could not induce her to leave the hut. It was her home.

Only on November 11th 1892, did I learn that Cleveland had been elected. The newspapers of Ireland seemed to have gone asleep for the ages. Christmas found us still in Kilkieran Carna. We had spent a year in Ireland. Before daylight Jan. 10th we started for County Kerry, going to Galway by side-car. When near the hills called Twelve Pins, we encountered snow and a cold wind. At Mamcross we stopped at Peacock's, the public house. I went in and meeting no one went from dirty room to dirtier room till I reached the kitchen. There I found a woman washing clothes. Alma and Ellen came, and around a turf fire we succeeded in getting warm. Resuming our journey we did not halt again till we came to the picturesque village of Oughterard. When within six miles of Galway, the horse broke down. It was not strong enough for a journey of forty miles. Martin, the driver, was a brute. In spite of all I could say, he kept up a constant urging and whipping. I remonstrated and threatened, but words were lost on the wretch. I thought, as Ellen said, that Galway would never be in it. But at seven o'clock in the evening we were sitting by a cozy fire in a room in the Railroad hotel. The next morning, at a book store kept by a maiden lady, 'not for profit, but with the hope of doing good,' I bought an old edition of Bunyan's Pilgrims Progress.

By a slow train we traveled to Limerick and then to Cork. In a bookstore in Cork I found a copy of the Isle of Man bible in the original language of the people —a language similar to Irish— a book out of print. I was wonderfully glad to find and secure such a treasure. From Cork we went to Killorglin, by railroad. The stationmaster at Killorglin amused us greatly. He was very inquisitive, and I indulged him. After each answer he exclaimed: 'Well, well! Are you Americans?'

'We are.'

'Well, well! From New York?'

'No.'

'Well, well! From Springfield then?'

'No.'

'Well, well!'

'I am from Washington.'

'Well, well! Like Ireland?'

'Yes.'

'Well, well.'

And so it would have gone on indefinitely, but the side-car for Cahirciveen arrived, and we were off. It was an interesting ride around bluffs and across rocky places. Again I had a driver who was a bitter enemy of a hotel proprietor, and arriving at Cahirciveen he took me to a place where he said I could get good accommodations. One glance was enough. Only when I refused to stop there, did he point out Fitzgerald's hotel.

The hotel was noisy, and the food bad. Thinking it possible to find rooms I called on Canon Brusnahan, whom I had met in Dublin, and asked his advice. He put on his tall hat and cloak and went with me. With such a guide everyone was anxious to do the best he could. I found rooms in the

house of Mr. Brennan, and with Ellen for cook, we were soon comfortably established. The canon was interested in mythology and he sent for old men who knew myths. I took down many that were worthless but with the worthless I got a few valuable ones. About this time I received a present from Pobedonostsev, procurator of the holy synod, a beautiful volume of Pushkin.

I spent eight months in Cahirciveen, studying the people, collecting myths and beliefs, which are survivals of Druidism or of a more remote period. I translated many of Sienkiewicz' short stories and took up a number of East Indian languages. The people of Cahirciveen interested me, for the greater number of them believed in witches and fairies. Those who were most sincere in this belief were devout Christians. A young woman who had been educated in a convent told us as a great secret, that the daughter of a woman who lived near her father's house was a witch. By her magic she stole butter from the farmers; she drew all the richness of the milk from their cows to her own churn.

Our landlady was so devout that she spent several hours of each day in prayer. I asked her if she believed in fairies. She said: 'I think they may be fallen angels, for it is known that there are some in the world, and that they would have destroyed the world long ago were it not that they hope that on judgment day they will get back to Heaven. It is possible that these angels have been confounded with fairies.' One day I called at the house of an old man who had told me good myths. By the fireplace sat his daughter; she was perfectly helpless. Her father said: 'It is not the maid that is here at all, but an old fairy in her place.' He sincerely believed this.

The evening preceding Ash Wednesday, all the boys and girls from eight to fifteen years of age were out with ropes to lasso any girl of marriageable age whom they could find. If they caught one, they tried to drag her to the river and throw her in, because the time had expired and she was not married. There was a rescue and much sport. On Ash Wednesday crowds of people went to Canon Brusnahan's church 'to be marked,' have a black cross made on the forehead. The Seneca Indians when going out with a child, after dark, mark the child's forehead with a coal, 'to keep evil spirits away.'

During the month preceding Lent there were many marriages and naturally much gossip. I found that it was not unusual for a couple to marry without being acquainted with each other; or what is worse, hating each other and loving someone else. Tuesday, just before the time for being married expired, a woman who had five children married a boy of twenty. There was great excitement in the village. The bridegroom's mother was frantic with rage; the bride's grownup son gave his mother a sound beating. No one interfered, for the sentiment of the people was, 'Well does she deserve it.' I asked a man on the street if the young husband had money; his answer amused me: 'Divil a bit, but to work around like another.' My favorite walk while in Cahirciveen was to Carhen house, the birthplace of Daniel O'Connell near the beautiful little river of Carhir. In June I went to Ballinskellig where I met two pleasant men: Mr. Abbot of Dublin, who entertained me with his queer ideas about Gaelic mythology; and Mr. Cuthburt, who assisted me in getting fine views. Early in September I visited Derrynane, and was entertained by the grandson of Daniel O'Connell, in the house where the great liberator lived and died.

We left Cahirciveen September 12th, 1893. The morning was glorious! As we rode along the inlet, the reflections in the water were wonderfully fine: hills, hedges, and houses were there as distinct as on land. This was the last stage trip from Cahirciveen to Killorglin. That day the first train went over the rails that had been laid between the two towns. The country was at its best, and the journey to Dublin was very agreeable. A few days later we crossed the Irish sea, and the next morning, before the great city had wakened, we were in London. I spent three very pleasant weeks in the city. I had many things to look up in the British museum and I had old friends to meet, among others Patrick Collins, then consul general, and Sir Thomas Esmonde. September 18th I was made glad by receiving the following letter from John Fiske:

'Cambridge July 3rd 1893

'My dear Jeremiah:

'I have delayed most shockingly my reply to your very welcome letter. I have a wretched habit of procrastination in writing letters; it is a vile habit, but I sadly fear I am too old to get over it. You must be having a fine time in

ould Ireland; it would suit me far better than the Indians of the Klamath river.

'By the way, Hieremias, since you last heard from me I have been on a lecture tour which extended into California, Oregon, and Washington. I was at the centennial celebration of the discovery of the Columbia river. May 11, 1892; at Astoria, where I made the oration of the day, bye god! and afterwards I got on to a steamer and jerked the Alaska trip, by God [italicized words were written in Greek in manuscript], which was one of the most enjoyable things I ever did in my life.

When I arrived at the Muir glacier, which was as far from Cambridge as I ever got, it wouldn't greatly have surprised me if I had beheld your honored form in the grey distance approaching through those icy solitudes. For of old, as thou knowest, Hieremias mine, it was only needful for me to go far enough from home in any direction, and lo, thou wert sure to turn up.

'It was a dry journey, methinks, in one respect; for in Alaska beer is few and far between (Tunc dixit gubernator Carolina? Septentrionalis Carolina? Australis gubernatori cum cachinnatione undulante. Damnatum longum est parumper inter pocula!) I asked one genial host where was his beer, and he took me into the back shed and showed me his brewery'. I could have loaded the whole concern on to a wheelbarrow. It was home brewed beer, you bet, but being very dry, I found it not so bad, and I did even quaff thy health in the same, O Hieremias mine.

'On that same trip to Alaska I did carry with me and did likewise read, With Fire and Sword, and eke The Deluge. And after returning to my Cantabrigian fireside, I did give the said books to Alma to read, and she did read them. They are the greatest stories I ever read; especially The Deluge. Nothing could be finer than the characters of Olenka and Kmita, and the way their affairs are worked out. That last great scene in the church is the most stirring thing I ever read. As for Zagloba, he is one of the greatest creations since those of Shakespeare. Yea, verily, Jeremiah, my Polish dictionary was put to good use. I cannot forbear remarking on the wonderfully beautiful English of your translations. The naivety, the poetic feeling, the wild flower fragrance of that half-primitive life is well preserved in your exquisite English.

'During the past year I have seen Shepard Gilbert quite often. He has had a neat little fortune of $100,000 or so left to him, so that he can now jerk his otiwm cum dig. I expect to lunch with him and drink to thy health, next Saturday at the Old Elm. I spent Saturday two weeks ago at Westborough with Rev. Hercules Fay. He is confined to his room with acute rheumatism; his heart is also in a bad way, and I much fear that he will never go out of doors again until he goes with dirges due in sad array.

'I received Prince Serebryam but have not yet had time to read it. Accept my thanks for the same; many thanks also to thy good wife for the charming photographs.

'With warm regards from us all, I remain, O Hieremias mine,

'Thy devoted,'

'Johannes.'

CHAPTER: 28

Scotch Gaelic

September 30th we went to Edinburgh. I found it a beautiful city. It was not the modern part, however, which interested me. I stopped at the Edinburgh hotel in the new town but from morning till evening I roamed around in the old town. While we were in Edinburgh. the Duke of York and his bride visited the city. The illumination and decorations were fine. The city seems planned for just such a display. From the old town the new with its banners, flags, welcomes, arches, and myriad of lights was like a gorgeous dream; from the new town the old was equally beautiful and brilliant. The local party arrived in the evening. A vast number of people had assembled to welcome the heir to the throne. The roar from a multitude of voices in ordinary conversation was a sound to be long remembered.

A few days later I spent several pleasant hours with Professor Blaekie and his wife, persons who inspire a man with the feeling that he is better for having known them. I was sorry to say goodbye; they were old and feeble, and I knew that I should not see them again. Among the pleasant people whom I met in Edinburgh was Professor Kennan. I had a letter of introduction to him from the secretary of state for Scotland; with him I examined the Gaelic manuscripts kept in Advocates library. Sunday I tried to attend evening services in St. Giles's; finding not even standing room in the great edifice I went to a near-by church where there were not more than a hundred and fifty worshipers.

From Edinburgh we journeyed to the historic old town of Stirling and then to Oban. The scenery in the highlands is nowhere grand, but it is everywhere beautiful; and at no season of the year is it quite as beautiful as when autumn foliage is in its glory. One day, while I was looking at a volume of myths in an Oban bookstore, a man came in who I thought was a minister. Noticing the book I held in my hand, he came to me and said:

'That is an expensive book. It should have been gotten up cheaper. I collected those myths.'

'Oh,' said I, 'then you are Mr. McDougall, and I have a letter to you from Professor Kennan.

After reading the letter, McDougall showed considerable uneasiness. He seemed to fear that I had come to Scotland to carry away material which belonged by right to him. When I said that I had read his book and thought it the best collection of Scotch myths that had been made, he grew more talkative. And later, when we met on a Loch Linnhe steamer, he was cordial, and I enjoyed his society, for he fully appreciated the value of mythology.

Loch Linnhe, the hills and glens along its banks gorgeous with autumn tints, was wonderfully beautiful. I had decided to spend two or three months in Fort William. I wished to study Scotch Gaelic and I thought that in that small town in the highlands there would be men who still spoke the language. Not finding suitable rooms at the hotel, I sought and found them in a private house overlooking Loch Linnhe. Just across the loch, in full view from our windows, was Corpach. There was a great deal of fog and rain at that season of the year but, when the sun came from behind clouds, I delighted in watching the dense fog which had hidden Corpach, by degrees lose its density, grow transparent, and float away.

As soon as we were comfortably settled. I began to study Scotch Gaelic and to hunt for old men to tell me stories. Sundays I attended the Free church, for the service was in Gaelic. Oct. 26th Ben Nevis' was white with snow. I hired a carriage and went to Spean Bridge to get a good view of the highest of Great Britain's mountains. A mountain whose imposing appearance is wholly due to its isolation, for it is only 4,406 feet above sea level. The view was fine: in the background a snow mountain, at the base evergreen trees, and in the foreground crofters' cottages. At the inn I met Father McDougal, the priest at Lochaber, a kindly, vivacious little man. I went with him to a crofter's cottage to talk with the owner who he thought knew Gaelic myths. The old man was sitting in a wheel chair, knitting a stocking; his mind was clear, but the myths he knew were of no value. Near the ruins of Inverlochy castle I met a little blue-eyed boy and I asked his name. 'Don

Cameron, Sir,' was his answer. It amused me, for it recalled our senator, Don Cameron. The name, however, is one of constant recurrence in and around Fort William where there are many Camerons, and the Christian name is usually either Don or Angus.

November 2nd was a typical highland winter day. The sun shone out bright and clear for a few minutes, then came a storm of wind which bent trees and rattled windows. On the loch waves rolled high, and seagulls cawed; then again Corpach gleamed in sunshine, and the town and the snow-capped hills were pictured in the placid lake. For a few minutes the picture was perfect, then a drifting storm cloud neared the sun. Shadows began to creep along the hills, and soon deep gloom settled over the landscape; and again came wind and rain. The effects of sunshine and cloud were fascinating; I did very little writing that day.

Thanksgiving day snow clouds came and went on the hills across the loch. At one moment a heavy storm seemed to be approaching, then on a sudden it drew back, sped to the hillside, to the mountains beyond; again the landscape was hidden by fog, and the mountains were only a shade darker than the water and sky. Twice that day I attended service at the Free church to listen to Gaelic. For two months I had spent an hour and a half each morning with Mcintosh, the Free church minister, reading Gaelic. He was a helpful man and he was anxious that I should have a correct pronunciation of Scotch Gaelic. The leading physician was also a helpful man and he was a willing loaner of books. Following our usual routine, when no social duty intervened, Mrs. C. read aloud several hours each evening. When the books we brought with us were exhausted. I borrowed from Dr. Miller.

CHAPTER: 29

A Tour of Italy (1894)

January 3, 1804, we went to London and a few days later to Paris. It was cold, even in Paris, and I decided that this was the time to visit Italy. On the way south we spent a few days in the quaint, old city of Dijon. We crossed the Alps one bright, moonlight night. To the majesty of the mountains was added the majesty of night. It was a glorious ride. The mountain peaks stood forth all the more distinctly for being crowned with snow. In Turin it was cold. Every bough and twig was white with frost. Especially beautiful was the frost picture in the park near the hotel, where there were many trees and much shrubbery. From Turin to Genoa the country with its hills and vineyards attracted me greatly. In Genoa we climbed an immensely long staircase between rows of buildings to the top of a hill from which there is a magnificent view of the city. While we were descending the staircase, we met an old woman going up. She was panting heavily and had stopped to rest. I said to her in Italian, 'You are very tired?'

'Yes,' she answered, 'these hills are terrible for old people.'

From Genoa to Chiavari the sea, the mountains, the hills dotted with villas and villages, the orange groves loaded with yellow fruit were a delight to the eye. No wonder that part of Italy is famed for its beauty and its climate. In Pisa I was interested only in the baptistry with its echo which in musical tones repeats the voice three times, the cathedral with its mosaics and paintings, and the Leaning tower.

Thursday morning January 18th we reached the 'Eternal City.' Immediately after securing rooms at the Anglo-American, we went to St. Peter's. One peculiarity of that building is that it is light and warm inside. The architect evidently did not know that vile air, dampness, and dim light roused awe in morbid minds.

I was deeply interested in St. Peter's, for it recalled all the great events connected with the struggle of Christianity over Paganism. A thing which struck me forcibly was the inscription at the base of the dome: 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will found my church; and I will give to thee the gates of the region of Heaven. I would like to have time to follow out the steps by which that colossal assumption was made whereby the head of an obscure community that concealed itself in catacombs claimed for himself a higher position and a greater authority than has ever been claimed by man before or will ever be claimed by man hereafter.

From St. Peter's I went to the Colosseum which is the highest architectural achievement of aboriginal man. It is beyond description imposing on the mind. The greatest expression of the force of a society, before moral ideas have appeared, when it wants to see the reflex of its own power. It is as savage and wild as an Indian dance taken at the very height of its wildness and fixed there for the ages, ossified. The Pantheon impressed me as having an imposing individuality. The columns are borrowed from the Greeks, but the body and dome are not borrowed ideas. They are, I think, a copy of what we see in this world: the circular horizon, and the heavens as a dome. It is deplorable that the portico of so magnificent a temple was destroyed.

I have never seen anything that gave me such an impression of a great and weighty public life buried, as it were, under a geological stratum, as the Roman Forum. I spent much time there rebuilding the temples and listening to the debates of the consuls and senators of ancient Rome. Standing on Capitoline hill I recalled many of the triumphal processions which, with gorgeous show and grandeur, had marched on to that elevation, having in their train of prisoners sovereigns and noted warriors. Finding the woman who had charge of the Tarpeian rock, I gained entrance to a beautiful garden built above it. I stood on the edge of the rock and looking over saw the Gauls creeping up. I heard the sacred geese cackle, and saw the Romans rush to the defense. I often went to the Janiculum, for from no other eminence in Rome is there such an extensive view of the city and the Alban hills. Not far away is St. Pietro in Montorio, the church built over the spot where Peter is supposed to have been crucified. In the floor of that church, side by side, are the slabs which mark the graves of Roderick O'Donnell, and Hugh O'Neill of the Bloody Hand. Irish patriots should remove the

ashes of their countrymen and honor them by burial in Ireland. I spent many hours in the churches and galleries of Rome. Of all the famed paintings in the Vatican 'Pity' and the 'Last Communion of St. Jerome' by Domenichino appealed to me most.

I met many pleasant people. I was entertained and dined by Monsignor O'Connell, rector of the American college; by Monsignor Kelly, rector of the Irish college; by our American minister, William Potter of Philadelphia; by Siemiradzki, the Polish artist and by Vedder, the American artist; by W. J. Stillman, once an Athens diplomat, but at that time special correspondent of the London Times; by Countess Ressi; and by many others.

At a reception given by Mrs. Stillman I met John Hay, afterward secretary of state. When Stillman introduced us. Hay said: 'Jeremiah Curtin? I have known him for a long time.' Then he spoke understandingly and with appreciation of my Indian and Gaelic work and of my knowledge of languages. It was pleasant for me to know that my work was valued by such a student as John Hay. I met many Poles, and each one expressed deep gratitude for what I had done for Poland by making its great writer known to the English-speaking world. Bronislav Iazdovski, a friend of Sienkiewicz, told me, and some months later Sienkiewicz confirmed his words, that Sienkiewicz felt that no author had ever had his books translated by a more conscientious and sympathetic man — that I had caught the very spirit of his words.

After a stay of five weeks' duration in Rome, we went to Naples. I was greatly disappointed at the impression that all Christian monuments made on me: not so much, perhaps, by the idea involved in them, as by the very bad and poor expression of the idea. In all monuments of ancient Rome there is directness, clearness. In the Christian monuments the means of expression are poor, in many cases trivial, and in some cases absolutely false; while in the Pagan monuments there is a reality, a force, and a vividness which is paralleled only by the ringing call of a trumpet to battle; no doubt; clear cut. A great deal in the Christian monument is the value of the material, the costliness of the ornamentation; while in the old Roman monuments that element did not appear, the only idea seemed to be to

express what was really in the mind. In an old Roman monument there is no hypocrisy or concealment; its greatness is in its sincerity.

The day following our arrival in Naples, we visited Pompeii and wandered around for many hours, going from street to street and from house to house. Later, descending a long flight of stairs and going through dark passages, we stood in the pit of the theater in Herculaneum. I visited the historical places in the neighborhood of Naples and the pleasure resorts as well. One beautiful day I drove along the seacoast, getting grand views of headlands and islands, till I came to Posszuoli, where Paul landed when on his way to Rome. Going through the town and up the hill, I reached the theater where Nero entertained Tiridates. And then, continuing my climb, came to the crater of an 'extinct' volcano — a treacherous place, I thought. The earth trembled under my feet. Later I was at the grotto of the Cumam Sibyl on the bank of Lake Avernus. An old man met me near the entrance of the grotto, and with him I went through the dark narrow passages. Afterward I drove to Baiaj, Misenum, and Cunuc. I visited all the near islands of the Mediterranean and then returned to Rome.

March 3rd the Pope said mass in the Sistine chapel. I had complimentary tickets, which was well, for the chapel is small, and thousands could only get admittance to the halls through which the Pope passed on his way to the chapel. The gaudy pageantry of the procession astonished me. It is equaled only by the lord mayor's show in London. A survival of barbaric pomp and pride! The Pope passed near where I stood. His clear-cut, intellectual face was pallid as death, but his eyes were bright and expressive. Leo XIII was a Roman, a deep thinker, and a brilliant executive. Cardinal Ledochowski expressed a desire to see me. I called, and we had a long and satisfactory conversation mainly on the political and social condition of Russia and Poland. Ledochowski was a patriot, who never lost an opportunity to work for his people and his country. I was often at the Vatican, for the works of art in the galleries fascinated me. Though I spent much time in studying the ruins of ancient Rome, and medieval and modern art and architecture, I still found time for literary work. I was writing the preface of my second Irish book and translating Children of the Soil.

Towards the end of March we went to Florence. First I did what I had long had in mind: I visited the house where Dante was born and the church where he was married; the house where Cellini lived, where he cast his famous 'Perseus,' and where he died; the house where Machiavelli died; and the tomb of Michelangelo. The days spent in Florence were for me days of great mental and physical activity. I visited galleries, museums, and churches and drove to all the historical places in the surrounding country. There were many Americans at our hotel. I remember specially a man and woman who sat at table with us. Major Smyth and wife, from Atlanta, Georgia. One day when conversing with the major, I asked if he knew Henry W. Grady. Mrs. Smyth answered quickly: 'He is a neighbor of ours. He is a witty man but he has no respect for any one; he spares neither friend nor foe. I will give you an instance. There are two women in Atlanta who were very kind to Grady when he was poor. They are homely and dress in bad taste. One day last summer Grady was driving a span of colts. A friend asked if they were steady. "O, yes," said Grady, "I passed so and so, naming the two women, this morning, and they never shied."

Grady's sins were many, when told by his political opponents, but he was one of the most brilliant men America has produced.

From Florence we went to Venice. In the compartment with us was a loquacious English woman, who had spent thirty years of her life in India. She affably 'shortened the road' for us by relating adventures and describing some of the peculiar institutions of India. She told of a (Hindu) convent where the nuns would not boil water for fear of destroying life; would remain in bed till a certain hour in the morning from fear of breathing in and destroying life in the air; and, for the same reason, when they retired for the night, or for meditation, they put a cloth over their mouths, removing it only after all was quiet in the building and outside. Common sense plays a small part in some of the religions and beliefs of this world.

At first the gaiety and excitement in Venice interested me. There is a certain social life on those canals which streets can never have. I hired a gondola and a handsome gondolier — he was good-natured as well — and each morning and evening I spent hours on the water. Palaces and churches in Venice are somehow different from palaces and churches in other cities.

One day chance led me to St. Michael's island. It should be called 'Cemetery island,' for only graves are there. Roaming around in that cemetery, which is one of the dreariest cemeteries on the face of the earth, I came to the grave of Eugene Schuyler. It is marked by a plain headstone with an assuming epitaph. Following the name, comes the statement that he was a 'Statesman, Diplomatist, Traveler, Geographer, Historian, Essayist, at the time of his death Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General of the United States of America in Egypt.' As I stood by that neglected grave and read the epitaph, I wondered why the friend or relative, who had such an exalted idea of the man's attainments, did not bury him in his own country, or cause his remains to be carried there for burial.

At last I was weary of Venice. One chilly morning our gondolier took us to the railroad station, which seemed miles away as we rowed along between houses, turning sharp corners here and there and going from one canal to another; but at last it was reached, and we were soon on the train for Verona. From Verona to Milan the scenery is fine, for the Alps are in view. To see the original of 'The Last Supper,' I stopped over in Milan. From Milan to Lucerne I reveled in mountain scenery. When traveling in high places, I am always exhilarated, roused to a certain degree. This journey was one of continual delight — snow-capped peaks, a wondrous play of sunlight and shadow. Here and there a village nestled in a rugged valley far below us. Kaleidoscopic snatches of magnificent scenery, as the train shot in and out of tunnels, kept me alert. At one time mighty peaks loomed above us, again we circled a mountain that overlooked a sea of mountains.

CHAPTER: 30

With Charles A. Dana

In Lucerne I met Lady McGregor, wife of the governor of New Guinea, an observing and well informed woman. Through her descriptions, I became so interested in the native people of New Guinea, their customs and superstitions, that I planned a journey to that country. To the present, however, the plan has not been carried out. I also met Rev. James Jefferies, a Congregational clergyman from Adelaide, Australia. He gave me much useful information regarding the economics of his country and the semi-savage races living there. When he saw that I was interested, he began to persistently urge me to go to Australia and buy a sheep ranch. 'There is no money in literature,' said he. 'Why bother with it? Why spend time that spells cash in learning languages and collecting ancient lies?' To explain the question from my standpoint was useless; I did not attempt it.

From Lucerne to Lausanne and then to Montreux. Naturally, I visited the much written about castle of Chillon, went into its so-called 'Hall of Justice,' the relic of a terrible past. I stopped at Lausanne for no other purpose than to visit the garden where Gibbon finished the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. In Montreux the air was cool, but there was no place where I could live quietly and work for a time. The hotels were thronged with guests. Geneva was too warm; I decided to go to London. The ride along the Rhone was a delight. The day was bright, and the river in places was as green as the foliage on its banks. Two days after leaving Geneva, we were at the Hotel de Louvre in Paris and a week later at 67 Great Russell street, London — a quiet place where, when a leisure moment came, I could spend it in the British museum. Always when in London, I learn some new language. I have only to go to the bible house, obtain a bible in the language I wish to study, then go home, and, with the aid of an English bible, work it out word by word. I was at this time trying to acquire some of the languages of South Africa.

April 21th Patrick Collins, our consul general, gave a dinner to Augustin Daly and invited twenty gentlemen, myself among the number. Bayard, the ambassador was there; Justin McCarthy; and T.P. O'Connor, M.P. Bayard's speech was a failure, but there were skilled speech makers present, and the dinner was distinguished for flow of wit and repartee. Daly was a genial man and a good speech maker, and so was Justin McCarthy. About this time Charles A. Dana and Mrs. Dana arrived in London, and during the few days of their stay Dana and I were together a good deal. Dana was a man of deep, insight, a man who roused and brought out all that was best in the mind of the person with whom he was talking. He made a life study of the problems of human government, hence could speak with authority; his words carried conviction. I never left him without feeling that he had given me new ideas, that I had learned much from conversing with him.

While Dana was in London, I received a letter and package of books from Pobedonostsev — books he had written himself. When Dana saw the books, he said: 'For years I have had a great desire to meet Pobedonostsev, the man who controls church, and to a certain extent, state, in Russia, but I want to be introduced to him by someone whom he knows as intimately as he does you. Then he will have confidence and will, perhaps, talk with me freely.'

I said: 'When you know what day you will arrive in St. Petersburg, telegraph to me. I will meet you there.'

June 4th the telegram came, and three days later Alma and I were en route for Russia. We crossed to Flushing; rested a day at Hotel du Nord in Berlin, then went direct to St. Petersburg. At the Russian boundary the sudden change of language is striking. All day you and those around you have been speaking German. The train halts, men and boys, with shirts outside their trousers, come in and ask if you have baggage to carry; they are speaking Russian. It is a delight for me to hear the Russian language, a language which is as melodious and beautiful when spoken by a peasant as when spoken by a highly educated man. On that occasion I was so delighted that I not only handed over my suitcase but gave the man all the silver I had in my pockets. At that boundary station, twenty-one years earlier, we had met and lunched with Prince Gortchakov. The station was unchanged, but Gortchakov had been, for several years, 'in that other world.' Beyond the

boundary are Lithuanian forests. The country is sparsely settled. Here and there are peasant villages. The houses are of wood and are straw-thatched. It is not unusual to see a stork's nest, a mass of dry grass and sticks, on the end of a roof; sometimes there is a nest at each end of the roof. Generally a stork stands near the nest. A curious sight!

On the train was a Lithuanian-Pole. Finding that I spoke his language, he grew talkative. He tried to impress upon my mind the fact that nearly every Pole who had won distinction in the world was a Lithuanian by origin. He claimed Sienkiewicz, and later I discovered that the claim was just. He spoke of Sienkiewicz' early life, his sojourn in Anaheim, California; his return to Poland, his marriage, the death of his wife; and, after many years, his second marriage, followed by a divorce some six weeks later. He told me that it was already very warm in St. Petersburg. I at once decided to go to Tsarskoye Selo, where the air is cooler and purer than in the city.

It seemed as though half the streets of St. Petersburg were being repaired. There was disorder everywhere. Dana was at the Grand Hotel d'Europe. He was delighted with Russia and Russians. He had employed a student to teach him the language. Russian church architecture pleased him immensely. I was glad of this, for I think there is no church in the world as attractive externally as the Russian church. He had recently seen, in Moscow, the Kazan Mother of God carried in procession. Meanwhile, the real Kazan image was in St. Petersburg; the substitution amused him.

In speaking of the religions of the world, he said that most of them were founded on mythology. When his children were young, he did not consider it wise to narrow the power of judgment which they would have when men and women by rearing them under the influence of any particular church. He taught them morality and gave them a good education. When they were old enough, they studied church history. When they were men and women, two of the four became Episcopalians, and two chose to remain untrammeled by doctrines and creeds. 'All four,' said he, 'became excellent citizens and good fathers and mothers.' Speaking of his travels he said that his journey in Egypt gave him more pleasure than any other journey he ever made; that watching passersby from the window of his room in Shepherd's hotel, Cairo, had given him the keenest delight. He urged me to go to Egypt,

stay as long as the weather would permit, and go as far up the Nile as possible.

June 13th I went early from Tsarskoye Selo to St. Petersburg, for at a certain hour Dana and I were to call on Andrew White, the American minister. I found Dana drinking coffee. We began to discuss American politics and we got so interested that when we thought of our appointment it was too late to keep it, so we went to the Hermitage to look at paintings. Along the street Dana asked frequently, pointing to a shop sign, 'What does that sign say?' At last he said, in sport: 'You know all these languages, but I can give you a word that will puzzle you.' He gave the Iroquois word for Great Spirit and was astonished, or professed to be, when I told him the meaning of it. When young, Dana was a clerk in a store in Buffalo. While there, he met Indians from the Seneca reservation, and being an enthusiastic student of languages he learned more or less of the Seneca language. The next day we lunched with Andrew D. White, and I arranged to introduce White and Dana to Pobedonostsev. The hour appointed was 10:00p.m. We remained with him till midnight. Dana was greatly pleased with Pobedonostsev and with the way he was received by him. I asked Pobedonostsev to give Dana one of his books; he did so gladly and then gave him a most beautiful box in the shape of an Easter egg. White's statement regarding the procurator of the holy synod was that for the past twenty years he had made Russian history.

By appointment I spent the next evening with Pobedonostsev. We talked till twelve o'clock about the political condition of Russia. He knew exactly what value to give to the friendship of Germany and to the friendship of France. I spoke of the Russian emperor and what he might accomplish. Pobedonostsev's answer was: 'Yes, if there is only brain enough.' I shall never forget our heart to heart talk that evening. It was daylight when I left his house. A man must live long in a foreign country, learn its language, mingle with its inhabitants, and know their aspirations, their hopes and their fears before he is competent to estimate the genius of the country and the wisdom of its great men.

At Dana's rooms I met Mrs. McGahn, a Russian woman, the widow of our American correspondent during the Russo-Turkish war. We found that we

had a common friend in Vereshchagin, the artist. Her description of Vereshchagin was correct. She said: 'He is a genius but, like many a genius, he is on the verge of insanity. He is the greatest crank living. I was in New York when he came there to exhibit his pictures, and for four months he made my life miserable.'

I enjoyed being in St. Petersburg but I found that many of my old-time friends were 'in that other world.' The city was unchanged, but on the streets I rarely saw a familiar face. Twenty years earlier I seldom walked a block without meeting an acquaintance. For the first time the buildings of St. Petersburg struck me as being false — a lie, in fact. They are constructed of brick but are stuccoed to look like stone. In that climate the stucco is continually falling and exposing the falsehood. The pavements of the city are the worst in the world; riding is a misery in place of a pleasure. June 16th I spent the evening with Pobedonostsev, reaching Tsarskoye Selo at 10:00 a.m. The ride from the station to the hotel was wonderfully pleasant. At first it was twilight, then gradually the sky was illumed by the delicate glow which precedes day, and before I reached the hotel, the sun was above the horizon.

June 17th I lunched with Dana and White, and the following day we all went (Dana and Mrs. Dana, Alma and myself) to Terioki in Finland, where White and his family were spending the summer. Their cottage was in a pine forest near the shore of the Baltic sea, an ideal place to spend the warm months of summer. White is a most affable host, Dana was at his best. He was a pleasant man, clear, incisive, positive; a strong American but also full of fun, one of the most charming persons it has been my good fortune to meet during a life which is now growing long. The visit was very enjoyable. On our return to the city, I gave a breakfast to Dana and General Chernyaeff, the hero of Tashkent. I wanted them to know each other.

Chernyaeff's personal appearance attracted Mrs. Dana; she thought he looked 'exactly as an old hero should look.' Always a remarkably homely man, he was at this time lame and decrepit, but he carried himself with military dignity. By Dana's request he spoke of the conquest of central Asia. Afterward he very freely expressed his opinion of the Russian government. Chernyaeff was a radical oppositionist.

On the 20th we said goodbye to Dana and Mrs. D., who were starting for America. Two days later I parted with Pobedonostsev, who kissed me on both cheeks, as he said, 'Dosviddniya' (until we meet again). Kissing on such an occasion is customary in Russia, among men who are intimate friends.

At the station in Vilna I met an old friend, Genghis khan, a Russian officer, and a descendant of the Great Genghis, and we spent a few pleasant hours driving around the city. We went to the bank of the river and to the old fortress.

At the Russian boundary I found that our passports were incomplete; the Tsarskoye Selo official had failed to state that we were going abroad. The only arrangement I could make was to send a telegram to that official and await an answer. This required, as it proved) a delay of more than forty-eight hours. We were in a small town; rain fell steadily, and time passed slowly. But at last the telegram came, and we were off.

Two hours brought us to Koenigsberg, the home of Kant, where we spent a day. In Marienburg we visited the famed castle of the Knights of the Cross. On a time all northern and western Europe was controlled by men living in this castle, men who from being simple monks became a great power in the world. Our next stop was in Rozendaal, Holland, a place where dogs, women, and sheep work. In Germany I had frequently seen a dog and woman drawing a cart, but in Rozendaal a sheep often takes the dog's place. The old city of Antwerp, on a time one of the largest emporiums of Europe, was interesting for me. I went to the historical places in and around the city and then to the exhibition. In the art gallery I saw many noteworthy paintings by Antwerp artists. One, the most attractive modern painting I saw, was called 'Defending the Herd.' It portrayed a buffalo killing a lion. The red glow of sunset illumed the sand and stones of the desert. The coloring was fine, and the action represented was striking.

Again we were at Charing Cross hotel in London, but only long enough to meet a few of my acquaintances: T.P. O'Connor, Sir Thomas Esmonde, Dillon, and others. July 8th I spent the evening with Sir Thomas Esmonde and Dillon talking politics, over a supper on the terrace of the house of parliament.

CHAPTER: 31

The Hebrides

I thought I might find a good deal of Gaelic folklore in the possession of the inhabitants of the Outer Hebrides; hence.. I decided to go there. But first I went to Glasgow to see something of shipbuilding on the Clyde; and then by steamer to Oban. The weather being stormy, the passengers crowded into the small cabin, and there a self-satisfied woman took it upon herself to entertain us by describing the personal appearance of the Duke of York: 'He was disappointing; shorter than his wife; he looked insignificant when standing near Englishmen of ordinary height.' She also expressed her opinion of his character and mental ability. When the steamer reached the pier at Oban, a thunderstorm was raging.

Early the next morning we were on a steamer bound for the Hebrides. Aside from Alma and myself there were six cabin passengers; an agent and surveyors going to the Isle of Man/Skye. Rain was falling; I could not sit on deck but I watched the shores and if any particularly fine cliff or bit of landscape came in sight I ventured out for a better view. For hours fog hid the hills of Skye, but toward evening it lifted, and the hills, with their saw-teeth tops, stood out clearly. Rocks and boulders are so piled up on Dunvegan head that it looks like an enormous fortress. The evening was bright and clear, and I enjoyed that rare cliff scenery. Not far inland is Dunvegan castle, the oldest inhabited castle in Scotland. In that castle is carefully treasured a flag which a fairy ancestor gave to the founder of the family. From Dunvegan our steamer crossed to Loch Maddy. A few passengers from Skye were landed. Then, going a short distance out, anchor was cast. We must remain there that night and the following day, for it was after sunset Saturday, and no pious Scotchman will run a steamer on Sunday, even for the short distance between North and South Uist.

At midnight, or rather just after midnight, hence, Monday morning, anchor was raised and at 3:00 a.m., we were at Boisdale, South Uist. Fortunately,

the hotel was near the landing. Early in the day I hired a trap and, with the landlord for driver, went to a small village three miles away. The village consisted at that time of four or five stone buildings and a large number of thatched cottages which were peculiar in appearance, for the roofs sloped on four sides and ended a few feet from the ground. In this village most of the old, and many of the middle-aged, men spoke Gaelic. I engaged rooms of Macauley, a man who lived in a good-sized stone house. The next day I began to hunt for folklore.

South Uist is as rocky as Connemara. Where there is any soil at all, it is turf on a granite bed; were the rocks under the turf porous, the island would be uninhabited, for there would be no water. There are no trees in North or South Uist. As soon as we were settled in our new quarters, we went out to look at the village and surrounding country. Here and there were small ponds. In one I saw some beautiful lilies. While I was trying to get two or three without wetting my feet, an old woman who had been minding cows came and insisted on wading out and gathering a basketful. When I offered money in exchange for the lilies, she stoutly refused to take it. The lilies were for the lady. The lady afterward went to the woman's cabin and found that she was very poor.

After talking with a number of old men and not finding one who knew myths, I decided to go to the island of Kriskay and see if the priest there knew any wise, old men. It was six miles from the village to the shore opposite the island. I hired a horse, a boy, and a 'machine' for the trip: the horse was fat and slow, the boy 'not as wise as another, and the machine was a springless wagon. The road was stony; the jolts and thumps we got were not easily forgotten. At the shore was a building called Kilbride Post Office and a house which answered for an inn. A talkative woman came out of the inn and told me that it was Sunday and all the men were 'off somewhere.' There was no one to row me to the island but, if I took a short cut to a hill beyond the farmhouse and lighted a fire, a boat would come from the island and take us over. This seemed simple enough when she pointed out the farmhouse. But when we got to the hill. I found that there was only wet seaweed to start the fire with. After spending half an hour in useless endeavor, I sent the boy to the farmhouse to bring me some pieces of burning turf; he came back with one piece. Then I went to the house and

returned with a basketful of dry peat. A fire was started, and we sat down to wait — no boat came. We got hungry and sent to a farmhouse for a pitcher of milk and a loaf of bread. Another hour passed; then we saw a boat leave the island. I asked the boy if he thought the boat was coming.

'Oh, yes.'

When I asked: 'Do you think it is coming for us?' he said: 'No, it's not coming.' His answers were amusing, if not reassuring.

But the boat came to land and, after a dangerous walk over rocks and wet seaweed, we started for the island. When we got there, the tide was out; we could not make the usual landing, so again we had a long walk over rocks and slippery seaweed.

As nine tenths of the population of Eriskay are fishermen, the priest's house surprised me. It was large, well built, and nicely furnished. Father McDonald was hospitable and obliging. We dined with him, and he not only told me of old men who knew myths but promised to send them to me. When we were ready to leave, our boatman was missing; when he was found, his dog, Tweed, took a notion to stay on the island, and had to be forced into the boat. Rowing was difficult, for the wind was against us. But at last we came to land near the farmhouse, then we walked through the fields to the post office where the fat horse and the machine were waiting. The odor of the fields with the evening dew on them was delightful. At 11:00 p.m. we were back at Macaulcy's.

A few days later bad news came from Vermont; there was serious sickness in the family. We decided to start immediately for America. July 24th we left Macaulcy's at one o'clock at night to meet the steamer at Loch Boisdale. It was a beautiful moonlight night. I wished that some of my friends, John Fiske, for instance, could see us 'starting for America,' crossing the rocky island of South Uist in the moonlight, an old Scotchman guiding a horse that had to be urged at every step. As we reached the landing, the headlight of the steamer was visible in the distance.

July 26th we were in London. To get baggage I had left in Ireland we crossed the Irish channel and went by train to Cork. July 29th we sailed

from Queenstown on a Cunarder. Among the passengers were Major and Mrs. George of New Zealand. Mrs. Sheldon, a woman who had recently written a book on Africa and was planning to establish a colony there — a very self-satisfied person. Mrs. Lockwood and daughter from Buffalo sat at our table. They had left New York for a protracted visit abroad. After a week in London, during which both mother and daughter suffered from homesickness, they decided to get back to the United States as quickly as possible, so sailed on the first outgoing steamer.

CHAPTER: 32

Mexico — A Bullfight

August 8th we were in Bristol, Vermont. Our dear one was recovering from what had been a dangerous illness. On the 25th of August 1894, I went to Warren to work there for three or four months to finish Fairy Tales of Ireland and Children of the Soil, and to spend as much time as possible on the study of Oriental languages. Sickness came, and I remained in Warren much longer than I had expected to. April 13, 1895, I began the translation of Quo Vadis. As Sienkiewicz only gave the publishers in Poland a few pages at a time, it was slow work for me.

We left Warren May 8th. In Boston, by appointment, I met Charles Bowditch, who urged me to undertake a 'linguistic exploration' in Mexico and Guatemala, having in view the deciphering of the hieroglyphics found on ruins in those countries. A society of Boston men would bear the expense, and the material I obtained would be published under my own name. I asked till September to consider the proposition. I spent a day with Fiske and dined with my old friend, Professor Child. In New York, in an after dinner conversation with Charles A. Dana, I mentioned the work I had under consideration, and he immediately said: 'Jeremiah, I want to give you a letter to President Diaz,' and though I had not fully decided to go to Mexico, he wrote the following letter:

'New York, May 15, 1895.

'Sir

'Permit me to present to you my friend and countryman Jeremiah Curtin, a scholar of extraordinary learning and a writer of most remarkable ability, who visits Mexico for the purpose of studying the Indian languages and with the design of recording and giving to the world the treasures of primeval legends and traditions which exist there and which as yet are but imperfectly and vaguely known to the students and the philosophers of

other lands. With such an object in view I think that Your Excellency will pardon my presumption in thus addressing you and in asking that you will kindly grant to my friend the favor of your all-powerful protection while he devotes himself to a study whose result can hardly fail to add to the attention paid by all mankind to the wonderful country over which Your Excellency presides with such distinguished success and with such lasting advantage to the interests and the progress of the Mexican people.

'I have the honor to remain, dear Sir,

'Your very faithful friend and servant,'

Charles A. Dana.

'To his Excellency Senor Don Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico.'

From New York I went to Philadelphia to visit Potter, ex-minister to Rome, in his beautiful home at Chestnut Hill. While in Philadelphia I spent several hours with a remarkable man, Alexander McClure, the publisher. I knew him through Andrew G. Curtin, his most intimate friend. When I was leaving him, he presented me with several of his own books, among them The Life of Lincoln.

During the night of May (?) as I lay awake thinking, I determined to return to Vermont for June and July and then begin work in Mexico. Meanwhile, I would, as far as possible, study into the languages I needed, specially Maya and Aztec; and polish up my Spanish. I telegraphed to Bristol, and at 4:00 a.m. a carriage was awaiting us at New Haven Junction. It was a glorious morning! The fields were aglow with the freshness of spring; birds were singing, and the awakening of a life, which for long months had been held in abeyance, was felt in the air, bringing to one an indescribable sensation of rejuvenescence, a sensation never experienced in a warm climate where one season glides imperceptibly into another.

Toward the end of August I went to Boston to complete arrangements for a protracted stay in Central America. August 22nd I dined with my classmate, Greenhalge, at that time governor of Massachusetts; and the following day I lunched with him, as he wished me to meet a number of his intimate

friends. A few days later 1 was in Indianapolis, where my brother lived. I had not seen him for a long time, and our reunion was very pleasant. My next halt was at Salt Lake City, for in all my journeys to and from California I had not seen the world-famed Mormon city. Its beauty surprised me, as I think it does everyone who sees it for the first time. The tabernacle proves that the early leaders of the Latter-day Saints possessed great constructive ability.

On reaching Redding, I found that my old friend Smithson was dead. Many of the Wintus were away picking hops. The weather was almost unendurably hot. I spent my birthday in Redding resting from the journey across the continent. The following day I went to Kennett to see Mrs. Smithson. Her little home was on a hill overlooking the Sacramento, beyond which mountains came down almost to the river. Near the house flowed Backbone creek. The spot was very picturesque. Though alone, Mrs. Smithson was not unhappy, for her son lived in a nearby village.

The weather was so warm that I thought it best to go to Sisson's for a few days. I never tire of that journey, for the mountain scenery is fine, and beyond Castle Crags there is a grand view of Mount Shasta. On the porch of Sisson's hotel I enjoyed cool mountain air and the view of Shasta and Black Butte. Camped among the pines, a short distance away, were a few Yreka Indians with whom I worked when the spirit moved. Among the guests at Sisson's were Mr. and Mrs. Adams from Cleveland, Ohio. They were enthusiastic over a journey they had recently made in Alaska. Mr. Adams was a lawyer, a politician, and a fine speaker. The description he gave of our northern possession, its products, and its beauty was very instructive. We spent a number of evenings together, sitting in front of logs which blazed in a huge fireplace. Twice we enjoyed together an exceptionally beautiful sunset. Shasta, for half the distance down, looked as though on fire; below the brilliant red were clouds, and below the clouds was the dark green of the foothills.

September 13th Shasta was white to the timber line; snow had fallen during the night. With our new friends we visited the soda springs, but more interesting than the soda springs are the streams flowing from mountain springs and finding their way to the Sacramento. Two of these streams unite

and tumble over an almost perpendicular ledge of rocks some 400 feet high. The falling water, the spray, and the green of the surrounding forest make a beautiful picture. September 16th I went back to Kennett to work a few days with the Indians in that neighborhood.

A week later I started for Mexico. For fifteen years, or more, I had studied the primitive people of America, my object being to go as far back as possible in investigating the history of human thought. When the western hemisphere was discovered, North and South America contained the most varied and most extensive museum of the human mind in its earlier conditions that the world has ever seen. Over an area about 3,000 miles in width, at its widest, and more than 9,000 long, there were primitive peoples, kindred to each other, but speaking more than 800 languages which, though kindred, were not intertribally intelligible Those languages contained an amount of material for the elucidation of the history of speech development which had a unique value. Those various tribes had philosophies of life, accounts, of the origin of things, and systems of religion which resembled one another closely, but which were still greatly varied in detail, that is, the underlying ideas were mainly the same, but the working out and treatment varied from tribe to tribe.

The same view of the origin of things prevailed everywhere, and that view, judging from what we have obtained so far of Indian ideas, was substantially the same as that which the earliest aggregations of men held on the eastern hemisphere, whether they were of Aryan or other stocks. This being the case, it is evident that what the Indians held in their heads and what they had to show to the investigator of their social and political institutions were of vastly more value to mankind than anything else connected with them, or even than they themselves were if considered apart from what they knew. Instead, however, of understanding and studying this great accumulation of primitive thought, the Europeans who came to America did all that lay in them to destroy it. In Spanish America where hieroglyphic writing existed everything was burnt and destroyed with the most rigorous exactness; and in the America of the United States and Canada the great task was in spirit the same: to destroy what the Indian had in his mind and put something there which, as experience has shown, he could not understand. The endeavor was in both cases the same.

Fortunately, though treasures were lost, much that is of unique value remains yet in Alaska, in Canada, in the north and southwest of the United States, and in portions of Mexico. In the latter country, and farther south, there are grand monuments with hieroglyphic inscriptions unread, and there are aboriginal tribes which, perhaps, are still in possession of the mental inheritance of their ancestors. These ruins are found in Chiapas, Yucatan, and Honduras. The reading of the inscriptions on those temples is one of the difficult and seductive problems of the indefatigable investigators into the early history of mankind, whether that history be contained in monuments hitherto undeciphered or in languages, or in the great myths, or sacred narratives, not written down yet by any man, but held firmly in the minds of people who look upon them as the most sacred treasure on earth. I hoped to approach in Central America Indians who had so far held aloof from white men, to learn their language and take down their tradition, thinking that in this way I might get a clue which would lead to the deciphering of the hieroglyphics.

We left San Francisco early in the morning on October 3rd 1895, and all day were crossing a level country. The scenery was not attractive — sagebrush and sand with here and there a ranch where irrigation had made it possible to plant an orchard or vineyard. The buildings on those ranches were so small as to give one the impression that the owners were experimenting, trying to discover if a living could be made in that arid country. The first large town was Fresno -then again level land, trees and shrubs covered with dusty sagebrush everywhere. During the night we passed a low range of hills and early in the morning were in Los Angeles. The city disappointed me. There were many elevations, but the main part of the city at that time was on low land. The houses were single story bungalows. There were, however, handsome business blocks and a few beautiful homes. Palm trees and flowers are the glory of that southern city, and for people from the north, semitropical vegetation has a special charm.

Soon after leaving Los Angeles we were in the cactus belt. The ugly plants are not unpleasing; their ugliness has an attraction for eyes weary of looking at sagebrush and stretches of sand. At Colton men and boys, with baskets of fruit, were awaiting the train and as it slacked speed and stopped they rushed forward showing no regard for one another in their mad

scramble to find purchasers. The fruit was fine: oranges, grapes, and delicious peaches. When, after a five minutes' halt, the train moved on, the crowd of sellers was empty-handed, but happy. Their fruit had turned to money; the demand had been as great as the supply.

For a few hours we looked out upon orchards and caught the fragrance of orange groves, then came the desert — sand, sagebrush, and cacti. Windows were closed to keep dust out, but it sifted in everywhere; the heat was intense. And this had to be endured, with slight variations in the degree of heat and the quantity of dust to be swallowed, not for a single afternoon, but till we reached El Paso. There General Mallory and Mr. Clifford, men whom I had not met before, were waiting at the station to conduct me to Hotel Vendome where a number of distinguished men had assembled to welcome me to their city.

The next morning, while dressing, I was informed that a carriage had been placed at my disposal. As the weather was superb, I visited Juarez — adobe huts; men and boys with wide-rimmed, pyramidal hats; the station, and groups of Indians boys and women were the principle attraction. They also met me with an invitation to a banquet, and in the evening twenty or more of the leading men assembled at the hotel. Alter a fine dinner and considerable speech making, we spent the evening in conversation. I learned much of interest about local questions and listened to many opinions regarding our future relations with Mexico. The following day I was officially shown the city. One of the places visited was the hospital of the Sisters of Charity. It is a fine building, and the citizens of El Paso are proud of it. I have many pleasant recollections of my short stay in that southern city where I came as a stranger and was met with friendship and hospitality.

Our first halt in Mexico was at Chihuahua, where we arrived at the unseasonable hour of one o'clock in the morning. A ride of a mile and a half brought us to the Robinson house. There Mr. McDermott, the proprietor, a heavy, old man with a long, white beard, was awaiting guests, and even at that hour he gave us hot coffee and a bite to eat. McDermott was an American. He had been a miner and still had mining interests. I found him a vivacious, jolly man with many amusing stories to tell. The hotel is built, as

most Mexican houses are, with wide corridors where one can sit out-of-doors and still be protected from the sun, a style of architecture which pleases me immensely. In the court, or patio, were palm trees and flowers.

The journey from San Francisco had been wearisome. I expected to find Chihuahua restful, but early in the day Mr. McDermott proposed a drive through the city, and as he promised to 'shorten the ride by storytelling,' I yielded. Soon we were speeding toward the Methodist college, an institution supported by the Methodist ladies of the South. I was introduced to the principal and conducted over the building. Afterward we drove to a hill which stands in lonely majesty just outside the city and adorns Chihuahua as a beautiful tree adorns a lawn. The city, seen from the eminence, does not make a pleasing picture; flat-roofed, one-story buildings surrounded by walls are not attractive. Only here and there a public building, or the spire of a church, rises above the monotonous level. The view from the opposite side of the city, a view which includes the hill, is unique and pleasing.

The memory of this long ride would be pleasant had we not passed an enclosure where a dozen burly Mexicans were lassoing bulls. The poor, half-wild animals had been driven into town the preceding day and were to be slaughtered. When the lasso is once around an animal's neck, it is tightened till the beast, bawling dreadfully, and choking, is pulled to the ground. A brutal scene! We visited a number of churches and returned by the road following the river. There were trees along the bank, and through the foliage we could see women standing in the water and washing clothes on stones, as is done in many countries of eastern Europe.

In the afternoon Mr. Houston, editor of the Chihuahua newspaper, called, and later on the governor came, a tall, broad-shouldered, very dark Mexican; a man who, I judge, would be able to meet any emergency. We were conducted through several schools and a kindergarten. In each school the regular exercises were suspended, and we were entertained by recitals and songs. Most of the pupils had bright, intelligent faces, and all were willing to do their best. Boss Shepherd, the man who did so much to beautify our national capital and in return was bitterly censured — the world's gratitude! — owned a mine in the hills beyond Chihuahua. The gold

from the mine was at that time brought to the city in wagons. Brodie, the conductor of those treasure wagons, came to the hotel with a wagon drawn by ten mules. Brodie, a German-American, was an interesting talker. He knew much about the flora of the country and had had considerable experience with perons. I could not refuse an invitation to try the stage and see what speed could be gotten out of ten mules. The roads were dusty, but we got plenty of amusement and heard several good stories of mining life.

The south-bound train left Chihuahua at midnight, and the station is far from the town, but the night was bright and so calm and beautiful that I did not regret loss of sleep. All that day we were traveling through a high country between two mountain ranges. We passed a few small villages, simply groups of Indian huts. At the stations were ragged children and people who seemed to have reached the limit of destitution. I had intended to spend a few days in the mining town of Zacatecas, but learning that typhus was raging there I decided to stop at Aguascalientes. I consulted the conductor, and was told that the train would arrive in Aguascalientes at two o'clock in the morning; that the town was more than a mile from the railroad, and I would find neither carriage nor bus at the station. This was annoying, for I had thought to travel slowly and visit several of the larger towns. There was no remedy, however; I asked to have my bed made and was soon oblivious of disappointment. About ten o'clock in the morning we were at Queretaro. The town boasts of an opal mine. As soon as the train halted, a crowd of ragged Mexicans rushed forward with opals for sale: opals in dishes, opals in rags, and opals in papers. The passengers, mainly tourists, were as anxious to buy as the Mexicans were to sell; and later, when the train was again in motion and the excitement was over, many found that they had exchanged good money for worthless stones.

As we approached the city of Mexico, I noted an increase of cultivation; more and more frequently we passed well cared for cornfields and fields of the cactus from which pulque is made. There are cactus trees and cactus fences — cacti everywhere. During the afternoon we passed an interesting relic — the canal which Cortes dug to drain the lakes of Montezuma's capital. At six in the evening we were at the Iturbide Hotel.

I had come to Mexico with a definite object in view, the carrying out of which made needful a wide knowledge of the country and its people. The morning following our arrival, I began work by sallying forth to meet Indians; incidentally, I hunted up a bookstore. In the afternoon, to see a concourse of Mexicans, I went to that holy of holies, Guadalupe. It was the principal day of a festival, and many people were making their way to the shrine. Street cars, donkey-carts, and dray wagons were crowded with the lower class. The aristocracy were in carriages and on horseback, and there were thousands of pedestrians. For half a mile or more the road was arched over with strings decorated with strips of blue and of white paper, an original and attractive decoration. The shrine is on a rocky eminence at the rear of a large cathedral. On each side of the path people were selling confectionery and nuts; and here and there women were frying tortillas over kettles of hot coals. I had a good opportunity to study the crowd. I found no evidence of devotion. It was a ceremony pure and simple, and each person was endeavoring to have as good a time as possible or to make as much money as possible.

After much hesitation, I decided that to understand the character of the people it was needful to see their national amusement, a bullfight. By nature a lover of animals and also possessed of the idea that we are near of kin, it required the exercise of considerable will power to be a spectator of that inhuman brutality which the Spaniards call amusement. The circus is crowded. There are many women present. Men on blindfolded horses ride into the arena; a door is opened, and a bull rushes in. He halts as if astonished; capeadors approach him; he rushes toward them. They scatter, and each one swinging a red cape darts around the arena. They are here, there, and everywhere. The bull runs toward one cape, almost reaches the man with his horns; another red cape flutters near his head, draws his attention. He darts after that tormentor and is at the critical moment drawn off by a third cape. The narrower the escape of the capeador the greater the excitement and enjoyment of the spectators; they applaud wildly. The picador now takes part. The bull seeing a defenseless horse, bends down his head and dashes forward; the picador lowers his lance, and the next instant it is in the bull's shoulder. Wild with pain the bull drives his horns into the belly of the horse, raises the horse from his forefeet — the bull and the ground are covered with blood and intestines. Sometimes the horse springs

away, but the bull follows and prods him again and again, till the dying beast falls carrying his rider with him. The picador would be killed by the raging bull were it not that under his gaudy dress he wears armor. The capeadors surround the bull, waving their red capes before his eyes. He leaves his victim and races after them. The picador frees himself from the horse and goes from the arena.

In a similar way several horses are killed. Each time there is great applause. Women become so excited that they rise from their seats and clap their hands. Once, after being enticed from a victim, the bull returned, raised the dead horse on his horns, and carried it halfway around the arena. After the picador come the banderilleros, each man holding two ribbon-decorated barbs — pointed darts. They circle around the bull, teasing him, threatening him. He rushes at one; the man does not flee. On the contrary he runs toward the oncoming bull, but just as it seems to an inexperienced spectator that there will be a catastrophe, the man dodges aside and as he does so lodges his darts in the bull's neck. A second and a third banderillero perform the same feat. The bull is frantic with pain. The matador now appears. He is dressed richly and gaudily. He carries in his left hand a red flag, in his right a long sword. Time after time the bull tries to reach him, but he springs away. At last a moment comes when he seems about to be rent by the horns of the enraged beast, but that instant the sword to half its length is buried in the bull's neck. There is loud applause, a tumult, clapping of hands, and cries of, 'Bravo I bravo!' The bull groans, backs to the parapet, his knees bend under him, and he lies down to die. A man approaches with a knife, and the end has come. Four horses in red harness are driven in, straps are fastened around the bull, and he is drawn out. The bodies of the dead horses are removed in the same way. Then the play begins again.

That day five bulls were killed and twelve horses. A matador came near losing his life, but so deep was my anger at people who could get pleasure out of tormenting and killing, that I thought his life worth less than the life of one of those unfortunate horses. The thing which struck me most and over which I have meditated many times — for men are led astray by the same dullness of perception — was the stupidity of the bull that never once saw his true enemy and was continually drawn away by a false one — the red cape. Were it not for this stupidity, a bullfight would be impossible, for

not one man would escape from the arena with his life. I was so greatly roused by pity for the horses and the poor, stupid bulls that I was ill. I left the circus wondering at this survival of barbarism.

The Spaniards say that bullfights are not as brutal as our football games where men are killed or crippled, and such games are favored by clergymen and college professors. I see this difference: men play voluntarily; the poor animals in a bullfight are unwilling but helpless victims of man's brutality.

The American congress of scientific men was in session in the city, and I was invited to take part in their meetings. I accepted, for in listening to the papers which would be presented I hoped to obtain useful information.

The full-blooded Indians of the city of Mexico are interesting though many are so ragged and dirty as to be repulsive. They are darker than our California Indians, but many of them have intelligent faces. Some speak Spanish, but they are not anxious to talk with strangers. The half-breeds, and there are many, talk more freely; but, as everywhere among Indian tribes, they are less intelligent than the full-bloods and have all the vices of the white man. In most cases they have adopted the Spanish dress: a short, gray coat; gray trousers, seemingly as tight as the skin; and an enormous hat, with broad brim and pointed crown. Some of the well-to-do spend a good deal of money on a showy costume. The outside seams of their trousers are ornamented with small silver coins, and their hat is adorned with silver and gilt braid. Few know anything about the history of their country, but all are proud of Porfirio Diaz, for 'he is a great man and has Indian blood.'

One morning I witnessed an amusing example of civic economy. Sixteen men were sprinkling and sweeping a street; two of the sixteen were apparently overseers. One of the sixteen with a small dipper was taking water from a tub and throwing it as far as he could; thirteen were sweeping, meanwhile. This system of street watering was so peculiar that I intended to return toward evening and see if the men had reached the end of the street. But that afternoon a furious rainstorm came, water was a foot deep in the streets. The courtyard of Iturbide Hotel could not be crossed.

The city of Mexico is about three feet above the level of the lakes. At this time there was no drainage; consequently, heavy rain brought great discomfort for persons whose business or social duties called them abroad.

At a meeting of the 'Americanists' I was introduced to the representative from Germany, Professor Seler, a thin, yellow-haired, pushing man, who evidently possesses a large amount of German aggressiveness; he is a scholar, however, and stands high in archeology. It was difficult to converse with him, for he is very deaf. I also made the acquaintance of an interesting American, Colonel Green, a man who was in the Mexican war and was present at the execution of Maximilian. After the war he remained in Mexico. Colonel Green knew much about the political economy of the country, and he was a willing and fluent talker. I met, too, the governor of Tlaxcala, that ancient capital which Cortes took possession of in 1510. The governor was a full-blood Aztec, of powerful body and active mind; a man ready to aid anyone who was interested in his people. President Diaz was doing all he could to make the congress of Americanists a success. At a reception he made a very neatly turned speech in Spanish; then he greeted each guest separately, shaking hands and saying a few words. He was rather short, and not a handsome man, but he carried himself with great dignity. He had a masterful eye, and every feature of his face expressed determination. His personality pleased me much.

CHAPTER: 33

Aztec Monuments

From the palace I went to the National library to look for an Aztec dictionary and other books but I could not find them. Sunday a special train took the Americanists to Coyoacan. The country is attractive, and the trip was enjoyable, as the weather was superb. We visited Montezuma's palace, and the palace where Quauhtemoc was tortured, and his wife strangled by the brutal Spaniards. Then we went to Chapultepec where, through the hospitality of President Diaz, a fine luncheon was awaiting us. The host was Senor Rubios, who officiated by request of Diaz and in his place. The view from the piazza of the palace is magnificent.

Tuesday, October 21st, I sent the president my letter of introduction written by Charles A. Dana, and early the following morning word came from the United States minister. Hansom, that I was to be received on Wednesday at four o'clock. I invited Colonel Green, who knew Diaz well, to accompany me. Just as I had made this arrangement, an adjutant from the president appeared asking when it would be my pleasure to call, directly, or the following day. Colonel Green advised going at once, as the adjutant was to accompany us.

At the palace there was no delay. The adjutant announced our arrival, and Diaz appeared in the reception room. I was anxious to meet him, for I had long considered him one of the world's great statesmen. He was very cordial. We conversed, perhaps, an hour. I told him why I had come to Mexico, that for a dozen years or more I had my eye on the country of the Lacandones, with the hope of working there at some future time, but the expense of getting to that region was so great that I had not attempted it. Now a society of men who had already done much for scientific research had asked me to undertake the task of collecting mythologic and linguistic materials, and deciphering, if possible, the Maya hieroglyphics, and I was

glad to make the endeavor if I could be armed to begin the work under satisfactory conditions.

The Lacandones live in the mountains of northern Guatemala. They are a people of Maya stock, who have never been conquered, have never yielded to Christianity. Therefore, I thought it possible that they still preserved their ancient beliefs and customs. They were the people to whom my final efforts would be directed, for, per chance, there were men among them who could read the hieroglyphics. In any case, the Lacandones had the unbroken religious and social constitution of the most advanced and gifted native race of America. Their country was unexplored and unknown; the one wonderland on this continent, a land which might yield rich results and throw a flood of light on the Mayas, who had been conquered and subjected to Spanish influence. Two results might come from the work: first, a large amount of mythologic material might be obtained, material attractive in form and valuable in content; second, with a knowledge of the myths and with native assistance, Maya hieroglyphics might be deciphered.

Within the Mexican lands of Chiapas and Oaxaca, in Yucatan, and Guatemala live, under various names, peoples of the Maya stock, each group speaking the Maya language but with interesting and, for science, valuable local variations. In the Maya territory are those wonderful ruins of cities, with statues and images in relief bearing hieroglyphic inscriptions which no man has been able to decipher. If I could get into the Lacandon country, this mystery might be solved.

Diaz felt great interest in my proposed work and an earnest appreciation of its value. He asked questions and gave me information which showed that he had a thorough knowledge of the condition of every part of his country. He said that official instructions would be. not only useful, but indispensable; that he would furnish me with letters to all the governors on the western side of the republic from Sonora to the Guatemalan boundary, and a document to all local authorities, which I could retain and use as occasion required. He also gave me a letter to the Mexican minister in Guatemala and to the president of that country and asked me to correspond with him directly, avoiding the secretary of state, so as to escape formality and save time, or to come to him should I need assistance. I could not have

asked for a more whole-souled enthusiastic helper. The readiness with which he offered every aid surprised me. And no promise which he made was left unfulfilled. Besides Diaz' letter I had an American introduction to President Barrios.

I knew it would take me some little time to establish personal relations with Maya people in Guatemala outside the Lacandon country, preparatory to entering the country itself. Friendly relations with Indians are indispensable to the man who intends to get information from them. The success of the work I had undertaken depended in no small degree on gaining the goodwill of the Mayas.

So far as I could learn in Mexico, and I consulted Guatemalans who had gone along the boundaries of the Lacandon country, my best plan was to go to the city of Guatemala first. President Barrios was there, and I could get the necessary papers to officials along my route, as well as letters to private persons and to priests who might aid me in case of need. The Chiapas way seemed to be more difficult. My work in Chiapas would be in the south mainly, and near the Guatemalan boundary.

In a French bookstore in the city of Mexico I met an interesting American, a Mr. Hunt. Hunt was born in New Orleans and was reared a Catholic. During the reign of Maximilian he joined the Mexican army; after Maximilian's defeat and execution, he was put in prison and kept there for a long time. In 1891, for the opportunity of serving the Indians, with whom he was in full sympathy, he became a priest. He knew Aztec and could confess the people in their own language. He was a man who roused sympathy, and I became much interested in him and in his work.

After visiting the museum and examining the wonderful relics of Aztec civilization, as well as curiosities brought from the Maya country, I went to a bookstore and bought 'Popol Vtih' the sacred book of the Mayas, and while in the bookstore listened to a complaint against the National museum, or rather the Smithsonian institution. Senior Abadiano, the owner of the store, stated that he made casts of the Mexican dial and of many of the large relics of the Mexican museum, and, in 1885, took them to Washington. Mr. Baird, then at the head of the institution, received the casts and promised to pay for them, but he did not do so, and Senior Abadiano had not been able

to recover a cent of the $2,500 the casts cost him. He had written many times and always received the same answer: 'There is no money to pay with.' The casts were still in Washington, unpaid for.

November 1st, 1895, at 7:00 a.m. the Americanists left the Buena Vista station in a special car attached to the ordinary train, en route for San Juan Teotihuacan to visit the pyramids of Kl Sol and La Luna, perhaps the most ancient of the prehistoric monuments of Mexico. The country we passed through was in the main uncultivated. For a time Guadalupe was in view; with the sky for a background, it made a fine picture. We passed near Lake Texcoco and saw the canals which had been dug to drain the land and the lake. Just before nine o'clock our car was switched off at the little village of Teotihuacan where carriages and saddle horses were in readiness to take us to the pyramids. Senior Martinez Lopaz received the party and supplied the gentlemen with Mexican hats to be worn as a protection against the fierce rays of Sol. A detachment of 'rurales' was to act as escort. As I could have my choice, I preferred a carriage to an unknown horse and a Mexican saddle. We drove to the base of Kl Sol part of the way through an avenue of organ cacti which, planted thickly, had grown to be from ten to twelve feet high.

El Sol, in the center of a field on which mounds indicate the site of ancient buildings, is 180 feet high and 882 feet long at the base. It has every appearance of being a hill composed of loose stones of a volcanic nature, but it is artificial — the work of man. A gigantic labor! We ascended the hill and from the summit had a fine view. In the distance the steeples and buildings of the city of Mexico, Pefton butte, and the waters of Texcoco were visible. In the foreground cornfields and cactus fields and the insignificant village of Teotihuacan. Here and there were prickly pear trees, the leaves ornamented with red fruit. I had an unpleasant experience with that gaudy fruit. When I alighted from the carriage at the base of El Sol, I was choked by dust and heat. I helped myself to a pear. I had often bought them with the skin removed and I knew how juicy and refreshing they are. But I had had no practice in taking off the prickly skin; consequently, I got a thorn in my tongue, and for a time it caused me pain and annoyance.

From El Sol we went to La Luna passing on the way little stone heaps called tetetes, the origin of which is unknown. La Luna is like El Sol, but much smaller and not as well built. It was a hot day. Though curiosity and enthusiasm had thus far made us forgetful of personal discomfort, we began now to realize that we were thirsty and hungry, and as this fact came to the mind of Senor Lopaz, he called the party together and escorted us across the fields to the celebrated cavern of 'Gruta de Teotihuacan.' The grotto is rather low, but the room inside is large, and, as there are many side-openings, there is plenty of light. In this grotto luncheon was served on a table at which, perhaps, a hundred could be seated. Under an arch stood a band of native musicians who played American and Mexican airs while we ate.

The surroundings were so romantic that they recalled stories I read when a boy about entertainments given by bandits and robber bands. We were all 'book men,' men trying to look into the future and into the past 'far as human eye can see,' and we had a very jolly time. Speeches were made by Senior Garcia Cubas, and by the minister of Guatemala. Only three ladies were present; Alma was one of the three. After luncheon we went to the station and waited for the train which was two hours late. Sunday I dined with Mr. Breier, consul for Norway and Sweden, and at the same time a Mexican banker. He had invited the secretary of the Russian legation to meet me, and it was a pleasure to speak Russian once more.

A peculiar old Irishman, Mr. Mullens, lived in the city of Mexico, and by chance I made his acquaintance. He went to Mexico just before Maximilian's time. He entered the emperor's service and became greatly attached to the unfortunate man. When I met him he was old, but his mind was clear, and he delighted in telling of Maximilian's virtues and his sorrows. The old man had a large collection of books and curiosities. I bought a grammar of him that I had been in quest of for many a day. Among other things he had obtained the original manuscript of the inquisition from 1583. He told me that for twenty years he had had the intention of taking his books and curiosities to Paris and disposing of them to the museum there, but he had not done so and now, old and feeble, he feared that he would never leave Mexico.

Though I was filling my brain with the Aztec language and with Mexican ideas, my stomach was empty. I found very little food that I could eat. Bread, usually my mainstay, was dark and sour, butter was rancid, and meat was tough. Nov. 7th we started with a few of the Americanists on a trip to southern Mexico which required a week or ten days but it would be time well spent, for I could see and study some of the principal ruins of the country. With great liberality the Mexican government paid the expenses of the journey.

The third station from the city was Texcoco. There women crowded around the train to sell Mexican food. Colonel Green bought a basket of tamales — corn meal and chopped peppers boiled in corn husks — a Mexican dainty too hot for me. Soon we were at Otumba where the Spaniards fought such a desperate battle and were so near defeat when Cortes, by quick wit and bravery, saved the day and made Spain master of Mexico for hundreds of years years.

Cacti everywhere as far as the eye could see. A gentleman on the train told me that he had 8,000 acres under the pulque cactus and that he paid $1,200 a month for freight alone.

We passed the station of Mazaba and could see the volcano and snow-covered peak of Orizaba. Hills and rolling country began. There were pines and cypresses. We were about 9,000 feet above sea level. We caught sight of the Cholula pyramid which is 177 feet high and twice as long as Cheops, the famed pyramid of Egypt. Cholula was reared, many centuries ago, to Quetzalcohuatl, and is surely one of the grandest monuments ever reared to a god.

When we reached Puebla, a delegation was at the station to welcome us to the city and conduct us to the Garden, the best hotel in town, far better than any in the city of Mexico. We visited every place of interest; the cathedral first of all. In the evening there was an elaborate banquet. Early the following morning we were en route for Oaxaca (pronounced Wahaka). After ascending several hundred feet the descent begins. The country was more or less cultivated. There were many cornfields enclosed by cacti in place of stone walls or wire fences. The configuration of the country reminded me of northern Hungary. About ten o'clock we reached Carnero, a

small but picturesque place — many little, steep-roofed shanties, thatched and surrounded by high hedges of organ cacti. There were mountains nearby, grass-covered, but without trees. At San Antonio, on the boundary of Oaxaca, a tropical scene met our eyes. Banana trees had been cut and planted for some distance along each side of the railroad track. It was like traveling through a banana grove. A band of music greeted us at the station; there were fireworks and a multitude of people, mainly Indians.

Beyond San Antonio the mountains come near together; between them run a small river and the railroad track. On the lofty slopes stood here and there organ cacti, straight as telegraph poles and about as high. The train winds around peaks and rocky bluffs, some of which look like ruined fortresses, others like huge Indian gods. At Mexia the scenery is grand. The bluffs are high and of a reddish tint; enormous rocks stand out in fantastic shapes. There are immense boulders that look as though the slightest jar would precipitate them. In spite of intense heat, I remained on the platform and gazed at these marvels of nature. The little town of Tecomavaea is right among the mountains, and near it is a monstrous rock. On the face of the rock, so high up that it is a mystery how anyone could have cut them, are Indian characters.

At Quiotepec a delegation welcomed us, and a band of music came on to the train and played till we reached Tomellin where a dinner, prepared by Chinese, was awaiting us. Tropical fruit, bananas, coconuts, and several fruits unknown to me till then were growing throughout this section of the country. There were no towns or villages in sight. The heat was so great that we did not care for food. Soon after leaving Tomellin we were passing through mountains; the air was cooler. Off in a field sat a woman knitting and nursing a baby. She was naked to the waist. At Paran, an Indian village with a few thatched shanties, an American miner had a home. As there was quite a stop, I went to his shanty and talked with him. The building he lived in cost exactly eight dollars. He found it sufficient for his wants and he seemed to be happy. At the last station before Oaxaca the train passed under a triumphal arch. A platform had been erected and ornamented with wreaths and flowers. From this platform a group of young boys welcomed us with songs. As the train drew away from the station, the boys ran to the ear windows and threw in tiny paper flags.

At the Oaxaca station an immense crowd had assembled. All the people of the countryside appeared to be there. Bands played, and a large delegation of gentlemen came into the car to bid us welcome. When the ceremony was over, we were conducted to the National, a large hotel fronting the principal square.

Saturday morning we were received by the governor of Oaxaca, who delivered a speech of welcome in Spanish. Later we were conducted through the museum, library, and market, and at midday went to the Young ladies' college. The large hall was festooned with flowers, and mottoes greeting our party in the name of science. We were seated on the platform and listened to a number of well written addresses in Spanish. One young lady spoke in English and spoke well.

At three o'clock Archbishop Gillow received us at his palace. Though born in Mexico, the bishop is English by origin. He is a remarkable man. as I learned later, and is well known in every part of Mexico. To entertain the ladies, he had the church jewels brought and spread out for their inspection — magnificent emeralds, rubies, diamonds, and pearls in rings, crosses, and chains; stones of great value. He showed us a robe covered with embroidery in priceless pearls. Later the archbishop went with us to the cathedral joining his palace, a cathedral founded in 1550 and completed in 1630. On a time it was one of the richest church buildings in the republic, but the French wrecked and looted it. Among the loot were jewels to the value of 2,000,000 francs.

In the evening there was an illumination and a serenade. Early Sunday morning we set out for Tide. Tlacolula, and Mitla, four persons in a carriage, each carriage drawn by six mules. At Tule, six miles from Oaxaca, is the 'Big Tree of Tule,' a tree said to be 2,000 year old. Four feet from the ground the tree measures ninety feet and eight inches. Twenty-six men joined hands, and we could just reach around it. Many times Cortes feasted under the branches of that tree. In 1806 Humboldt sat in its shade and carved his name on its trunk. There is a church nearby and at the end of the church a large tree called the 'Son of the Big Tree. Our luncheon was served in the shade of the 'Big Tree of Tule.' The governor had conducted us thus far. After luncheon he turned back, as did Sarogosia, the delegate from

Spain, who was an old man and felt that he could not endure a long ride in the heat and dust.

As we neared the town of Tlacolula, church bells began to ring, and for a quarter of a mile we rode under triumphal arches. Houses and shops were elaborately decorated; on one building was the portrait of Diaz surrounded by flowers, on another was the portrait of Juarez. The decorations on the hotel and the large music stand erected in the plaza were made of cactus roots (which are perfectly white), and green leaves. A band composed of 182 Indian musicians greeted us. In the corridor of the hotel patio, which was hung with wreaths of evergreen, tables were laid and dinner was ready to be served. When evening came and the air was cooler, we were entertained by the Indian band and by the singing of songs. One little girl, not more than six years old, sang wonderfully well. We breakfasted by lamplight, and at five o'clock carriages were waiting to take us to Mitla, once the magnificent burial city of the Zapotec kings and priests. Two hours later we reached a small Mexican town in the valley of Tlacolula. It was Mitla. Bells were ringing and bands were playing. We stopped at the inn. brushed off dust, drank a cup of coffee, and then walked to the ruins followed by half a thousand people, mainly Indians.

The famous ruins are in a valley, perhaps five miles wide; the mountains which shut in the valley are, or look to be, arid. On one side of the area covered by the ruins is a pyramid on which a chapel has replaced an ancient temple. On another side is the church of San Pablo de Mitla, built of stones taken from the ruins. The ruins of Mitla are the work of a highly civilized people. They are wonderful! The columns inside the main room of the so-called 'Palace of the Living and the Dead' are worthy of a place in the Roman Forum. Though I had read descriptions of the ruins of Mitla, they astonished me. I had not expected to see such an evidence of knowledge and of mechanical skill. The stone mosaics in this ancient ruin are unsurpassed in the world. On our return to Oaxaca the governor gave a banquet which, with speeches and music, lasted from one o'clock in the afternoon till four. The evening was taken up by an Indian dance at the archbishop's palace.

Upon returning to Puebla I left the party and went to Tlaxcala to visit the governor, and Senior Carran, a a Mexican friend. Tlaxcala is interesting, historically. There Cortes met with stern resistance from the intrepid chief, Xicotencatl, who, with the greatest heroism, fought to save his republic and his people from the clutches of the invader, but was defeated, and later used as a tool in conquering Montezuma. The country around Tlaxcala is better cultivated than other parts of Mexico; consequently, is more fruitful. At Tlaxcala is the first church built in America. It is still in a good state of preservation. It contains the first altar from which the Catholic religion was preached in the new world, and the font from which the first Indian convert was baptized.

We dined with the governor, then went with Senior Carranza to his home ten miles from TIaxcala. He had an estate of 2,000 acres. Saturday the governor came out and spent the afternoon and night. I found him a well read man, who had studied deeply over the problems of life. Sunday we went to TIaxcala to take part in a banquet which he gave in my honor. A hundred persons were present: senators, high officials, and men whom the governor wished me to meet. The speeches were so numerous and long that, although we sat down at one o'clock, we did not rise from the table till five. Half an hour later I was on my way to the city of Mexico.

I had ordered a camera to be sent by express from Oaxaca to Santa Ana, where I wanted to use it; but on reaching Santa Ana, I found it had been forwarded as baggage and, as I had no check, it could not be given up. I sent to the governor asking him to have it released. I waited all day in Puebla, then decided to go to TIaxcala and get an order. This I did, or rather I went to TIaxcala, and the governor sent a man with an autograph letter to the station master at Santa Ana. I got the camera, but so much time had been lost in unwinding red tape that I returned to the city of Mexico without photographs. The next few days were occupied in unpacking trunks, which were to be stored, and putting that part of our belongings which it was absolutely necessary to take with us into dry goods boxes. On the stage trip which I contemplated only thirty-five pounds were allowed each person, for every extra pound there was a charge. My books promised to be quite valuable before I got them across Mexico and Guatemala.

We left the city of Mexico Thanksgiving day, 1895, at eight o'clock in the evening. At seven the next morning we were at Irapuato. the station where strawberries are sold every day in the year, and the junction of the road to Guadalajara. An American from Los Angeles was proprietor of the eating house at Irapuato. He kept cows and made butter for the railroad. Such butter! One taste was sufficient. There was an hour's wait, and I could have eaten a hearty breakfast but all I succeeded in doing was paying for one. On the Guadalajara train were a number of Americans, and one very peculiar Englishman. He was dressed in a Spanish costume: a large Mexican hat trimmed with gilt braid; a short, white coat; tight trousers; and a long, red sash; and white gloves. His name was Septimus Crow (The Seventh Crow). He was the youngest of fifteen Crows and the seventh male one, he informed us.

Guadalajara is the cleanest town in Mexico. There are many attractive plazas ornamented with tropical plants. Along some of the streets are tall lemon and orange trees. On the principal street there are a good many two-story buildings. The cathedral and the governor's palace are imposing structures. In a way the people of the city are progressive. They have introduced electric lighting and street cars drawn by mules, but in 1895 most of the carrying was done by men. When a train arrived, a long line of men left the station, each man with a trunk or a large dry goods box on his head — they were delivering baggage and freight. Milk was carried around in jugs, four on a donkey. The hotel got its supply of water in the same aboriginal way. I had intended to start for the coast almost immediately, but Mr. Shephard, a man from Buffalo, who was interested in the sugar manufacturies of Mexico, introduced me to a man who had just come from Culiacan, and he gave such a description of the dangers which beset the journey — bad roads, vile water, and tropical heat — that I decided to remain in Guadalajara and try to find, by letter, Uosalena, the half-breed Indian who, driven from California, was supposed to be living in Culiacan. I wanted him to go with me to the Lacandones. Meanwhile, I could correct the Wintu and Nosa myths I had collected and send them to Charles A. Dana, who was to publish them in the Sun newspaper. I wanted also to translate what I had of Quo Vadis.

The climate of Guadalajara is very agreeable. We had a pleasant room in, for Mexico, a good hotel, the Cosmopoleta — a hotel with a history. It was built for the city home of a rich Mexican. When finished, he had it beautifully furnished and employed a large number of servants. At last the day came for the housewarming. An elaborate banquet was prepared, and many guests invited. With show and parade the man and his family drove in from the country to take possession of their new home and entertain their guests. Two hours after the master crossed the threshold he was no longer of this world. 'His hour struck!' Home and banquet were not for him. After his death, the house planned for a home became a hotel. Though it was December, our meals were served on the balcony overlooking a patio where flowers were in bloom and birds were singing. The meals were passable, except that, as in every hotel in Mexico, the butter was impossible, and one could not indulge in tea-drinking for none was served; coffee had no non-spirituous rival.

All the days were bright and not too warm if one remained in the house or, when walking, took the shady side of the street. I walked but little, for I worked from seven o'clock in the morning till dark. One evening a negro wandered into the patio and entertained us with 'Old Folks at Home,' 'Golden Slippers,' 'Dixie Land.' and other songs. His black face recalled Washington, and I made him happy with a liberal gift of silver.

Diaz had given me a letter to the governor of the state of Jalisco. The governor lived in Guadalajara, and he kindly undertook to find Rosalena by telegraph. I met many Americans, for Guadalajara was at the end of the railroad and was the place from which stage lines started for the gold and silver mines of the interior. There was usually a wait of a few days to rest from a long journey and make arrangements for going farther. One day Professor Frederick Starr of Chicago, who was on his way to Central America, called and introduced himself saying that he knew me well and had recently reviewed one of my Irish books. He is a social man, and we had many a good laugh. He is a delver after hidden treasures, but from the obstacles and difficulties which he has to overcome in the pursuit of knowledge he gets amusement, for he sees the comic as well as the serious side of life. Among other stories he told several about inquisitive tourists whom he had met. Christmas passed as other days; I wrote from morning

till evening. If I had had the power of a magic word, we would have spent the day in Vermont.

The last day of 1895 was rather chilly. A fire, for cheer, would have been agreeable. Out-of-doors it was bright and warm; roses and violets were in bloom, and on the streets boys were selling flowers. That afternoon I sent Dana ten Wintu stories. Later, in 1898. I published these myths in a volume called Creation Myths of Primitive America. The book contained twenty long myths taken down from Indians who know no religion and no language save their own. One of those myths, 'Olelbis,' contains an account of the creation of the spirit home in the central blue — the highest point in the sky above. It also describes a great world fire which was extinguished by a flood and followed by a reconstruction of the face of the earth, which gave the form existing at present. The second great myth is 'Norwan,' which with an incomparably greater wealth of incident resembles the Helen of Troy story. It gives the origin of the first war in the world, not among men, however, but among gods. A woman is the cause, as in Homer's epic, but the woman is Norwan, light. The musical contest of the gods, the wanderings of Norwanchakus and Keriha, and finally the road of immortality begun by the Hus brothers and destroyed by Sedit will not be forgotten.

These masterpieces of the primitive human mind in America antedate by many ages the earliest form of thought represented to us in the records of Egypt and Assyria. In other words, they present a system of thought which had grown obsolete when the first records of Egypt and Assyria were inscribed. If I was happy when I found these myths, I was equally happy when I had them ready for the press.

New Year's day, 1896, was perfect, just the right temperature. I worked on Quo Vadis till evening, then went to Kip's for the San Francisco daily which was nearly a week old when it reached Guadalajara. I worked each day to the limit of my strength. The publishers, as usual, were in a hurry. I found that I would not have time to correct the proofs of Quo Vadis, and that troubled me not a little, for I hate to have a book leave my hands without the last polish. Doing the work from Polish newspapers, which were often delayed and sometimes lost, making it necessary to send to Poland for

another copy, caused me endless annoyance, but I was interested in the characters and enjoyed bringing them out as vivid and strong as a close translation would permit. The choice of a word often strengthens the power of a sentence. In Quo Vadis, as well as in the books which preceded it, I strove to be faithful in the strictest sense of the word, that is faithful to the letter and the spirit. I tried to make a translation which would produce, as nearly as possible, the same effect on Americans as the original produced on Sienkiewicz' countrymen; the rhythmic flow of the sentences of a great master of speech; the lilt of the language which he uses must be preserved, as well as his statements. Idioms, too, should be preserved wherever it is possible. Before leaving Guadalajara, I sent 500 pages of the manuscript to Little, Brown and Company, the publishers. The original of the concluding chapters I received in northern Guatemala where I finished the translation in the wildest of all wild places.

CHAPTER: 34

The Guatemala Adventure Begun

Monday, January 20th 1896 we started for Colima and the coast. Itosalena had been found, but refused to come to the coast till he knew what was wanted- I discovered afterward that he was suspicious of the Mexican government and was afraid the officials were deceiving him. As they had no order to use force, he remained where he was, and I had to go for him, that is, from the coast to Culiacan. The stage drawn by nine strong mules left Guadalajara at four o'clock in the morning. Our traveling companions were seven in number. Two Englishmen, one from California, the other from Manchester, England, commercial travelers; a Jew from Paris; and four Mexicans, two men and two women. One of the women was of immense girth which means considerable when nine persons are sandwiched into an ordinary stagecoach.

The heavy baggage was outside, but each person inside had a box, bundle, or dress suit case deposited on the floor. Consequently, we were cramped and uncomfortable. There was nothing of interest along the road, except occasionally a group of thatched houses or huts. But soon all care for scenery, or thought of discomfort vanished, and from ten o'clock till seven, although a tropical heat scorched us, and dust in dense clouds swept through the coach, we forgot everything but the danger we were in of being killed. The road was frightful — full of great ruts and deep holes. It was necessary to drive slowly and with extreme caution. Once we all got out, and the stage, with the strenuous work of two men and the driver, was taken down through a terrible cut. I was positive that it would tip over, but it did not.

It was an exciting day! We were constantly going up or down rocky mountains. Long ropes were attached to each side of the stage. When we came to a deep gulch, the driver's assistants caught the ropes and ran along the bluff. As the stage pitched down into the ravine, they pulled with all

their strength first on one side and then on the other; whichever side the stage leaned to the man on the opposite side pulled his rope. In this way, with risk of death for the passengers, the stage was gotten out of one ravine to go into another. This continued for hours varied only by occasionally climbing a rocky hill. The mules were changed four times; hence, thirty-six were used during the day. The heat was intense. We ate what was called dinner at Santa Ana, a small town built around a plaza, and at seven o'clock stopped for the night at Zapolko.

We were off again at Gve in the morning traveling through a country which appeared to be uninhabited. The road was near being impassable; the dust was stifling, terrible, and soon the heat was almost overpowering! The mules were changed five times. Forty-five were used that day.

At five o'clock we reached Zapolan. The hotel was wretched. There were board beds with thin mattresses, but I was contented, for I thought the worst of the journey was over, a good example of the truth of the saying, 'Ignorance is bliss.' At Zapolan the stage line ended; no stage or carriage could go over the road that lay beyond. Seventy miles had now to be traveled on horseback. Arrangements were made for horses, and here the selfishness of race was shown. As the two Englishmen and the Jew, who had been with us on the stage trip, were going to Colima, we planned to leave together at five o'clock in the morning, but they were up and off at three, taking the best horses and nearly everything that 'could be obtained in the hotel in the way of food. For our breakfast there was left a scant amount of bread, two eggs, and coffee without milk.

For five miles the road was level but full of rocks; the horses picked their steps. A heavy fog wet us like rain. I had not been on horseback for two years; the saddle was too small, the stirrup only a strap, and soon the road "was bad beyond description. Up stony hills, simply ledges, and down the same, not one rod of passable road. The horses were in constant danger of breaking their legs among the rocks. About nine o'clock we came to a barranca or canyon and had to go down a declivity as steep as a roof. My horse slipped continually and with great difficulty kept from falling. Many times I nearly went over his head. It was seemingly miles down that terrible gulch. At the bottom was a river, and across the river there was a small

house; the horses were fed there, and we got a cup of coffee. Then we clambered out of the ravine and, if possible, the ascent was more difficult than the descent. I walked most of the way, but the guide would not permit Alma to dismount fearing that her strength would fail and we should be delayed.

That afternoon we came to a second barranca, worse even than the first. We dismounted and leading the horses picked our way down one mile into the bowels of the earth as the road goes, 2,500 feet almost perpendicular. The heat in those ravines is terrible. The climb out was a severe tax on the strength of man and beast. Again Alma wanted to dismount, she was afraid the horse would lose grip with his forefeet and go backwards down the mountain, but the guide said, 'No.' It would be impossible for her to climb to the top, and on such an incline she could not get into the saddle again. I have no pleasant words for a civilized people who have occupied a country 300 years and have built no roads. There was a third barranca. Besides these fearful rents in the earth, the road was rocky and hilly.

At seven in the evening we reached Tunilc, a good sized town, but the hotel was poor and dirty. A fat Indian woman in chemise and skirt served our supper. The room we slept in was so dirty that we didn't undress. A cup of coffee and we were in the saddle by five o'clock. There were no barrancas that day, only gullies, rocks, and holes and fierce heat. With the exception of now and then a small Indian village, or a group of thatched huts, the country had every appearance of being uninhabited. When still a good number of miles from Colima, we got for a moment a view of the city and of the volcano which was puffing vigorously. When within a few miles of Colima, we came for the first time upon cocoa palms. Nearly worn out, smashed up, and melted I was happy when we reached Colima and our horseback journey was over.

I found the 'city' unattractive. The buildings are in the main one-story, dull, dingy-looking structures. No one seems to care about keeping tidy or clean. The plazas, oi which there are several, redeem the picture in part; they are ornamented with banana, orange, and palm trees. The banana trees were at that time loaded with ripe fruit, and on the palms were large nuts. Colima is the home of the mocking bird. It was a delight to listen to their songs. The

hotel was called Jardin; perhaps, because there were two tall trees in the patio, so tall that I did not notice that they were lemon trees till I asked for a lemon and a servant took a long pole and knocked two or three from one of the trees. The heat there in January was as great as in Washington, D.C., the hottest days of July or August, but the landlady informed me that I was fortunate to arrive just at that time, for in a couple of weeks warm weather would begin, and from that time till October the heat was very trying for foreigners. The people of Colima wear as few clothes as decency will permit. The Indian women, market women, and servant girls wear a short-sleeved, low-necked, white chemise and a dark, cotton petticoat; the men wear a cotton shirt and white linen trousers.

While resting from the journey across Mexico, I was hard at work on Quo Vadis, for several papers had reached me. I enjoyed the characters. Petronius is capital. Eunice is a splendid woman of her kind. Chtlo is a picturesque character and genuine up to his reformation. I am not sure about the last acts of his life. They somehow seem out of harmony, forced. Ursus beats everything in the way of strong men given us by the author, and surely simplicity could not go much farther than his in dealing with the Greek.

It was not easy to rest where the beds were of boards, the mattresses thin, and a heavy netting had to be put around the bed to keep mosquitoes away. Insects in that tropical country are intensely annoying. Our room was lighted from an opening in the roof. The broad corridor around the patio was used as workroom, sitting room, and dining room. The food was almost repulsive. We could eat very little.

The day following our arrival I photographed the volcano. At that time it was only smoking, but three years earlier it had burst forth with such fury that the vibrations of the earth were felt as far as Guadalajara, and the inhabitants of Colima, knowing how from time to time through the centuries it had dealt out destruction and death, were greatly alarmed.

We spent six days in Colima, then went by train to Manzanillo. Heir Vogel, a German banker of Colima, was one of our traveling companions. He had a Mexican wife and three marriageable daughters, one of whom was with him. She spoke only Spanish. When I asked Herr Vogel why he had not

taught his daughters his own language, or English, he said: 'If one knows Spanish, it does not seem worth while to bother with other languages, for with Spanish one can travel anywhere in the world.' I wonder if my face expressed my astonishment. I enjoyed the scenery. There were near and distant hills, sugar plantations, cacti of every description, tangled undergrowth, groves of cocoa palms, banana groves, and also much uncultivated land.

Manzanillo, four hours by train from Colima, is a small town built on a narrow strip of land between mountains and ocean. The situation is beautiful; high, rugged mountain peaks in the background and the sea in front. But there are drawbacks in that town by the sea; good drinking water is not to be found, and sand flies are a constant pest. It is impossible to sit in the open, no matter how one is suffering from heat. Herr Vogel's shipping agent had a home in Manzanillo, and he invited us to stay with him till the steamer left. At his office I met General Martinez, the owner of a large coffee plantation not far away. He served in the French army during the Franco-German war and had many stories to tell of army life. The steamer was in when the train arrived, but there was a long delay, for the captain had been hunting and had so badly injured one of his hands that amputation was necessary. Someone had to be found to take command of the steamer. At last the shipping agent volunteered, and we were off for Altata.

It was rough. The Mazatlan was a small boat and had poor accommodations; a day and a night were spent in going from Manzanillo to San Bias. At San Bias there is a bad bar. The steamer anchored quite a distance out at sea, and the entire day was spent in landing freight. Leaving at six o'clock in the evening we were at Mazatlan at ten o'clock the next morning. Among the passengers was K.H. Lonergan, an Englishman, who owned an estate at Tepic. The old general left us at Mazatlan as did a Mexican woman, whom two little girls, dressed in red, came out in a boat to meet; evidently, they were her children, for they were very glad to see her.

Mazatlan is a large town with a long, narrow plaza. The harbor is picturesque. Near land is an enormous hill which has the form of an elephant lying down; on the head of the elephant is a lighthouse, said to he the highest one in the world. There is also a second and a third hill in the

harbor; on the second there is a coast guard station. In and beyond the town are many cocoa palms which give a tropical character to the beauty of the scenery. The boatmen of the Mazatlan are trained in trickery. I was ashore, I must return to the steamer. I could do so by paying a dollar and a half, not less. That evening a large steamer, the Willamette Valley anchored near us, and an Englishman, a droll man, came aboard. He came to the dining room where I was writing and approaching me said: 'Well, I suppose we are fellow travelers.' And then began a one-sided conversation which soon grew irksome for me. He was selling pictures and was anxious to give me the most minute details of his business. Suddenly I became so sleepy that I was forced to excuse myself for the night.

At eleven o'clock the next morning we were in front of Altata and trying to cross the bar. Mighty waves rolled up like mountains, leaving, as it were, deep canyons into which the steamer pitched. It rose on another wave and again went down to the depth. This continued till the pilot refused to try longer. Steamers have been lost on that bar. He drew back and anchored to wait for the tide. At four o'clock we crossed and anchored inside the harbor, quite near land. Altata is, or was in 1896, a village of basket huts, a queer looking place. The pilot had advised me to stay on board until the train was ready to start for Culiacan. There was no train till two o'clock the next afternoon. When I had seen the town, I was more than ready to take his advice. Altata is the port for Culiacan and other towns in the interior. It is a great fishing place. I bought two large fish for six cents, and the Chinaman on board prepared them for our supper.

After breakfast on the Mazatlan, I went ashore with the Englishman. Our boat had hardly touched land when a tall, lank fellow came up and began conversation by begging pardon for speaking to a stranger. He was fond of the English language and wanted to speak it whenever he had a chance. He had lived in California and could not forget the people of that country. After following us around for some time, he and the Englishman began to dispute about something. I slipped away and went to a thatched house that was called a hotel. There I met several of the Spaniards who had been on the Mazatlan and, while we were talking, a man came up, leading a large cinnamon bear. He said that if paid, the bear would dance, throw heavy stones, and walk like a man. The bear passed his master's hat and, when we

had contributed liberally, he exhibited his tricks. I was astonished at the agility and wisdom of the beast. When applauded, he seemed to understand that we were pleased. This amusement whiled away an hour or so.

At two o'clock we were at the so-called 'railroad station,' merely a platform. After a wearisome delay the train started. It consisted of a first-class car, a second-class car, and a freight car. The second-class car was open; rain or shine the passengers were exposed to the weather — tickets twenty-eight cents. The first-class car had no windows, simply openings which could be closed, but if closed, the view was shut out. One had to choose between sitting in a dangerous draft or seeing nothing of the country. Aside from being clean and having seats, it was hardly better than a cattle car — tickets a dollar and twenty cents. The dust was suffocating. There were no mountains or hills, level land everywhere. About the only building I saw was a sugar factory near the Culiacun river. The station houses were simply basket huts.

Some weeks previous to my journey a fierce storm had washed away the track along the river and broken the bridge. We had to leave the train and let boys carry our baggage to a flatboat on which all of the passengers crowded. The boat was overloaded, but we crossed without accident, and then in the heat plodded through the sand and dirt of a plowed field, climbed over a fence, and reached a waiting train. At six o'clock we were in Culiacan, and somewhat later at Ferro Caril, a hotel kept by Radovitch, a Slav.

Early the next morning I ordered a carriage and driver; a canvas-covered wagon and span of mules were soon waiting. The driver was a good-natured Mexican. As I was likely to have a long ride, I took a light lunch, and a spirit lamp outfit so as to make a cup of tea. Guadalajara officials had discovered that Rosalena was at San Pedro, nine miles from Culiacan, so I went to San Pedro. The ride had the usual discomforts: heat, dust, and a bad road. Between the two towns are several Indian villages; groups of basket houses, that is houses made of sticks woven together like a rough, coarse basket. Sometimes the basketwork is filled in with mud. Then again, the huts are open on every side, several posts driven into the earth a few feet apart and a roof made of palm or banana leaves, or of sticks. The Indian

houses of that part of Mexico are the most primitive and the poorest houses I have ever seen. The land is practically uncultivated.

San Pedro is an Indian village, but it has a small, brick church. I asked where the priest lived, and was told that there was no priest. I inquired for Rosalena and was directed to his sister's house. The house had but one room. His sister, an elderly woman, told me where her brother was and said that her nephew had written asking him to come home. We drove to the village his sister mentioned and found the house where Rosalena was stopping, but he was not there. They would send for him.

The driver fed the mules, and we sat down on the porch to wait. Meanwhile, the young woman of the house hung up blankets to keep the sun from burning us. In the one-room house lived the young woman, her husband and child; an old, blind woman, and a small girl. In a shed nearby the young woman was occupied in rubbing corn into meal. The corn is soaked till quite soft, then it is rubbed on a board or stone till it is a soft mass. Of this tortillas are made — a sort of pancake which is tough, and, owing to the way the corn is treated, often dirty. In the house, which was about 10 feet by 12 or 15 feet, was a low board table adorned with lumps of dough of various sizes — the young man was the village baker. Beside the bread table there were two board beds, on one of which lay the sick, blind woman. On a bench were the household dishes, and around the room were the clothes and blankets which composed the worldly possessions of five or six persons.

After waiting for an hour, I found that they had not sent for Rosalena but were simply waiting for him to come. The driver went for him at once and in a few moments he came. Seven years had passed since he worked for me on the Sacramento river. He was thinner, much more wrinkled, and his beard had changed from black to gray. The man was glad to see me. He asked me to look at his coat and shoes and see how ragged and needy he was. After living thirty years in California, he had been anxious to visit his birthplace, but upon coming back everything was different from what he had expected. His own country was strange to him. In California he had grown unaccustomed to poverty; at San Pedro one never had quite enough to satisfy hunger. On reaching Mazatlan, already homesick and lonely, he

had married. The woman left him after a few weeks, and he didn't know what had become of her. (The old fellow had a wife and son in California.) He had spent all of his money and now was trying to keep soul and body together by doctoring the sick with herbs and roots.

He was glad to go with me. I gave him money to buy comfortable clothing, and he promised to meet me at the railroad station two days later. The train to Altata ran only once in two days. I returned to Culiacan and rested till Saturday. Culiacan is a nice town, but it is away from the world. It was built by mining interests and is still kept up by them though the mines are now from sixteen to sixty miles away. At the time appointed Rosalena was at the station with his worldly effects in a coffee sack which he had slung over his shoulder. He was melancholy. He had left all of his relatives crying, for they thought he was going on a long journey and might never come back.

At Altata we waited two days for the steamer. Good Lord deliver me from such hotels, and such dirt! The only light in 'the best hotel in town' came in at doors. Consequently, no matter how the heat poured in or the dust swept through, the doors must be open. I could have found a shady place to sit outside but was robbed of that comfort by sand fleas which are a terrible pest. The town is built in the sand. There were cots in the living room for people, who, like ourselves, were waiting for the steamer. The landlady, rich in flesh, went around in chemise and petticoat. Dresses and corsets are evidently tabooed in that country.

The steamer, Willamette Falley, arrived early on the third morning, and I went aboard immediately. It was a comfort to be in a clean cabin. I did not realize how nearly starved I was until I was in front of a 'square meal.' There were pleasant people on the steamer. The captain, a German by origin, was a patriotic American. There was a bright, energetic, young man from St. Louis, graduated from Yale in 1890; and an American miner, whose home was in Mazatlan. He knew my friend, Colonel Green, who he said had been carrying on a lawsuit in Durango. Twenty years before, the colonel left a mining claim, another party took it up, invested $70,000 and, when on the eve of abandoning the claim, discovered a vein of gold, then the colonel wanted them to pay him for the claim. The rest of the passengers were Spaniards.

At Mazatlan, where we were to take the steamer for Guatemala, there was again a wait of three days. The tickets for myself and wife were over $200. Rosalena was $50. The trip took ten days, for the steamer called at several ports. It was the Acaptdco, the largest and best steamer in the Pacific mail service. We sailed on the 15th. There were only a few first-class passengers. Mr. White, a social man, manager of the house of correction at Dedham, Massachusetts, whose health failed, took the long sea voyage from New York to San Francisco; he was now on his way back. Mrs. Cuthbert, a vivacious woman, whose home was in Ocos; Mrs. Bury, who was going from Seattle to Guatemala where her husband was in business; two long-legged, long-necked, sandy-haired, young Englishmen, who said they were Oxford graduates on their way to South America; Sutro, a young Jew from San Francisco; Ackland, a boy from Ceylon on his way to Panama — I nicknamed him 'Little Billec' — and a number of commercial travelers.

The fourth day out we anchored off Acapulco to discharge and receive freight. It is a dreary-looking place with barren hills in the background. The view was so unattractive, and it was so intensely hot in the harbor that we were thankful when the anchor was raised and the steamer sped on. The morning of the 21st we reached Ocos, a small town with a very long pier. We stayed there until evening. Mrs. Cuthbert left us. Her home was visible from the steamer.

There was considerable excitement in taking on board a man and his wife. They came out in a launch with eight rowers and had great difficulty in getting to the side of the steamer. The waves were so heavy, they had to be drawn up in what is called 'a cage' — a protected seat lowered by ropes. At nine o'clock in the evening we were at Champerico, where we stayed forty-eight hours. The heat was terrible. About midnight of the 23rd we were off San Jose de Guatemala, but there was such a dense smoke from the burning of forests and clearings along the coast that the captain failed to get his bearings; he had to wait till daylight. Then he discovered that he was several miles beyond the port. At six o'clock we were wakened to drink coffee and get ready to land. It was nine, however, before the steamer anchored, and a tug, with a freight boat, came out to take us ashore. The passengers, half a dozen at a time, sat in the cage, and were lowered to the boat. To get to the cage we had to go down to the hold and out at the freight

door. In the hold were sleeping Chinamen, ill-looking fellows, naked aside from hip pants. When at last we were in the boat, the sun poured down such scorching, burning rays that I thought I should be overcome by the heat before all the people were aboard and we could pull away from the steamer. Most of the passengers landed, for the steamer was to remain three days in port.

On shore we were each required to pay two dollars 'tariff to the country,' and a cent a pound for luggage over a certain weight; then go to the customhouse and have our trunks examined.

CHAPTER: 35

Delays and Difficulties

At last we were on the train and off for the city of Guatemala. Though for a good many miles the country is uncultivated and apparently in great part uninhabited, palms, tropical trees and plants make it attractive. The Indians of Guatemala were a surprise to me. They are very dark but they have good forms, finely cut features, and bright eyes. They have none of that stolid look of our California Indians. Their dress is picturesque. The women wear a white chemise and dark skirt held in place around the waist either with a long, bright sash or a cotton apron woven in brilliant colors, similar to the aprons worn by the peasants of southern Italy.

When well away from the coast, we began to pass pineapple and coffee plantations. At the stations were Indians selling tropical fruit of many kinds. I bought, for three cents, a luscious pineapple, better than any I had ever eaten before. There are mountains in the distance, but fog hid the highest peaks. At five o'clock we passed a beautiful lake and soon after were in the city of Guatemala.

At the Grand hotel I could not get a room; at the Grand Union there was only one. I was in luck. While I was registering, several of my steamer acquaintances came to ask for rooms. The Grand Union was as badly managed as any hotel in Mexico. For breakfast there was sour bread, and coffee with condensed milk — reduced. In Guatemala, during the dry season, cows refuse to give milk and hens refuse to lay. Butter came from California, and, though it was seventy cents a pound, it was rancid. Cheese came from Switzerland and was sixty cents a pound, bacon was thirty-three, sugar twelve, eggs were forty cents a dozen. Both freight and duty were high.

The city is not as large as I had supposed. One might describe it as built between two ravines. There is the usual plaza; on one side of the plaza is a long, single story building, the president's palace. Not far away is a large

cathedral. The principal market is in the center of the town and is a structure covering an entire block. Inside one can buy almost anything: dry goods, ready-made clothing, meat, fruit, etc. Indian women were in charge of most of the stalls. The buildings of the city, aside from churches and hotels, are one story and have red tile roofs. Not far from the city is a high mountain which in old times was an active volcano.

The mornings and evenings were cool, but there was wind and dust all the time, and great heat from ten o'clock till four o'clock. The first morning I met at breakfast an entertaining old forty-niner, Mr. Gallagher. Born in Ireland in 1816, he was still a young boy when poverty drove him from home to America. In 1849 he drifted to California. The experience of men who were in California in that early day always interests me. Life there was a desperate struggle for existence: every man with the gold fever raging in his veins was an enemy of every other man.

Barrios, the president, was away, and some days passed before I could present my letters and have an audience. Meanwhile, I met at our consul's. Professor Rock of Philadelphia, who had for several years been occupied in establishing boundary lines between Mexico and Guatemala. He had become interested in the industries of the country and owned a large coffee plantation not far from the city. His wife remained in the states to educate their children — one son was in college, and a daughter was finishing her education in Germany. He knew some parts of the country very well. He had a wide acquaintance with Indians and could give me much useful information. He thought my undertaking a risky one. On his recommendation, I left the hotel and went to the house where he was boarding. Among the boarders were several Americans: Dr. Winthrop, who had formerly practiced medicine in San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Underwood from Kentucky; Mr. Davis from Missouri; and others. One man left, thinking that he must have better food. After trying all the boarding houses and hotels in the city, he returned, satisfied that bad as the table was he could find no better.

Fleas are one of the curses of Guatemala, but flea powder is unknown. The natives use, when they use anything, what they call 'flower of pine,' but it is not for sale. A man must be sent to the mountains to get it. I went to the

library which was small and had none of the literature I wanted. One of the librarians, who was anxious to speak English in place of Spanish, amused me by speaking of different celebrated writers, living and dead, as 'that fellow,' thinking, I suppose that 'man' and 'fellow' were synonymous terms.

March 5th there was a heavy thunderstorm. It surprised me, for I had been told that in Guatemala it never rained except in the rainy season which begins in May. Professor Rock, however, informed me that the storm was a forerunner of the rainy season, that usually the first storm is accompanied by an earthquake. There would be three or four storms in March, a few more in April. After that it would rain some part of every day for four months.

March 23rd I had an interview with President Barrios. I found him a very agreeable man. He spoke English fluently and was a good conversationist. He was boyish in appearance, for he was small of stature. The military dress he wore made him look shorter than he really was. He was interested in the politics of the United States and of European countries, and apparently kept in touch with the world outside of Guatemala. I spoke of my desire to penetrate the Lacandon country. He thought it dangerous to even try to do so but promised to assist me as much as possible with letters and orders to officials. His idea, however, was that a military force should precede me.

When I had been a few days at my new boarding place, Professor Starr arrived. Then there were many stories and jokes at the table. Mr. Davis of Missouri was also a jovial man. I recall one story over which we had a good laugh. It was told to describe the social position of Missourians in Indiana. A Missourian traveling in Indiana passed a house, several miles outside of town. A woman was standing in the door; he halted and asked if he could spend the night there. The woman said that he must ask her husband, who was in the barn. The gentleman went to the barn, but came back and said that there was no one there but a negro, who was milking a cow.

'That is my husband,' said the woman.

'Is it possible,' asked the man 'that you are married to a negro!?'

'Yes, but my sister, why she married a Missouri man.'

Professor Starr told how a Baptist minister going among a new congregation took a nut to describe the different churches. The husk of the nut, he said, was useful, but stringy and tough, that was the Congregational church; the shell was hard, unyielding, and bitter, that was the Methodist church. Here he gave the shell a great crack. 'This, brethren,' said he, 'is the heart of the nut; the Baptist church is like the heart.' And holding the nut up, he pulled the shell apart. To the horror of all the faithful the nut was rotten to the core. The professor told this story with great gusto, and we had a hearty laugh over it.

I bought supplies for my journey north: sacks of flour, and sugar, bags of coffee, rice, and brown beans. I think there is probably no place in the world where things cost as much as they do in Guatemala. Photographic plates, 6x8, were twelve dollars a dozen; hyposulphite of soda which is eight cents a pound in New York was one dollar there. Of camping utensils I bought a coffee mill, tin cups, plates, and other dishes, knives and forks, hammocks, and blankets, a gun for Rosalena, and a pistol for myself. Rosalena found it impossible to get mules; the price charged and condition exacted were ridiculous. Professor Rock kindly offered me mules, and sent to his coffee plantation for them. When they came, other things delayed me, and I boarded the mules at a heavy expense. The muleteer visited his family preparatory for a long journey.

At last everything was ready for a start, but I was without the promised letters and orders. One would think that the people of Guatemala expected to live forever and thought it best to take things easy. When asked to do something, their answer is: 'Oh yes, I'll do that tomorrow.' When tomorrow comes, it is today, and again the task is put off till tomorrow. When at last the thing is accomplished, a great deal of time, valuable to a foreigner, has been lost. My baggage which was to be forwarded from Colima caused me much annoyance. I wrote and telegraphed many times. Finally, I traced it to Champerico. Why it should have stopped there, no man knew.

Rosalena spent most of his time in the patio, smoking and building air castles — castles made of willow and thatched. He planned that at the end of a year he would have money enough to buy a piece of land and set up housekeeping in San Pedro. It would cost but a little to build there where

each man was his own carpenter and mason. He planned to raise hens and get rich selling eggs. The old man told me a pathetic story about his trials and losses. For years he struggled to save money enough to come back to Mexico; at last he had a thousand dollars. When ready to start, his Indian wife refused to come with him, so he left her behind. (I had been told that he was given twenty-four hours to leave California.) At Mazatlan, while waiting for a steamer, he met a woman whom he fancied and he asked her to marry him. He had on new clothes and 'looked fine.' She thought he had plenty of money so she went with him to San Pedro. She lived with him a year but would not marry him. At the end of the year, she had spent all of his money. Then she stole away in the night, and he didn't see her again. For Indians, to live without marriage is nothing in Mexico or Guatemala. The priest has to be paid for performing the marriage ceremony, and few Indians have any money to spare. So men and women live together independent of church or state.

There are many curious church ceremonies in those southern countries, survivals of the early Catholic church. I am told that similar ceremonies still take place in certain parts of Spain. On Good Friday there was a representation of the crucifixion. Christ (in effigy) was carried through the streets nailed to a cross. At the cemetery he was taken from the cross and buried in a sepulcher. On Easter morning the resurrection was represented. Priests led the procession, and were followed by four angels, figures larger than life-size, dressed in gauze, but barefooted. Silver wings were attached to their shoulders. Then came the Virgin, an immense figure with the face of a woman about twenty years of age and very self-important. She wore a full-skirted, purple, velvet robe and held in one hand a golden chalice. Behind her was John the Baptist dressed as a woman. Behind John came a small, male figure with a crown on its head; this figure was borne by young boys. Then followed Christ not life-size, however. The figure was adorned with flowers, and held a bouquet in one hand. Following this figure were men carrying a large canopy. Each image was firmly fastened to a platform, and each platform was borne by four men. A band of music and a multitude of people brought up the rear. At every street crossing the figures turned, went back, and made a bow to Christ. That is, the men bearing the images bobbed the platform up and down causing the effigy to sway somewhat; that done, they turned and ran back to their places in the procession. There

is a religious mythology connected with cross roads. The resurrection procession went around each church in the city and ended by carrying the images to their respective churches, where, turned so as to face the crowd, they entered and resumed their places to have prayers said to them and candles burned before them for another year.

CHAPTER: 36

Hunting for the Modern Mayas

April 27th. At long last we started for the Lacandon country. The delay had been exasperating. I had been worried by many things. There were reports of yellow fever at San Jose de Guatemala. In May the rainy season would begin. Then, in a country without bridges and with canyons and terrible roads, travel would be impossible. The president had been, beyond example in my experience, dilatory in sending me the promised letters and orders to officials. But now I had everything, except my baggage, and I did not wait for that.

About this time I learned that my classmate, Greenhalge (governor of Massachusetts), was dead. From college days we had been the best of friends and his unexpected death was a sorrow for me. A better-hearted man never lived. Only a few weeks before we had dined together at the Parker house in Boston, and he had said many things that were pleasant for me to hear and had been greatly amused when I told him that he had made better use of what he knew than any other man in our class. Of my three intimate friends John Fiske, John Hudson, and Greenhalge, Greenhalge was the first to go to 'that other world.'

We traveled Indian file. I led, on a black mule; then came Alma on a gray one. Rosalena, with a gun over his shoulder, followed. Then came three pack mules, followed by the driver on foot. The morning was hazy but pleasant, not too hot. Turning to the right from Callyon de la Luna, our boarding place, we rode the whole length of the city. Crowds of people, with burdens on their backs, were hurrying to market. Some of the men were nearly naked, and all, without exception, ran on at a dog trot. There are fondas on both sides of the city. Their names are striking: Fonda de la Ilusion, Fonda de la Abundancia, Fonda de la Providencia, Fonda del Paraiso, etc. As we went on, new groups of people came hurrying toward town. The country was level, and the soil looked rich. On the left was a

splendid view of Vulcan de Agua. At ten o'clock we were in Mixco, three leagues from Guatemala. Our guide lived in that little Indian town. His wife met us in front of the church and asked us to go to the house for a cup of tea. Though the house was on a hill, reached by a steep rocky path, we went, for it was necessary to keep Bernardo good-natured. I regretted his complacence when his youngest child, frightened at Rosalena, screamed until it was in danger of convulsions.

Soon after leaving Bernardo's, we began to climb mountains. Then I discovered that our gray mule was lazy and needed constant urging. At five o'clock we were in Xompango, and our day's journey was over. We stopped at the first house we came to; in Indian story: 'The house at the edge of the town where an old witch lives.' The witch was a surly old senora. an Indian. She condescended to keep us for the night but she couldn't give us anything to eat. While Rosalena went to the village to procure food, I examined the room we were to sleep in. There was a table, one chair, and two homemade bedsteads with planks on them; our blankets must serve for mattresses. Rosalena brought a few eggs, and with difficulty secured, by paying for it, a couple of quarts of water which the old senora said had been brought from a spring a mile away. Later we found that there were two large fountains nearby. I had brought bacon. Our supper consisted of bacon and eggs and coffee.

I was up at three o'clock in the morning to get an early start. The mules were gone! I wakened Rosalena, who had slept on the kitchen floor, and he and the guide started off to track the beasts. I was annoyed at the delay and worried lest the mules had gone back to Guatemala. About eight o'clock five of the animals had been found, the sixth was still missing. While the search was on, I examined the town. As in almost every Indian village in Mexico and Guatemala, there was a large church near the plaza; on one side of the plaza was a public fountain where women were filling earthen jars, which later they carried off on their heads.

At nine o'clock the sixth mule was found. He was in the pound! I redeemed him, and we began to pack up for the day's journey. My favorite hairbrush, bought in London, and a large plate had been stolen. At one o'clock we were in Chimaltenango, a good-sized town. A German merchant told me

that there were 3,000 Indians in the place, and 1,000 who called themselves white. The largest store was the size of a small room. There was an open market. Some twenty-five persons sitting in a group, each person with a small quantity of produce in front of him. I bought eggs and bread, and tasted of lime, thinking it was cottage cheese. It amused the market women and men greatly.

At a house, again on the edge of the town, Rosalena asked the privilege of cooking. In kindling a fire Rosalena used our hatchet; when we came to pack up, it had disappeared. He was in despair, for where an other hatchet could be found was unknown — as a matter of fact, during the whole journey we were not able to replace it. The senora of this house was affable; she had a good place, large cornfields, and quite a herd of cattle.

When we reached Comalapa, it was already dark; the ride across the town seemed endless. We crossed a plaza in front of a church that in the dark had a mysterious, sepulchral look, and after riding through many narrow streets at last reached the 'hotel.' A narrow alley led to the main entrance of the enclosure. We found that the gate was not wide enough for the pack mules; the packs must be taken off outside the gate. One cannot help wondering at the strange perversity of mules. While the driver was arranging to unload the tired animals, one beast started off and came very near escaping with two boxes. In those boxes was most of my silver currency for the journey. I had to carry a quantity, for Indians, outside of large towns, will not take paper money in payment for work or produce.

The hotel was a rickety, dirty house with a corral in the rear. We were given the best room. In it was a plank bed without pillows or covers. The landlady, in a train dress, met us with smiles. There was no supper, she regretted it greatly; but it was late, if we had come earlier... No, there wasn't any milk. There were cold beans; she would warm them. With warmed beans, and coffee that Rosalena made over the spirit lamp, we appeased hunger.

We were on the road at four o'clock in the morning. It was bright and cool. The roads were good, and the ride was pleasant. The hills were well covered with trees. When, some distance away, I turned to look at

Comalapa, it was hidden in mist. The white dome of the church looked like a round, grayish rock sticking up in a sea; the rest of the town was invisible.

Our next halt was at Hacienda Nueva, a small Indian village. There was, however, a plaza, and beyond it an official building of some kind. After resting the mules and cooking breakfast in an Indian house, we rode on till we reached Hacienda Vieja, a village composed of a dozen or more Indian houses. At the first two houses they absolutely, and rather rudely, refused to let us stop. The heat was terrible. We were exhausted, and the mules were likely to give out, but I resolved not to ask shelter again; to ride on till we came to water, then camp and spend the night in the open air.

We found water and were off the mules when Bernardo saw two houses not far away and volunteered to try his luck again. I reluctantly consented. We were given shelter. The ride to the house was through a grove of tall banana trees. One of the houses was placed at our disposal. There were several women sitting around, and a number of naked children. Indians usually show little curiosity, but those women were interested in us and in our baggage. Two young girls, whom I took to be eleven or twelve years of age, were anxious to help Rosalena build the fire and prepare the coffee. I joked him about buying one of them for a servant. Later, to our astonishment, we found that they were both mothers. They sat on a bench, suckled their babies, and picked insects from their heads. This done, they rubbed corn to make meal for tortillas. A good example of that chaos out of which cleanliness has not emerged — a bottomless pit of filth! The house was so dirty, and the odor so disagreeable that we could not stay in it. We tried to sleep under an orange tree, but the heat was too great and there were too many insects. About ten o'clock three men came. They got planks and put them on boxes. I spread our blankets on the planks and again tried to sleep, but failed signally. I had yet to become accustomed to sleeping on a board. Then the men were such rough-looking fellows that I did not feel that we were in safe quarters. Rosalena and Bernardo became suspiciously attentive. He was sorry that Rosalena was drinking, sorry that he was leaving us. I wanted to get horses for the return trip to Cunen, but was put off from day to day. At last, Monday, August 10th, horses and packers were on hand. There were no saddle cloths or bridles. "When these were obtained, two of the cargadores declared their packs were too heavy, and

even after they were across the river went back and got a horse. I met Rosalena, but he had nothing to say.

The ride was pleasant; Cunen, nestled in the valley, looked very attractive. Though but twelve miles from Sacapulus, it seems a long distance, for the ride is up and down a mountain. It was a hard day for our hen. She was in a net bag hung to the pummel of my saddle. When about a mile from Sacapulas, Alma called to me: 'The hen is out of the bag!' I looked around, and behold she was contentedly scratching the ground some distance away. I put her into the bag and tied it tighter. We had no further trouble, but she was a long time straightening out her feathers when we reached Cunen. My first work was to get a few photographs of the town. Moving around out-of-doors was troublesome. We got millions of fleas in our clothes and then had to work hours to get rid of them.

Funerals in Cunen are gruesome. The bier is a shallow box with legs, the sides of the box painted blue and red. In this box the body is placed wrapped in old blankets. When the grave is reached, the body is taken from the box and buried. At crossroads they do as the peasants in Ireland do, put down the bier, but in place of praying the women scream and wail. Everyone tormented us for photographs, even Don Placido wanted one. I photographed a group of officials. The alcalde the effect of water on a soft soil — and everywhere the soil is red.

Bernardo went ahead to find quarters, and he succeeded in getting a room in a long house with a store at one end. When we were settled, Rosalena went in search of fresh pork. As neither bacon nor salt pork could be bought in any village we passed through, we found it necessary to buy fresh meat and salt it to use for frying eggs. The seller of the pork had a long task weighing it out pound by pound. He had a brick which weighed half a pound. He succeeded in finding a stone that balanced the brick, then he had a pound weight, and he cut the meat in small pieces and weighed it. The price was the same as in the city of Guatemala, two reals a pound. The meat secured, Rosalena packed it in an earthen jar.

Chiche is an Indian town and has, I was told, a population of 3.000. The church, built on a slight eminence, is a barn-like structure, whitewashed on the outside; consequently, visible for a long distance. Cruz del Quiche is

three leagues from Chiche and is simply another and larger Indian town with the usual church and a multitude of one-story, tiled houses. The day of our arrival was the fete of Santa Cruz. Hence, we saw most of the inhabitants, not of the town alone, but of the country for miles around.

We obtained shelter, as usual in a house at the edge of the town. In our room was a plank bed, a corn bin, and a barrel where during the afternoon a hen came and laid an egg and afterward kept up such a persistent cackling that I had to drive her off into the field. After resting a while, I went to nearly all the shops in search of articles to replace those that had been stolen; there was neither a hairbrush nor a hatchet in town. Later I called on the jefe politico to whom I had a letter from President Barrios. He received me cordially and promised letters to officials in Sacapulas and different villages. The next morning, before starting on our journey, I visited the ruins of Utatlan, Ancient Quiche, a place celebrated in Spanish history. In 1524, when the Spanish invaders overran Central America, Utatlan was the most flourishing city in Guatemala, and there the king of the great Indian tribe of Quiches had his palace. The city, built on land surrounded by an enormously deep ravine, could be entered only at two places, at one by stone steps, at the other by a narrow causeway. Hence, it was defensible and, when the Spaniards attacked the place, the inhabitants fought with desperation. There was immense loss of life on both sides, but at last the invaders conquered.

Only piles of stones and fragments of walls remain to mark the site of Utatlan, which is now used as a pasture, but the ravine is there as of old. On a hill opposite are the ruins of a tower where in olden times a watch guarded the city.

Our onward journey was pleasant; we camped for luncheon on the bank of the San Pedro river and there discovered that Rosalena had left at Quiche the cooking tripod, a most useful article, almost indispensable. It is wonderful how valuable trifling things become when they cannot be replaced. Near nightfall we came to an Indian house in the center of a large yard enclosed by a high, mud wall. Two old Indian women were caretakers of the place. There was no room in the house, but the porch could be occupied. We had no choice; night was settling down, and we might not

find another house for miles. The women had a plate of black beans and four eggs to sell. We took the eggs, made coffee, and ate the last of our bread. There was a wide, roughly hewn bench on the porch. It served for a bed. After a few weary hours we were on the road again.

Near Chixoy, or Rio Negro, the mountain scenery is fine. The land along the river is low with semi-tropical vegetation. Seen first three miles from Sacapulas, it gives the impression of a new kind of country. A little farther on the river, which is swift and is the longest in Guatemala, makes a wide bend, a semi-circle. At one place its high banks give the half of a mighty amphitheater — a Colosseum on a grand scale.

Not far from Sacapulas, and near the roadside, is a magnificent shade tree. People camping under it have made fires at the trunk and burned it somewhat, but not fatally; thoughtless treatment but usual in a savage and primitive life, and not infrequent in so-called 'civilized' societies. A tree centuries old, without its equal in the whole region, large enough to give shade to all comers, and still people destroy it.

I was constantly watching for a view of the town, but Sacapulas seemed far away that hot day. Every few minutes one or another of the poor pack mules would lie down, and with difficulty be gotten onto its feet again. We passed the ruins of an old church, cacti growing on top of the broken walls; a sudden turn, and Sacapulas was before us nestled at the foot of a high mountain. The view of the whole place was unfolded at once and nearby. In this it differs from most Guatemalan villages; usually a village is seen from some elevated place miles away.

We turned to the left, then to the right, and came to the plaza, the center of every city, town, or village in Spanish America. There is a fine, old tree in the little plaza. Under it, sitting on the ground, were men and women each with a small supply of produce to sell. One had red bananas; another sea salt, black and dirty; a third sugar, very dark, made of cane and unclarified.

On the opposite side of the plaza is the official building. We dismounted near the tree, and I went to the commandant to whom I had a letter. He was very polite and after trying in vain to find a possible lodging place, he gave me the schoolhouse just beyond the plaza and on the river side of the town,

a roomy building but far from clean. School was in session, but he dismissed the pupils. It couldn't be said of those pupils that they didn't care whether school kept or not. It was evident that they were wonderfully glad to be free. I was pleased to see on the walls outline maps from the United States. The commandant sent over a bed made of poles strung together with rope. It was placed on the teacher's platform at the end of the room. Rosalena built a fire in the enclosed playground at the rear of the building. He bought fresh beef, eggs, and tortillas, and we had a feast. Asking the commandant about the road we were to follow the next day, he pointed to the highest peak of a mountain range and said: 'Nebaj is on the other side of that peak.' He found a new guide for me, as Bernardo's knowledge of the country ended at Sacapulas.

Sacapulas, founded by Las Casas, is a picturesque Indian town. It is built on the bank of the Rio Negro and has high mountains on either side. Palm trees and tropical plants add to its beauty. The start from Sacapulas was interesting. I rose at three o'clock. The night was moonlight and warm. Just before dawn I went to the plaza and sat down under the great tree. For a time, ten minutes, perhaps, the moonlight was perfect. Then a subtle change came, barely observable. The light became different, some foreign influence was in the air, another light was infiltrating like one liquid gently poured into another. The mountains behind the village looked immense.

We started very early, crossed the river, and immediately the ascent began; and it continued for four hours. Of all the mountains we had crossed during the journey, this was the worst. The trail was narrow and rocky; sometimes the mules refused to climb and stopped where it seemed they could not possibly hold. The pack mules, whenever there was a spot wide enough, lay down in spite of the driver. We got so high up that we looked over a sea of mountains. Clouds were beneath us. The view was magnificent, wonderful! I wished that some great artist might paint it, but neither pen nor brush could give an idea of its grandeur.

I feared the descent, but on reaching the summit saw, with pleasure, that it would not be difficult. The valley was much higher than the valley of the Rio Negro. We reached Chiul at midday. The place is high and cold. Though noted on the map of Guatemala, there was no village; nothing

except a long, low government building and half a dozen Indian shanties. I had a letter to the official in charge, a barefooted Indian, who, maybe, had half a dozen drops of Spanish blood. He gave us shelter in the government building which was used as a schoolhouse and was so dirty that I contemplated continuing the journey without rest, but the condition of the mules prevented doing so. The people seemed wild at first. Many persons were drinking aguardiente, and a number of the men and women were intoxicated. All were friendly, however.

The school teacher, a good-looking, young man, was lieutenant of police. He wore a suit of homemade flannel but, like the alcalde, was barefooted. He spoke Spanish well but no Indian language. There were men hewing blocks of timber to slide down to Sacapulas. I asked how much was paid for the work. The alcalde said, 'Nothing, it is an obligation.' On the mountain I had seen fifty men starting one stick of hewn timber; half the men on one side, half on the other holding the timber with twig ropes. Antonio Tsarat, a young man who spoke both Spanish and Indian, went with me to two or three of the Chiul shanties, marvels of dirt and disorder.

During the afternoon aguardiente circulated freely. About dark I made a bedstead by placing side by side half a dozen school benches. I had been lying on this bed about an hour when there was a great light and uproar. 'A bonfire!' I thought. Soon the tumult was so nerve-racking that I jumped up. Chiul was in flames! Three houses were on fire. The conflagration was greater in proportion than the conflagration of Chicago, for of four houses three were destroyed. It was a great calamity on a small scale. Among the persons made homeless were two women, one a full-blood Indian, the other a half-breed. The Indian woman, holding a chicken in her arms, and followed by a little boy and girl, walked around, wailed, sobbed, and complained. She put the chicken down and ran for a kettle that had been saved. When she had the kettle, she again broke into loud crying and complaints, roared as a professional wailer does at a funeral. The other woman bore herself calmly though her house was the best one of the three. A man chased a chicken in the dark, or on the edge of light and darkness, with as much persistence as though his life depended upon catching it. The thatched roofs went quickly, but the mud walls burned slowly, only the twigs in them burning. There were no means, whatever, for fighting the

flames. Had the wind been in the opposite direction, the government building would have been destroyed. The picture of burning Chiul will always remain in my memory. The victims of the fire were lodged in the government building. Talking and confusion had not subsided when, at half past two in the morning, we prepared for the road. Bernardo fed the mules and went for water to make coffee. While away, one of the mules bolted, ran off without eating his corn. For two hours we hunted for him. Then he was found, and we started at seven o'clock instead of at four, as we had intended.

Another long and mountainous ride. The hills were picturesque and green though many of them were too steep to be used for pasture. At last our guide, running in advance, halted and shouted back that from where he was standing there was a view of Nebaj. We were soon on the edge of the semicircle of mountains which surround the town. Far down, and off in the distance, the place looked small. The valley was the greenest and freshest I had seen in Guatemala. The descent from the summit of the mountain to the valley was frightful; so rapid and dangerous that we could not ride, and walking was a severe strain on our legs and nerves. Though Rosalena, surer footed than the rest of us, was guarding Alma as much as possible, she fell several times; I fell twice. The trail was not only terribly steep but was narrow and rocky, and in places slippery. I was sure that some of our mules would be killed. In one very bad place above a precipice, we were alarmed by a flock of sheep that crowded past going up.

At last, weary, bruised, and almost breathless, but safe, we reached the foot of the mountain and a short ride brought us to the outskirts of Nebaj. We rode through a narrow street, with Indian houses on either hand, to the plaza on one side of which was a church extending into a long, low building. On the other side was the house of the cabildo, or village government, a low, one-story building containing the 'chamber of the judges.' a school for boys, and two prison cells. We rode to this building, and I presented my letters. While the alcalde, who was on the verge of intoxication, looked for rooms, we waited in a room carpeted with pine needles. I settled with Bernardo, and he started for a nearby coffee finca, carrying a dress which his 'first woman' bought in Mixco and sent by him to his 'second woman.' who lived at the finca. When a room could not he found, Don Ignacio, the father-in-

law of the commandant of Sacapulas suggested 'the convent.' Many years ago the Spanish conquerors built in that remote village a church and convent, and in a way Christianized the Indians. No care was taken of the so-called 'convent.' It was used as a home for a priest when one came to Nebaj, but such visits were infrequent.

The alcalde gave us rooms in the convent, and I hired two men to clean them. The doors of the rooms opened on to a patio, the windows on to the public plaza. The best room I took for my writing and sleeping room. It was 16 feet by 20. The low ceiling was of huge rafters and hewn planks. Rosalena had a much smaller room, and beyond that was the kitchen. The alcalde, to make me comfortable, set up a couple of sawhorses and put a broad, hewn plank on them to serve as a writing table. A second table of similar structure, but smaller, was for a dining table. The bed was made of poles fastened together with ropes; there was no bedding, blankets served for mattress, and overcoats and wraps for covers and pillows. There was, what is rare in a country of earth floors, a floor made of stones but the stones were of all sizes and were broken and worn with age and ill usage. There were two fireplaces in the kitchen, one on the earth floor, the other was a low, square structure made of mud.

There was no bread in town, or even flour, for no one used flour. Four women came twice each day, two to grind corn, that is rub it into meal, and two to bake tortillas. It was the way the priest lived when there, so I had to submit to it. A fifth woman was water carrier. The water used in Nebaj is from springs. Women bring it in large earthen jars which they carry on their heads, as women did in bible times.

Nebaj is a curious place! Picturesque to look at from a little distance. The alcalde said that it had a population of 4,000. It is the metropolis for Chajul, Cotzal, and other smaller villages. The valley is rich, that is, it has a fertile soil. Corn grows year after year in the same place. The old stalks are net removed; the ground is not dug up. The seed kernels are simply dropped near the old hills. The village is the most slovenly I have ever seen, but apparently it is successful. All the elements of prosperity are present, but prosperity itself is not there. We found hungry men and hungry beasts. Every animal was ill-fed: horses, pigs, dogs, hens. I wondered why they did

not die of starvation; they would had they been owned by people in other conditions. I saw a sow suckling pigs when she was so weak from hunger that she could scarcely get on to her feet. Dogs and pigs hunt their own food. Their main support seemed to be the excrement left on streets and in alleys and yards.

The village is divided into a number of squares with narrow passages between. Every house has a patch of cultivated land — corn and beans are the usual products. There are a few fruit trees, chiefly peach. The people seem healthy, though the greater part of the men are drunkards, and many of the women drink to intoxication, especially during festivals. Drunken people were a source of great annoyance to us. They would stagger into the convent patio and, perhaps, to the door of my room; or would go into the kitchen and annoy whoever was cooking there.

One day the alcalde and his assistants, six in number, came to call on me; only one man was sober. The alcalde, whom I never saw sober, is said to be the son of an Italian who in 1868 resided in Nebaj. He left the boy for the woman, an Indian, to support and bring up. The alcalde looked like an Italian.

I was tormented by hungry dogs. Four were constantly in front of my door, and there were many comers and goers, the poorest creatures I have ever seen. I could not resist feeding them and, when once fed, I was never rid of them again.

The people of the village were as curious as children. They would stand around the door looking at us, or crowd into the kitchen and ask to taste of the food Rosalena was preparing. One morning a man came to my door with a girl about twelve years of age. He said that he came because he wanted his daughter to see the gold in my teeth. Rosalena had great trouble buying meat. A man came with beef to sell but refused to sell less than eight pesos' worth -four dollars of our money. Having no place to keep meat, Rosalena would not buy so much. Then the man said that he would sell it for two reals a pound, but he could not weigh it. Finally he borrowed a half-pound weight, and Rosalena took a dollar's worth of the meat. One day a man brought some ten pounds of pork to sell. When asked the price, to my amazement he said, seven pesos -three dollars and fifty cents United States

currency. I said that I could not buy at such a price and asked how much it was a pound, he answered,'thirty-five cents.'

He borrowed the half-pound weight and gave me four pounds for a peso and forty cents. I had about half of the meat he had demanded seven pesos for, but he did not seem to realize the fact. Rosalena tried to buy dulce, a candy made of unclarified sugar. The woman would not sell for money; she would only sell for corn. Don Ignaeio interceded but could not get the candy. Rosalena was forced to buy corn first, and with that buy the candy. Had corn been scarce, this demand would have been understandable, but corn was abundant everywhere and for sale at a stand within a few feet of the woman's candy stand.

Trade in Nebaj is to a great extent barter. Four ears of corn pay for four tomatoes, etc. Neither lard nor fat meat can be bought. All the fat of beef goes into church candles; the fat of pork makes soap, a great quantity of which is wasted, for clothes are washed on rocks in the river. There is no established price for anything. They have a weight for a media's worth (six of their cents) of almost anything. There was only one half-pound weight in Nebaj. When a person was trying to buy something, a score or more of Indians crowded around, and each one had more to say about the price than the seller did. A broom is unknown; twigs with leaves on are tied together and used as a broom. I could not replace our hatchet for all the chopping and cutting was done there with long, dull knives. There was not a grindstone in town, nor was there a dish of any kind for sale. There was not a cart or a wagon in the place, and one rarely saw a person on horseback. Nebaj is unspeakably dirty. The houses are windowless; consequently, dark and unventilated. Many of them are large, and with windows and cleanliness they would be inhabitable.

Not far from the church is a school for girls. The porch of the building was used for a market. At each corner of the plaza is a small, open building, a place to set up the image of a saint during festivals. The great events in the pueblos of Central America are the festivals of the church, and the local holiday, the day of the saint for whom the town or village is named.

In Nebaj we had a good example of one religion destroying another. The Indians are Catholics, officially, but all that is desirable in Catholicism is

lost, and all that is desirable and of scientific value in the Indian system is lost as well. I saw examples of the blending of the two systems; one was an Indian dance and a church procession. Undoubtedly, the Spaniards, to convert the Indians, found it necessary to incorporate many of their ceremonies, and make the Indians believe that they were Catholic ceremonies as well. One morning the church bell began to ring and drums to sound; I went out to see what was taking place. There was a crowd of people. In front of the church steps six masked men were dancing. One had a large deer skin on his back; he represented a stag. His mask was a deer's head with enormous antlers. A man representing a female was the stag's assistant. She carried a big, earthen dish in her hands. The four other dancers had stuffed birds and rabbits which they offered to the female — tried to put them in the dish she held. They threw ropes and tried to snare the stag, but he chased them away.

While this was going on, a crowd of white-robed men came out of the church bearing the church emblems and two life-sized images of saints. The deer dancers and masked men headed the procession, and with music and dancing it went through the principal parts of the town. A strange medley. The stag dance was to bring luck in hunting. One day, climbing a hill to get a good view, I found a man burning incense and praying as he put it on the fire bit by bit.

On the third of June came the Corpus Christi festival. The deer maskers were out again; again they headed a long church procession. In the procession were many saints in effigy. These images were carried on platforms and followed by women with long, white veils on their heads. In the church women were kneeling in front of the altar; behind the altar were men (there was no priest). One woman was so intoxicated that when she rose to her feet, she would have fallen if a friend had not caught her. Two intoxicated women were led out of the church. At the government building the officials were in such a helpless condition from drink that I could not get the mail which came in late the preceding evening. This was exasperating, for in that out of the world place mail came only once a week. Thursday, when the carnival was at its height, rain began to come down in torrents, and it continued during that day and the following night. It ended the festival.

All the public life of Nebaj is on the plaza. The official life is in the council room and the church. There were six dramshops, the only shops in town. The only commerce in fixed places was that of liquor; the only liquor was aguardiente. Other commerce was carried on in the plaza and on the porches of houses near the plaza. The amount of liquor sold was phenomenal. A man who owned a small dramshop told me that at the August festival he would sell twenty large kegs full, that is, ten mule loads. People. said he, 'come from various places to drink in Nebaj because it is freer, and there are fewer arrests for drunkenness than in other places.'

The only visit from outside officials during my sojourn in Nebaj was that of the commandant from Sacapulas and his attendants. Great preparations were made for his arrival. Twenty-five girls, with jugs on their heads, filled a tank with water. Our yard and kitchen were occupied. Both fireplaces were in use — over one was a kettle in which were many pounds of beef, over the other chicken was stewing. The plaza was decorated with bamboo arches, ornamented with evergreen. Red cloth was hung from the entrance of the yard to the door of the room he was to occupy. Barefooted officials were around in great numbers, all fussy and important. At one o'clock the church bell began to ring, and musicians to play. They have a peculiar musical instrument; it is long, and several persons play on it at the same time. Soon a cavalcade of men appeared headed by an official whom I had met in Quiche. He came directly to my quarters, greeted me, and asked if everything had been done to make me comfortable. Then he took possession of the room assigned him in the convent and held a reception. The next morning he was gone.

I had men come to me each day, the 'wise men' of Nebaj. They gave me their language word by word. They told all that they knew, but their stories and 'myths' were perverted bible stories. The church has killed out the original lore of the tribe. I found only one Indian story. Men were willing to work for an hour, or so, then they would get sleepy and tired and try my patience to the limit. Don Ignacio, who knew a good deal about the country and people, told me that there was a tradition that the founders of Nebaj came from Chiapas in Mexico in times prior to the Spanish conquest.

June 7th the festival of San Antonio began, and it lasted for eight days. On the first day the saint's effigy was carried in great state from the church to the government building where it was set up and candles placed before it. In a building beyond the plaza other saints were established, and in front of them dancing began. In each place six or eight persons danced at a time. Just in front of the holy images and the candles burning in their honor, sat a man with a bottle in his hand and a row of bottles nearby. From the bottle he poured aguardiente into a cup and handed the cup to the dancer who chanced to be nearest. The liquor was swallowed in a flash, and the cup given back to be filled for the next comer. When a dancer got too drunk too stand, he or she sank down, was dragged aside, and another person took the place. In the dance all exerted themselves to the utmost; they whirled, leaped into the air, stamped, and circled round frantically. Crowds were looking on; there was drinking and license everywhere. I saw for the first time a person literally 'howling' drunk — a woman. Her husband and daughter were walking her back and forth on the plaza; she was screaming and howling at the top of her voice. Our kitchen was the scene of much drinking and love-making. On similar occasions it had been used as a public cook house, and now, without making enemies, I could not assert my rights.

During the festival no man or woman would do a stroke of work for anyone. So many were wild from drink and abandon, and such scenes took place that I felt that we were not altogether safe. But even had it not rained continuously, I could not have left the place for I could not have hired mule drivers or guide. June 13th, after eight days of debauchery and drunkenness, the festival ended with a procession of the Father. Son, and Holy Ghost. The viroixs of Nebaj, with white veils on their heads, and huge candles in their hands, took a prominent part in the ceremony. We had not slept for seven nights. Drums, and a musical instrument on which sounds were thundered out that seemed to repeat 'Hem-in-way! Hem-in-way!' were played on in houses nearby. This constant noise, with the shouts and screams of revelers, made sleep impossible. These festivals are harmful. License prevails, and children witness all kinds of scenes of drunkenness and lewdness.

The majority of the men of Nebaj are idle at all times. Only women labor; they weave from cotton thread all the cloth used for clothes. The men wear loose, white trousers and a red, cotton jacket. Around their heads they wind

a long, white, cotton scarf and on top of it place a black, straw hat. Usually they carry, over one shoulder, a poncho — a brown, woolen blanket with a hole in the middle. In case of rain the blanket is put on over the head and dropped down around the body. Sometimes it is tied, fringe down, around the waist, much as a woman wears an apron.

The women wear a sort of bag shirt cut in one piece, with openings for the head and arms. These shirts, always made of unbleached white cloth, are often elaborately ornamented with designs put in with red thread. The skirt is a piece of cloth wrapped twice and a half around the body and so tightly that it is a wonder the woman can walk. A woven sash holds it in place. No shoes or boots are ever worn; officials, as well as others, go barefooted.

On the 11th of May I received from Poland copies of three papers which had been lost and on the 25th I sent the last of the manuscript of Quo Vadis to Little, Brown and Company. I could have sent it in three days earlier had the mail gone oftener than once a week. It did not go as often as that during the rainy season.

I became convinced that I could get no aid in Nebaj. The people were cheerful and willing, but they knew nothing. All their Indian lore was lost. I was anxious to get away, but rain and festivals made it impossible to hire men. Patience and persistence won, however, and horses were found, and the day set for starting. The first point was to pay for my lodging, and it took two days to do it. I could not get the amount. At last I cornered the alcalde behind his table and paid him for everything including the use of five horses. I was to start the following day, but it rained from morning till evening. In early morning, however, three men, who were partly drunk, came to look at the baggage. They professed to be unable to lift the boxes, said that no horse could carry them; it would be necessary to repack and divide the things. They went to the alcalde, then ten men came, then a crowd which filled two rooms. They discussed the matter with as much noise and uproar as a congress of crows. At last, losing patience. I seized one of the largest boxes, raised it to my breast and scoffed at the idea of its being heavy. They went away. Next a deputation of two came, one of those was Domingo Setto, a reasonable and friendly man. They went away

satisfied; the horses were to come at once. It began to rain almost immediately, and the journey was deferred till the next day.

The next morning early, men came, drunk as on the first day. They were followed by six cargadores, and declared that they could get only three horses. Five more cargadores were hired as relays for the other six, and all started off Indian file, each man with a box on his back held by a strap across his forehead. Then I was told that there were but two horses; Rosalena must walk. I went to the alcalde and very firmly told him I had paid for five horses; when those were not forthcoming, I had hired cargadores, but he must provide me with three horses. I suppose he was afraid I might report him, for the third horse was soon found. And then I discovered that the two horses had been brought in two days earlier and had stood all that time unwatered and unfed. I could not beat the men who had been guilty of such criminal neglect, but I felt like it. I had the poor creatures well fed and cared for. There were two saddles and no bridle, but after long waiting bridles were found, and we rode out of town. Rosalena was carrying our pet hen, a bird that he had bought a day or two after our arrival in Nebaj and had found too poor to kill. He fed it till it became tame and such a pet that we could neither kill nor leave it. A starving dog just able to drag her legs had, soon after our arrival in Nebaj, come into the convent patio and roused my sympathy so that I fed her. After a hearty meal, she went away but soon came back with three half-grown, mangy pups and looked at me so entreatingly that I had to feed them. The pups stayed several days, then disappeared, but the mother remained. She grew attached to us and seemed to have no other home. I had been afraid that she would want to go with us. But either her affection or her strength was not great; she followed us to the outskirts of the village and then turned back.

We were hardly started when it began to rain heavily. We had to climb the mountain we had descended with such peril when coming to Nebaj. The trail was washed out in places and was everywhere very slippery. Our horses were unshod, but at last we reached Chiul. As when we passed before, more than half of the people who were sitting around the alcalde's office were intoxicated. The secretary's wife from Cunen was there on her way back from Sacapulas, and she left with us as soon as our horses were rested. The country between Chiul and Cunen is hilly, but there are no high

mountains. The ride was a short two leagues. When about halfway, we saw the village in a valley rather deep down and closely surrounded by mountains which divided it from Cotzal on one side and the river Negro on the other. The valley is long, however, stretching towards Uspantan, beyond which mountains are visible.

My first impression of Cunen was very pleasant after Nebaj. The place was clean, devoid of offensive odors, and not crowded with starving pigs and dogs. Our cargadores had arrived and delivered our baggage in front of the government building. I gave my letter to the alcalde, a barefoot half-breed. He received me politely and said he would get me a room somewhere. I had met in Nebaj Estrada Placido, a man who had a small shop in Cunen. The alcalde pointed out his house, and I called on him. He invited us to dine and said that we could have a room in his house if we could not find a better one. Compared with any room we had had for weeks, it was comfortable. The next day I offered to pay Placido a large price for a room which joined the small room I had occupied. He said that he could not rent it, for he expected a guest, also that he could not rent me the small room. Our things were picked up, and we were ready to go when Senora Estrada -his wife- came and asked why we were going; said she could move things around and make the room comfortable. I told her that Don Placido expected a guest. She went to talk with him but did not come back. Afterward she told Rosalena that her husband was to have a religious function in the house, a priest would come, etc. Why he changed his mind so quickly I never found out, but he had the reputation of being an unreliable and tricky man. The alcalde searched everywhere for a room. At last he cleared out the post office in the government building, and we moved into it — a cold, windy room without ceiling. I could not work evenings for the wind blew the candle out. The kitchen was across the street.

The day following my arrival I spent in getting acquainted with the people and the place. It was warmer there than in Nebaj, still the nights and mornings were chilly. The second day there was a bullfight, or rather bull teasing. The plaza was enclosed on all sides and three bulls were driven in, from the tierra caliente as we were informed. The plaza made a splendid arena as large as a section of the Circus Maximus, a much larger scene of action than the Colosseum, or Flavian Amphitheater. A more wretched

exhibition of bull teasing would be difficult to imagine. First they pulled the bull up to a tree and tied his head to it, then they fired a torpedo near him. Of course, he tore away from the tree. They threw a lasso and brought him to the ground, then freed him, started him off, chased him. Meanwhile, men with red and black blankets were running around inside the arena, and there was monotonous music. A second bull was brought in — a little fellow. A drunken man attempted to ride him, and came near being killed. He got a cut above his eyebrow and would have been torn to pieces but for ready help from the crowd.

June 29th I began to learn the language by taking down words, and to look for men who knew myths. The alcalde was obliging and rendered me all the assistance he could in sending for men, and trying to discover story-tellers. The school teachers were also interested in aiding me. There was a boys' school and a girls' school. In each school there were about 50 children. A large number for the population of the place, which was given at 500. The language is entirely different from that spoken in Nebaj. But there was no great difference between the language of Omen and that of Sacapulas. While waiting for men who were coming to tell me all they knew, I was busy getting a vocabulary.

About nine o'clock one evening the church bell rang furiously. There was a new moon! When there is an eclipse, the bell is rung and drums are beaten. July 2nd a Catholic priest, who resided in Sacapulas, arrived in Cunen. He brought me a letter from the commandant, so I called on him. Finding that I was not comfortable in the post office, he asked me to occupy the convento. I spent the day with him taking down Quiche words; the value of the particle has appeared well illustrated. I was much interested in getting good examples of it. July 3rd I moved into the convento. There was a chance to ventilate the rooms, and we were not so troubled by dampness. I hired a cook, for Rosalena had sore feet 'from those animals that get in around the nail and bore.' It rained fully two thirds of the time; there was endless mud, mist, and dreariness. A row of buzzards sat, as motionless as statues, on the roof ridge. The mountains were hidden by dense fog.

At sunrise each morning a boy mounted the wall and, for half an hour, beat on an Indian drum. In the church, about sunset, women screamed out

responses, said to be a kind of litany, but surely connected with sun worship. I made a great effort to get myths, for through them I hoped to find useful clues. With the help of Jose Gonzales I studied the language. I also struggled with photography, for every man and woman in the town asked for a retrato. I had to be complaisant, for I wanted their friendship. The constant rain was depressing. We were annoyed by packers who camped on the convento porch, crowded round our door, examined everything, and asked questions. Sometimes they had been drinking and were very objectionable. There were no wagons, or carts, or any mode of conveyance, except horses or mules. Nearly all burdens were carried by men. Sometimes a train of twenty or thirty of those packers would arrive from the city of Guatemala, or some other distant place.

After a thorough investigation, I found that the Indian lore of Cunen, like that of Nebaj, had been destroyed by the church. I decided to go to Sacapulas where I could spend a short time to advantage, as the people were more intelligent there. I thought I might find a man who knew something of the old time. With much difficulty, for men did not like to travel during the rainy season, I found men and three horses. The ride to the top of the mountain, and for some distance along the summit, was not unpleasant, and there was a fine view of mountains; but the descent on the Sacapulas side was steep and long, and, as we approached the river, the air grew hot. It is four leagues from Cunen to Sacapulas.

The commandant was away on an eight days' trip. but Don Ignacio, his father-in-law, gave us a room in the government building. I made a great effort to find myths or traditions but did not succeed. There are none of the kind I was in search of. One old man, Rosalio Karrios, trying to explain why there were no ante-Spanish myths, said: 'People now are the after shoots or sprouts from the stumps of the trees cut down by the Spanish.' I visited the ruin of Chuteshtios, and finding that there was another not far away went to that. It was on so steep a hill that it was necessary to leave our horses. Rosalena, always ready to lie down, stayed with the horses. Alma and I climbed the hill and found a remarkable place. I counted ten mounds where people even to this day build fires and pray to some unknown God. There was a splendid view: on one side a wild, dry country like Daghestan; on the other green fields like those of New England; to the west the pueblo

of San Tomas, the land apparently rich and well cultivated. The hill commanded the country in every direction.

There are many ruins around Sacapulas. I visited one on a hill very difficult of ascent. The ancient name of the place remains in the memory of men, Chutinimikot, the 'City of the Falcon's Mouth.' Don Ignacio went with us and in his desire to find a good road for his mule, took us by a longer and a worse road than the ordinary one. We left our horses at least a mile from the ruins, crossed a cornfield and climbed the long ascent, our faces to the burning sun. The ground was bare, and the heat was oppressive, but at the summit the ruins and the view recompensed us. On the left was the Rio Negro, in front the Rio Negro and Rio Blanco met. Chuteshtios, the first ruin I visited, was visible. Chutinimikot had an immense ravine on the right behind a shallower one with two dome-shaped hills.

Upon our return we witnessed a quarrel between two sisters, over the husband of the elder. They tore each other's hair, scratched, and screamed so terribly that the police arrested both and drove them to prison, one threatening and screaming and calling her sister by obscene names and dancing with violent movements. In the government building there were two cells; both opened onto the street and were separated from it only by iron bars. The police put the sisters in those cells and they screamed and abused each other for hours.

CHAPTER: 37

Multiplied Distractions

Sunday August 2nd a fiesta was in full blaze. It began the preceding Monday and from that time on noise was ceaseless. In the church the priest I had met in Cunen officiated at the altar. After service masked men danced before the church. No one would work during that fiesta. There was drinking and carousing. Rosalena began to drink. One night he lost his hat, knife, and considerable money. I could not reason with him. He said he liked the people of Sacapulas and had decided to stay there, not go farther with me. This was a disappointment, for I had spent time and money in finding him and securing his services with the thought that he would be of great use to me in the Lacondon country, but I could not constrain him. The following day he was very drunk. I waited for him to get sober, then paid him ninety-two dollars. I was sorry to give the old man his money, for I was sure he would spend it at the dramshop. When I urged him to tell me what he was going to do, he said he could doctor and get along nicely. I thought that, perhaps, he had found another senora, but later I discovered that he had been deceived, and that I lost him through Spanish intrigue.

I had a long journey to make, but it was impossible to move any distance until the rainy season was over. I was told that toward the end of August less rain would fall. I wanted to visit two towns north of Cunen during that lull. In September heavy rain would come again and continue till November, then it would stop and not a drop would fall till May. Don Ignacio became suspiciously attentive. He was sorry that Rosalena was drinking, sorry that he was leaving us. I wanted to get horses for the return trip to Cunen, but was put off from day to day. At last, Monday, August 10th, horses and packers were on hand. There were no saddle cloths or bridles. When these were obtained, two of the cargadores declared their packs were too heavy, and even after they were across the river went back and got a horse. I met Rosalena, but he had nothing to say.

The ride was pleasant; Cunen, nestled in the valley, looked very attractive. Though but twelve miles from Sacapulus, it seems a long distance, for the ride is up and down a mountain. It was a hard day for our hen. She was in a net bag hung to the pummel of my saddle. When about a mile from Sacapulas, Alma called to me: 'The hen is out of the bag!' I looked around, and behold she was contentedly scratching the ground some distance away. I put her into the bag and tied it tighter. We had no further trouble, but she was a long time straightening out her feathers when we reached Cunen. My first work was to get a few photographs of the town. Moving around out-of-doors was troublesome. We got millions of fleas in our clothes and then had to work hours to get rid of them.

Funerals in Cunen are gruesome. The bier is a shallow box with legs, the sides of the box painted blue and red. In this box the body is placed wrapped in old blankets. When the grave is reached, the body is taken from the box and buried. At crossroads they do as the peasants in Ireland do, put down the bier, but in place of praying the women scream and wail. Everyone tormented us for photographs, even Don Placido wanted one. I photographed a group of officials. The alcalde wanted his alone, he was too important to be photographed with small officials; barefoot aristocracy!

One night there was an eclipse of the moon. The church bell was rung, and for an hour people howled, and whistled, and beat on drums. The howling and whistling was to drive away sickness. Their Indian word for eclipse means, 'the moon is sick.' In Cunen I learned that Rosalena left me because urged to it by Don Ignacio, who thought that he knew where there was silver ore, but he was not sure that silver was present in a quantity sufficient to make mining profitable. Kosalena had talked with him about mines in California, and he had an idea that Rosalena would be very useful for him. The old man was willing to leave me, for Don Ignacio promised him an interest in the mine. They would both get rich. Prospecting for gold or silver is a temptation hard to be resisted by an old miner. Rosalena's only trouble was how he could break his contract with me and still get his money. Intoxication was a plot to make me willing to part with him. Don Ignacio's officious protestations of friendship, his helpfulness, his regret over Rosalena's conduct had simply been a mask; the plot was laid before we left Nebaj.

August 8th the weather cleared somewhat, and I started for Cotzal. The officials and the teacher were up to see us off. I was nearly sick. That road is long to be remembered. It was wonderfully bad, worse than the abandoned road of the Caucasus. After an hour and a half of climbing, we reached a summit overlooking Cotzal which is in a narrow, hilly valley surrounded by a sea of mountains. The view was peculiarly attractive. Descending the mountain we were in constant danger till within a mile of the village. I met with a pleasant reception. The alcalde, a young man, was anxious about retratos. Photography cost us much labor and money, but it made people more willing to do things for us, to tell me all they could. They could not tell what they did not know, that is, along my lines of investigation. I was given a room in the government house. In all the town I could find but one bed. and that one was scarcely two feet wide. There was, however, a plank table in our room. I slept one night on the bed and the next on the table. Alma insisted that, as house-mistress, she was privileged to have the table every other night.

I was in search of wise men, but they were not to be found, even with a lamp. I visited Chajul, and an Indian village six miles north of Cotzal. The road was good, and the country picturesque. In the valley a rushing stream rolls over large rocks and, within a short distance, meets several times its own branches and absorbs them. Chajul is beautifully located.

I talked with many men, with old cargadores, as well as with officials. I talked with everyone who I thought might by chance know anything of the country north of Chajul, toward the Lacandones; I found that there were no towns in that region and it was unknown if there were even little villages. It would be necessary to camp on mountains where, till January, every night, and many times during a day, rain would fall in torrents. The alcalde in Chajul, in Cotzal, and in Cunen told me that in the rainy season it would be impossible to find men to go with me over mountains which they did not know into a strange district which bore a bad name.

I could not wait until the middle of January. Even then it was not sure that I could get men to go with me. I could not undertake a journey alone, for I might get astray and starve, or without getting astray starve in a country where there was no food. I was greatly disappointed. I had thought to find

Indians in Cotzal or Chajul who had intercourse with the Lacandon country, and that with their aid it would be easier to get into the country on that side than on any other. I could not find such men and I was not foolhardy enough to undertake a journey which bid fair to cost me my life. After long hesitation I decided that in place of waiting there in uncertainty I would go to Comitan. San Cristobal, and Palenque; work down toward the Lacantun river, and find if it were possible to cross the unknown country between that river and the Negro. To Comitan would be a trip requiring at least eight days; not an easy journey in the rainy season.

The Indians of Cotzal were in many ways like children. They were never weary of looking at us. Our coffee mill and camping utensils, as well as our shoes and our dress, interested them. Though they speak the language that the Indians in Nebaj speak, they are unlike them in character. The Cotzal Indians are industrious. The women weave cloth, but the chief occupation of both men and women is rope-making. Rope twisting goes on everywhere, even across the ends of the plaza; wherever I went, I had to bend to get under someone's rope. Officials sat on the porch of the government building, even in front of our door, and made twine by rolling cactus fiber on their naked legs, just above the knee. The cactus from which this fiber is obtained does not grow to any extent in Cotzal but some twelve miles away, lower down, where the climate is hot. The people of Cotzal work as industriously as the spiders in the story of Norwanchakus and Keriha.

Every man and woman was crazy for a retrato. While I was occupied in getting a vocabulary and in an effort to get information and myths, Alma was busy making people friendly by photographing them. There was a good deal of drunkenness in Cotzal, but not as much as in Nebaj. When I decided to go to Comitan, the alcalde told me it would be useless to try to find men till after Independence day, September 15th. Before the effects of that festival were over, the chief men of the village were called to Quiche on official business. The first alcalde was too intoxicated to start. Men in an effort to sober him walked him around the plaza for hours. It was amusing to see them plod along in the mud and rain. An orphan pup troubled me all of one day. Somebody gave the pup to an Indian who lived near our end of the plaza. He tied the little creature to a post and let it howl out its grief for

home and mother. It howled till exhausted. I thought it unwise to interfere, for we were alone in the country and could ill-afford to make enemies. It was the usual way of training a pup. The next day I noticed that the animal was thoroughly domesticated.

A serious annoyance now intervened: the cargadores and the guide refused to go to Comitan. It was too far away; the weather was too bad for traveling and camping out; the Indians across the Mexican border were bad Indians. They would go with us to Nebaj. I knew that it would be impossible to get men in Nebaj where everyone was occupied in drinking aguardiente. I sent off, by cargadores, to be mailed in the city of Guatemala, 200 miles away, all the books I could spare — going and return required eleven days. I gave our pet hen to a woman who promised to keep it till the day we came back, a day that I felt would never dawn; for now I knew that I could not get Cotzal men to go with me to the Lacandones, for they were by nature timid. To enter the country on that side it would be necessary to have a large party of white men, a few would not do, for food would have to be carried, and the distance over unknown trails might be greater than supposed.

My things were packed; the mules had been waiting three days. The baggage had been lifted many times, and as often declared 'too heavy.' The alcalde called the men together, talked to them, told them of their president's letter and instructions. At last, though very reluctantly, they took the money for the journey, and the affair was apparently arranged. The following morning the men walked into my room and placed the money on the boxes; they did not want it, they were not going. I told them to take the money to the alcalde, for I could talk only with him. Soon seven of the leading members of the squad appointed to go with me were in prison. There was great excitement! The whole town took an interest in the affair. Wives and sweethearts wailed and protested. When night came, rather than spend it in prison, the men promised to go. They were liberated, then came endless talking and disputing. The women had as much to say, or more, than the men. The alcalde stood by me faithfully. He threatened imprisonment and told the men what would happen if the president's anger met them. After a regular Odyssey of woes and difficulties, we were off for Comitan (Friday October 9th). The alcalde, Don Patrocunio, and others accompanied

us a mile or more, then took a demonstrative farewell. I was glad to part company with them, for they had been drinking heavily.

I had twenty-two men; eight to carry my baggage and food, and as many more to carry the food for themselves and the packers — they would be nineteen days on the road. Their food consisted chiefly of corn meal cakes; the cakes were dry and hard, but heating made them soft. If broken in bits and dissolved in boiling water, they made an agreeable drink. I think that a certain number of the men went as company, or protection, for the others. Each man carried a long knife in his belt. The journey to Nebaj was toilsome; the air was damp and hot; the road muddy and washed by rain. One mountain was very steep, the mules rested frequently. Once my mule lay down so suddenly that before I could get my foot out of stirrup, it was near being badly injured. We reached Nebaj in a pouring rain. The alcalde was cordial and, strange to say, sober. Two of my cargadores were missing. After a time one of them came. He reported that the other man did not start from Cotzal, that he was not ready. I knew this statement was untrue. The men wanted to go on without the missing cargador, said that he would overtake us. When I would not consent to do this, they urged me to let them go back for him. Again I refused. In the morning the man was there with the others, but rain forced me to spend the day in Nebaj. Early the next morning we were in our saddles. The cavalcade moved forward and almost immediately began to climb a mountain which was just enough out of the perpendicular to make ascent possible. After riding for two hours, we saw Nebaj for the last time. We were so far above the town that looking at it made Mrs. Curtin dizzy. We walked down the mountain, and got thoroughly drenched. In a sheltered nook we found three beautiful fern trees, the first I had seen in Guatemala. After lunching near a spring, we traveled on till four o'clock when the men said they could go no farther.

In a depression was a rancho with poles roofed over with straw; there we arranged to spend the night. The men made coffee with muddy water, and, with difficulty, fastened the mules so they could eat and still I could see them, for I felt uneasy. I was uncertain of my men. I watched continually. As I lay there, that windy night, in that grassy depression, a green island in a sea of stones, I thought of my journeys and adventures; I thought of John Fiske and wished I could see him advancing toward me out of the mist. The

next morning we started just before sunrise. Aguacatan was only nine miles away, but it seemed much farther for, as ever, in that country, there was a mountain to climb and there were deep mudholes where the mules were in danger of sinking till they could not pull out their feet. At ten o'clock we were in Aguacatan, which is a small place. The market was under a tree in the plaza. I bought limes and a supply of bread. The men wanted to stay in Aguacatan until the following morning, but I insisted on going forward. All the afternoon we climbed a naked mountain side, the road in many places dug out by rain. It was a hot day, and I was thankful when rain clouds began to gather.

Six miles from Huehuetenango we came to a ranch and going through a cornfield reached a house where a pleasant-faced, friendly woman told us we could sleep on the porch: but my men complained that the place was small, they could not all get shelter, and urged me to go half a league farther to a 'village' where there was grass for the mules. I consented, and we went down a long, ugly hill, at the foot of which were three small houses — the 'village.' We passed the first house as impossible: at the second a beef creature had just been killed, I would not stop there; at the third there was no room. We went back to the first house, and the owner, an Indian with a few drops of Spanish blood arranged a bed for us on the porch — the men slept without shelter.

At ten o'clock the next morning we were in Huehuetenango, a town which figures as the third city in Guatemala. The houses are low and have tiled roofs. The large plaza is used as a market. Each seller sits under a huge umbrella, which is simply a square of straw matting, or of plaited palm, fastened on a long rod, the rod planted firmly in the ground. The umbrella gives protection to the man and his small supply of produce.

I found a hotel, and was given a good room. The owner of the establishment was an inquisitive, talkative woman. My cargadores did not come; I went out many times to look for them. At last found they had camped on the opposite side of the plaza. I asked them to come to the hotel patio, but they refused. After a comfortable meal, I called on Don Molino, a Spaniard to whom I had a letter from the president of Guatemala. I found him very pleasant, a man high in authority. Later he went with me to the government

building and introduced me to the jefe politico to whom I presented my official letter. My cargadores were there with a complaint. They would not go to Comitan. The jefe politico asked if they had been paid.

'Yes.'

Then they must go. There was no way to avoid going, for they were sent by government. They went off grumbling. I asked then for a man who knew the road to Comitan and would go with me as guide. The jefe politico promised to find such a man and send him to the hotel. Then he gave me an 'order of arrest,' so if I had trouble with the men I could have them arrested in any small village. Every alcalde along the road was ordered to see that I was not delayed. Molino went to the hotel with me; the cargadores followed, begging him to have them released. He told them they must go, he could not interfere. They went off, not resigned, however. Soon a man came who was ready to go to Comitan as guide. We could not agree on terms, and I told him to come again in the evening. He talked with the cargadores, and for some reason they changed altogether. They were willing to go; they even came into the patio to spend the night. I did not like the looks of the guide, but he was well recommended, and I employed him.

We spent the evening at the house of Don Molino. That night, for the first time in seven months, we slept on a mattress. In the morning the men were in a hurry to start, so I let them go in advance and get their breakfast a league away in the little village of Chiantla. I waited an hour for the guide, then started on without him. We soon overtook a man on his way to a coffee finca he owned. His wife was sitting in a chair carried on a cargador's back. The man spoke to me in English, and we traveled on together till he turned from the direct road to go to the finca. He had been in San Francisco, Chicago, and New York. When I reached Chiantla, my cargadores were camped on the plaza. The guide came an hour later. He showed me his ragged shoes and asked for money to buy new ones. I gave him the money, and in company with one of the cargadores he went to a nearby shop. When they returned, there was trouble. The cargador said he was sick, that he had a fever and couldn't go farther, that the other men would not go without him. When the 'fever' racket didn't work, the men changed tactics; they went to the alcalde and complained of being overburdened, they would not

go to Comitan. The alcalde telegraphed to Huehuetenango, which was unnecessary, as I had the paper instructing all alcaldes along the road to see that I was not delayed. After waiting several hours, the answer came: 'The cargadores must go on.' The alcalde summoned the men, read them a lecture, and told them not to repeat such a scene, that they were revolting against the orders of their president and would have serious trouble if they kept it up. That they should have regard for Guatemala, not give it a bad name in other countries. The guide was called and warned.

It was by this time well along in the afternoon. I had lost a day. At four o'clock the next morning the men were ready to start. Immediately outside of the village is a new and expensive bridge, built by the order of President Barrios. That passed, we began to ascend a mountain. The summit of the mountain gained and the descent made, there loomed before us a second mountain and that has some of the rockiest, steepest bits of road in all Guatemala. We walked the greater part of the way; that mountain overcome we saw a village ahead. After passing the village, we climbed another eminence, one that is remarkable for immense landslides. From the height we had a glorious view; the finest in Guatemala, and the finest of the kind that I have seen in America, or in fact in the world. Nearly all of Guatemala was visible; Vulcan de Agua and a volcano near Quezaltenango. There were mountains above the clouds and mountains and valleys below the clouds. The picture was magnificent! glorious! From that height we came down into a valley where we found a spring.

After luncheon we climbed a fourth mountain and after many windings came down to a level, open country where the road was good and we could move on quickly. Soon we were in a valley where there were juniper trees and a number of small, clear streams of water. Later we passed through cedar groves. At four o'clock the country around us was like an extended ravine. On the sides of the ravine corn was growing. Rain was pouring down; we rode rapidly and an hour later were in Todos Santos, a little, side hill village of thatched, mud huts, huddled together. There was a church, however, and a convento with a wide porch in front. The convent was an extension of the church, back of it was a tangled garden. The alcalde took us to the convent and gave us the room that was occupied by the priest whenever he came to Todos Santos. There was a table, a chair, benches, and

two desks in it. The room was ordinarily used as a schoolroom. Outside of that room there was not an article of furniture in the convent.

The cargadores started a fire on the stone porch where other fires had been built. The caretaker came and wanted the fire put out. I did not yield, for there was nowhere else to start a fire and there was a regular flood outside. I had the mules taken to what answered for a stable and paid four pesos (two dollars) for a small bundle of cornstalks for them. The next morning I found that the stalks had not been given to the mules. I asked the alcalde for a bed, but there was not one in the village. I put two desks together; they were slanting and made a kind of trough. On such a bed sleep, or even rest, was out of the question. I was glad when daylight came. Todos Santos is a mountain village and is very picturesque, but I cannot recommend its accommodations. We started early in the morning, went down out of the town, then up, and then down to the river bank where we had to wait till the men filled a mudhole with stones. The road was terrible! There were many slippery ascents and corresponding descents; dreadful mudholes; a succession of what the Russians call 'wolf ditches.' Often the mules went down almost to their bellies. Had the ditches been an inch or two deeper, more than one would have been impassable.

Just before midday we reached San Marcos, a cluster of Indian huts on a hill. From a distance the place is attractive; it looks like an Italian hill town. At the foot of the hill on which the village is built a mountain begins. The ascent is long and difficult, steep, rocky, and muddy. It rained heavily all the way up that frightful mountain. For a moment, when we were in a very dangerous place, I thought the mules were going to fail. The descent, after a good stretch of level road on the summit, was equally difficult. It continued to rain all the afternoon, adding to the difficulty and discomfort of the journey. About nightfall Jacaltenango was in sight. Going into the town the guide lost the trail, and we were near being drowned in a swamp. Jacaltenango is quite a place; thatched houses, a large plaza, and many banana trees. The commandant gave me a good reception, and we had the schoolroom for the night. There was no place for a fire inside, so we made one outside and tried to get warm and dry. In the evening the commandant called and with him was Edward Cantor, a German, whose father had a ranch at Chacula. Cantor told us that Mr. and Mrs. Sailor — the German

representatives at the Americanists association — had recently spent two months at his father's house. They were collecting Indian curiosities. That night, as there was not a bed in the town, I slept on two school benches of unequal length, and Alma slept on a table.

Along the road from the village were massive rocks. The descent was abrupt and muddy, but at the foot of the hill, in a wooded ravine, is the most beautiful river of its size that I have ever seen. It is crossed by a bridge under which it runs with amazing velocity; above the bridge it rushes out of the ravine, sweeping around islets of reed-like pampa grass. The bed of the river is of great round stones only partly out of the ground; the water is not broken by them but sweeps over them with might irresistible, blue as the sky, majestic, transparent, moving in curved lines. Never have I seen water of that bulk exhibit such action, such beauty, such dignity. If the bed were of broken stones, the beauty of the river would be ruined.

From the bridge we began at once to climb a mountain. On reaching the plain above, we overtook a train of mules, each mule carrying two kegs of aguardiente. The owner had spent the preceding night at a ranch opposite San Marcos. Our next halt was at San Andres, a village of thatched houses. The village is on a hill and is visible for a long distance. The alcalde and secretary were Indians; they fed our mules and gave us wood enough for a fire which we built in the shade of a house. While we were eating our luncheon, the alcalde, who was braiding a straw hat, walked around watching us with child-like curiosity.

About five o'clock we were in Nenton, a picturesque place in a hollow. In the center of the village was a large grove of banana trees, the largest and finest I have ever seen. They grew thriftily, and the leaves were not torn by the wind. Beyond the town, and forming a background to it, rises a high and rocky mountain. It was an attractive picture as we approached it. The commandant gave me a good room with a bedstead strung with cowhide cords. We found good bread and excellent grass for the mules. I left the place with regret. It would have been pleasant to have rested there a few days.

Crossing a broken bridge, just beyond the village, we began at once to climb the mountain. Had I been without a guide, many times I should have

thought that I had lost the trail; it was so wretchedly bad. We lunched at an uninhabited place, called Agua Escondida ('Hidden Water'), so called because the spring is hidden by an overhanging rock. The water was muddy, and we made coffee with the water we had brought in a rubber bottle. At two o'clock we crossed the Mexican boundary and at nightfall reached San Vicente, a small village where the wind blew terribly, roared like the ocean, but we were again in touch with the world; there was a telegraph office in San Vicente. The telegrapher was Sostenes Rosas Tebadu, a fine, young man. He had a pleasant wife, and the two did what they could to make us comfortable. In the only room of the 'hotel' an Indian woman sat on the floor making tortillas. Two or three naked children were playing around her. Tebadu gave us shelter and a bed and the next morning accompanied us two miles on our journey.

There were no mountains to cross, but all day we were riding up and down hills. We lunched at Juncana, a little village belonging to a landowner, who had a church and an old-time Spanish establishment. The cargadores would not stop, for they thought if they lost no time, they could get to Comitan, eighteen miles away. A man with pack mules passed, and they followed him. Just beyond Juncana my guide took the wrong trail; making quite a detour he got back to the right one but lost it again near El Valle, where we were to spend the night. We crossed the river at the wrong place, wandered around for a while, then recrossed.

Alma's mule got into quicksand, and, for a moment, she was in great danger. The crossing was safe, but the mule took a notion to drink in deep water. Having only a lone bridle without bits, Mrs. Curtin could not control him. Our halters and bridles were of rope, there were no bits of any kind; with a stubborn mule one was almost helpless. At last we reached the enclosure surrounding the house of Don Vicente Garcia a Spaniard. There was a great gate slightly ajar. Mrs. Curtin's mule was determined to go through; he made a rush and would have broken her leg had I not been there that instant. It was all that the guide and I could do to hold the beast back till the gate was opened.

Don Garcia was pleasant and sociable, that was all. He gave us a room in which there was a bedstead made of reeds. Near one corner of the room was

a large basket; in the basket a turkey was setting on eggs. In the house there was no food either to sell or to give away. Though Spaniards do not lack welcoming words and will assure you that their house is yours, they are often selfish and inhospitable. Our cargadores, unable to get to Comitan, had camped at El Valle. We started early and about ten o'clock, from a side hill more than a league away, Comitan was visible. An hour later we reached the city limits. Our procession, twenty cartadores, guide, and two travelers attracted much attention. A customhouse official met us and went with us to the customhouse. I showed my letter from Diaz, and no examination was made of the baggage. The officials were very courteous; they sent a man to the hotel with me, and Melecio Mora, the proprietor, gave me the best room he had, the hotel sitting room. There were ten chairs in the room, and on the back of each chair a crocheted tidy. There was no window. When the door was closed, we were in darkness. Two beds were brought and a table. Breakfast was served at once; tough meat and fried eggs.

The journey safely over, the cargadorcs were happy. I made each man a present of money and, after they had fed and rested the mules and bought Mexican hats, they started back. I think that as long as those cargadores live, they will have stories to tell about their journey to far off Mexico. We were eleven days on the road from Cotzai to Comitan and were nine days in the saddle. From glowing accounts given me in Guatemala I was justified in expecting to find Comitan, the largest city in southern Mexico, an attractive place, its suburbs equaling in beauty, if not excelling, the hanging gardens of Babylon. I found, in fact, nothing notable about Comitan except its immense plaza and its horse market. The jefe politico of Comitan is a man of note. He is active, energetic, and rich. At that time he was building the finest house in the city. He was obliging and promised to do all he could for the advancement of my work. I planned to remain two or three weeks. My wife was sick — I placed her under a doctor's care at once — and I was suffering from a lame side and shoulder. I had to have a suit of clothes made, for I was literally ragged after the rough trip.

Near the hotel was a small bookstore kept by a shaky, old man, a refugee from Guatemala. One day he asked if I had read Neron a Spanish novel by Antonio de San Martino. When I told him that I had not, but would like to,

he said that there had been two copies in Comitan, but the priest had burned one copy; he would try to find the other copy and borrow it for me. He did so, and I paid fifty cents for using it four hours. My first copy of Quo Vadts came November 3rd, a week earlier than I expected it would. We were very glad to see it. I spent most of that afternoon looking it over. It read, if I say it, who shouldn't, 'as easy as slipping off a log.' In Comitan there is eternal summer. There are two seasons, wet and dry. Day after day and week after week rain falls, then not a drop for months.

At the hotel I met many Indians, a few Spaniards, and half a dozen foreigners, among whom was Don Juan Stephenson, and Don Jorge Potter, surveyors and contractors, pleasant men; and Julio Hanson, a young Dane, who owned a coffee finca thirty miles away. He had married a Guatemalan woman and, when I first met him, he told me that he had 'a boy forty days old.' I met also Julio Fischer, a young German, who had recently bought, in Tumbala, a coffee finca. He paid 35,000 pesos for 5,000 acres; some of the coffee trees were bearing. He expected to go to Germany the following year and bring back a wife. He had with him at the hotel a queer, little animal called pisota. The creature sucked eggs and was very amusing. When Fischer left town the pisota rode on the pummel of his saddle.

I wanted to visit some of the hill villages, but there was a fiesta in Comitan and while it lasted I could get neither mules nor men. The fiesta attracted a large assemblage of Indians. People crowded around the hotel. They stood at our door and looked at us, even asked to shake hands. The meals became impossible. Only the kindness of the proprietor and his wife made the place endurable. Alas, there are niguas in Comitan (an insect that burrows in at the side of a toenail). And we had a continual struggle with even more revolting insects.

We left Comitan November 14th, after a good deal of delay in getting mules. On the day of our departure we waited three hours for the man to come with the mules, then I went to the jefe politico and he sent a policeman after the man. He came, strapped the baggage onto three mules in quick time, and we were off. We traveled rapidly over rolling, rocky land. The road was varied. For the first three or four leagues the country was thickly inhabited, farther on we saw only a few houses. At midday we

stopped at a small ranch called Yasha. The 'ranch' consisted of a house and a little shop where aguardiente was sold. There were two kinds of liquor there, one made of sugar, the other from the cactus plant. When we were through luncheon and the mules had finished their cornstalks, our guide had the boldness to propose staying at Yasha all night — only twelve miles from Comitan. While we were waiting, a woman and her three daughters came; she had been visiting her finca near Ococingo. Tegocia Rosabra was very social; she offered us pulque and told us about her finca and the Indians. The woman who owned the shop was also friendly; she treated us to preserved peaches and was sorry we could not spend the night at her house.

Just beyond Yasha we climbed a stony mountain. All the afternoon we traveled over a rocky road. Only two or three times did we come to level places where the mules could trot. It was almost night when we were down the mountain; then we followed a trail filled with rocks, high bushes on one side, and a hill on the other. It was dark when we reached an open space in which there was a long, one-story house. An Indian woman, the caretaker, gave us a room, but we had nothing to eat till the pack mules came. The guide shouted and called. It was so dark, and the trail was so bad that he was afraid the man would get astray. At last he started back to hunt him up. Half an hour later the mules were in the yard eating cornstalks. It was cool at Bajucu, and the place pleased me. At four o'clock in the morning we were up and ready to start. Then I found that the man in charge of the mules had gone off to buy a cow. It was after eight o'clock, and raining, when we started.

When the men were saddling the mules, I discovered why they were continually lying down the day before; their backs were raw and bleeding. A crime to start with mules in such a condition! The man was a brute. At eleven we came to a house with a small shop. We dismounted, and the woman who owned the shop said we could have luncheon there. When I went back to get the lunch bag, behold the driver and the mules were gone! They were just getting out of sight over a hill. We had nothing to do but follow. We crossed a ravine and went up a stony hill around which we kept winding for some time. At one o'clock we readied a clump of houses. When the man with the mules came up, we found that he did not intend to stop anywhere for luncheon. He said we could stop, and he would go on 'poco,

poco' (little by little). Not wishing to lose sight of him, we went on, too, and soon found that there was a high mountain in front of us. Standing by our mules we ate a little bread and then climbed that mountain which was as rough as any in Guatemala. It began to rain, and the trail became slippery. One pack mule fell, and had to be unloaded before he could be gotten on to his feet. Near nightfall we reached Mendoza, a few cabins and a house in which a Spaniard lived. I stopped at an empty house, a wayside inn, vacated because there was no custom; then I went to the Casa Grande, as the Spaniard's house was called, to buy eggs and bananas. The dogs made a great fuss. An Indian woman drove them away. Then a man with a loud, cracked voice came to the door and asked me to come in. I went and, though I only stayed long enough to buy some eggs and bananas, he nearly drove me crazy with questions. While the men were building a fire, I gathered pine needles to put four or five inches thick on a board that was in one of the rooms. The cracked-voice Spaniard, Rafael Alboras, came and talked until it began to rain so heavily that he was driven home.

We started at seven o'clock. A splendid sunrise over a wooded mountain; a beautiful river of blue water; tall pine trees with great drops of rain on them, glittering in the sunlight. Beyond the river a splendid pitch pine forest, no underbrush, clean, level land. We enjoyed the ride greatly though we lost the road. The delight of riding through such a magnificent forest made me unmindful of pack mules and men.

At midday we halted at a little place called San Carlos, then again rode through a pine forest. Early in the afternoon, from an eminence, we saw the hill village of San Mateo; some twenty thatched houses. A league farther on we came to a side hill ranch, with half a dozen cabins, and waited under a large orange tree for the pack mules to come. After that, within two miles we crossed a small river twelve times; it wound round and round. At four o'clock we reached the Jatate river. Though a large river, it was low and there was no trouble in crossing. Then the trail led, for five or six miles, through a growth of tropical plants. About a mile from Ococingo a man on horseback tried to pass the pack of mules and, although they were going down hill at the time, one of the mules raised his hind legs and gave the man's horse a sharp kick. I thought: 'Good for you! You are not dead yet.' To my astonishment the man called out to me in English. He said his name was

Streeter, that his home was in California, and his birthplace in Ohio; that he and a friend, Mr. Kelley, were at present occupied in surveying for the Mexican government. He was glad to meet an American, and we rode into town together. As the jefe politico was away, Mr. Streeter found a house where I could live, and just across the yard a second house occupied by a very corpulent woman, the owner of both houses. We were now in what is called tierra caliente, the hot country.

Ococingo is quite a place. The streets all branch off from a large open square, on one side of which was the church, on another a government building; there were three or four one-room stores, a bakery, and a butcher shop. Around the town were sugar cane plantations and coffee fincas. It was very hot. From ten in the morning till four in the afternoon there was little movement, everyone was at home trying to keep cool. And this was the cool season. I was told that the great heat began early in April and lasted till the end of June.

When in Comitan, I telegraphed to the city of Mexico to discover who was elected president of the United States. The lines were down. November 17th Kelley learned by letter that McKinley was elected, and England would not be enriched by free trade with the United States! At three o'clock one morning we started to visit a sugar plantation a couple of leagues away. When returning, a heavy shower came up; we dismounted and sought shelter under a tree. As soon as the shower was over, we started again, but the rain had made the road almost impassable. Kelley's horse went down, and soon Alma's horse fell. She sprang off quickly enough not to get caught in the stirrup, or go over the precipice — a narrow escape. The horse fell three times before it could get a foothold.

On reaching home we found that our clothes were literally covered with garrapatas, tiny ticks. And this was the beginning of much trouble with those insects, the pest of a hot country. Ants are also a terrible pest; they are so small that I had eaten millions of them before I discovered that they were in our bread; after that, for hours, it seemed to me, that I felt them crawling in my stomach.

Don Guillermo, a Spaniard who was occupied in mahogany forests near the coast, gave me a good deal of information about the Lacandon country, and

I decided to go to Tumbala. The jefe politico promised me men and horses for the 24th. I had things packed and was up early, but neither horses nor packers came. It was after eight o'clock when Dona Emelia, our fat, good-natured landlady, bade us God speed. The two horses belonged to Don Primitivo Trujillo of Yajalon. One was a fairly good horse; the other was an atrocious brute, torpid, lazy, caring nothing for the whip. The first thing he did was to refuse to cross a stream one step in width, which was in a street of the town; one of the men had to lead him over.

The road was slippery and muddy, and we advanced slowly. After a league of level and rolling land, we came to a river. Half a league farther on was another river with a noisy cataract near the ford. The road beyond the second river was incredibly bad, hilly, and precipitous for about four leagues. Often we had to dismount and wade around deep mudholes, while we drove our horses through. At times the horses sank at every step, and the mud was so deep that it seemed doubtful about their getting their feet out again. Going down steep declines the horses slipped with both hind feet. Often rain came down furiously. When the mudholes filled with water, they seemed almost bottomless. Several times we labored across stone quarries where the horses had to be urged to venture. Again we came to a rocky descent down which it was impossible for the horses to carry us; there were huge rocks at the angle of the roof of a house. The horses were afraid and only by lashing them could we get them to advance. It looked as though they would break their legs. The trails in Guatemala were God's highway in comparison; and that was the only road from the interior to the coast, the road that Spaniards and others have traveled over for 300 years.

We lunched near a beautiful stream of clear water. After luncheon we advanced over a better road, through a timbered country. The trees, pitch pine mostly, were rather far apart. There was grass and plenty of water. About a league outside of Bachajon we came on a party of sixty or seventy men making a road to Ococingo. Wonderful to look at. Many of the men had only sharp sticks to work with. A man dug up a small pile of dirt, then carried it away on a hand barrow made of two long sticks with shorter ones placed across them. In raising the dirt he used his hands instead of a shovel.

We reached Bachajon at nightfall and found that Don Guillermo was there hiring men to go to the timber country. The jefe politico gave us a good dinner and his office to sleep in, but we were so covered with tiny wood ticks that sleep was impossible. Adjoining our room was a liquor shop. The shopkeeper, a woman, sat on a mat on the floor, a jug of aguardiente on each side of her, and sold to whoever came. She had only two glasses to pour the liquor into; the purchaser had to wait his turn. The village is composed of reed houses plastered inside and out with mud, the roofs are of straw. There is an old church, a barn-like affair.

Inside, near the altar, are some strange-looking, very old, wooden images. There are openings for windows, as is usual in the churches of the interior of Mexico and Guatemala.

The next day the road was no better than between Ococingo and Bachajon, and the air was hot. Going up a rocky, muddy side hill the horse Alma was riding gave a sudden spring, the saddle turned, and she went off. Fortunately, she wasn't hurt. Towards night we came to Chilon, an Indian village, and found shelter in the house of the school teacher, Pepe Roman, a half-breed, a kindly man. I asked if he were married. 'No,' he was soltero but he introduced us to his amiga and his two children. The woman had been drinking, and she asked many questions but was good natured. Poor Pepe refused to take pay for giving shelter to wayfarers, but I left money with his children. He told me that the church of Chilon was 300 years old. From Chilon to Yajalon the road is mountainous. We reached Yajalon at midday. The heat was tropical. Our packers refused to go farther; they put down the packs and started back. Again I found shelter in a school teacher's house. There is nothing more wearisome and wretched in Mexico than waiting for men and horses, with no comfortable shelter, no bed to sleep on, and little to eat. Carrying a quantity of food requires men or mules and procuring them is most difficult.

At Yajalon Herr Kinski, a German who had lived in the United States, came to see me. He told me 'all there is to tell about coffee land.' He said he was 'married and not married.' I could not get away for two days; it was impossible to find packers. This vexed me greatly, for the water was bad and the heat terrible; I feared sickness. Yajalon is a town of thatched houses;

there is a large church, and near the church the tallest palm tree in Mexico. It stands up against the sky majestically. The days of waiting passed slowly. We were too uncomfortable to read. Horses and men were promised for daylight Saturday, but it was ten o'clock before we were on the road. We crossed a river and immediately began to climb a mountain. We were climbing all day, occasionally going down to go up again. When the road was not full of deep mudholes, it was steep and rocky. About one o'clock we came down to the Hidalgo river. Sometimes it is very deep, but that day we crossed easily and were soon at the little Indian hamlet of Hidalgo, a hamlet of thatched huts built on a sand-bar of the river. Seen from the mountain the place was picturesque, but nearby it was miserable enough. We were starting a fire to make coffee when Fischer came with another German, Fahrholtz. Fahrholtz had lived in Indiana (Evansville). We went to the house of the principal man of the hamlet to get coffee without waiting to make it. An unkempt woman was sitting on the ground near the house, and naked children were playing around her.

As soon as our horses were rested, we started up the mountain, climbed till we were literally in the clouds, 3,500 feet above Hidalgo. The growth along the trail was tropical; there were beautiful tree ferns. When within a couple of miles of the summit, a mile or less from Tumbala, we got a grand view of the country off toward the gulf. We were tired, and our horses were so tired that it was almost impossible to urge them forward. At last we reached Tumbala. Why the name of the place is on the map of Mexico is a mystery to me. First, among the rocks there are a dozen or so of mud huts or shanties; riding on a short distance and down over rocks one comes to what is called 'the town'; an old church that a few years ago was struck by lightning and is now, in part, a ruin; six or seven thatched houses, one occupied by the priest, another by the teacher who kept a drinking shop as well as school. We halted in front of the priest's house, and he came out to meet us. A five-minute ride brought us to Fischer's finca which is called La Alianza. Fischer was building a large house and occupied one which later would be used by his workmen. At one end of the house an old woman cooked for the carpenters. Fischer gave us his office which served as dining room and sleeping room. It was pleasant to be once more with intelligent white people, to sit at a clean table, and eat a good meal.

The coffee grown at Alianza is said to be fine. The trees were loaded with berries in all stages of growth: some were green, others partly ripe, and some were dark red showing that they were ripe. The pineapples grown there were delicious. The morning after our arrival, we walked through the coffee field and around the finca. Suddenly the country was enveloped in fog, and that was the last of sunshine during our stay at Alianza. A 'norther' set in with fog and more or less rain. It was chilly without a fire and so damp that matches would not burn, or cigarettes either, if left exposed to the air. We were above the clouds. Fischer said there was no really dry weather at that altitude and so near the gulf, except in March, April, and May. It was during those months that most of the coffee ripened. A coffee tree begins to bear when four years old. Kernels of coffee are planted and when the sprouts are six months old they are transplanted to land where timber has been cut and left to rot; the land does not have to be regularly cleared. The labor question is difficult. Government has to force men to work. The laborers at Alianza wear only a loose cotton shirt; some of the cargadores only a breechcloth.

We left Alianza December 5th. It had rained so much that the descent to Hidalgo was dangerous. When we reached the river, it was too high to cross on horseback. The man whom Fischer had found to go with me to talk Tumbala, unsaddled the horses and drove them across by shouting and throwing stones. Then we crossed on a raft made of three logs tied at the ends with bark ropes, two Indians swimming and pushing it. We reached Yajalon at three o'clock and were again lodged in the teacher's house. I had expected to get fresh men, but my naked cargadores consented to go to Chilon. The man who had come with me for the purpose of translating Tumbala disappeared, and I did not see him again. On reaching Chilon we rode directly to Pepe Roman's house. Fifteen boys were in the schoolroom, all studying together as loud as their voices would permit. This is the usual method of teaching in Mexico.

CHAPTER: 38

The Elusive Lacandones

Our naked men started back with the horses, and then another search for men and horses began. Meanwhile, I got a photograph of the 'tallest palm in Mexico.' We were more fortunate than usual; we got horses quickly and were soon on the road to Bachajon. At Bachajon all the men, except the schoolmaster, were at work on the new road to Ococingo. It was cold and wet; the teacher was stalking around with a red, flannel blanket over his head and shoulders. There was only one horse in the village; Alma would have to ride in a chair. Women afraid to travel those roads on horseback are usually carried in chairs, common wooden ones with long sticks tied to the sides and back. To those sticks straw matting is fastened a piece of board serves for a foot rest, a strong rope, or leather strap, is attached. The woman sits down in one of those box-like affairs, the cargador stoops down for a man to put the strap of the box on his head; he straightens up with the box on his back and off he goes.

We spent the night at Bachajon. The following morning it rained, and the mountains were hidden by a dense fog; it was not safe to start. We wandered around all day, wrapped up in our blankets. The room was dark and, if we sat near the door, we were cold. A school examination was going on inside.

That afternoon the teacher asked me where the United States was. I took a sheet of paper and a pencil and explained its geographical position; his wife, or rather amiga one of the most inquisitive women I have ever met, was listening. After the explanation, she said: 'That is too hard for me; I can't understand where it is.' When I told her the distance from Bachajon to the boundary of the United States, her sympathy was aroused for my wife, 'Poor nifla,' said she, 'why doesn't she stay with her mother?'

At eight o'clock the next morning we started though the mountains were still hidden by fog. Three men had charge of Alma's chair; one carried it for

half an hour, then another took it; I rode the one horse of the village. The road, washed by rain, was simply terrible. Mrs. Curtin's experience was disagreeable. Going up a steep trail she was afraid the man would fail, or that the chair would slip from his head, and she would pitch forward down the incline. Going down the hill she had the feeling that the chair would surely go over the man's head. When night came, we were six miles from Ococingo. The men wanted to camp in the darkness and mud; I insisted on going ahead. The road was frightful I had to dismount and pull my horse along. At last we reached a river and crossed. Half an hour later we were on the bank of Grande river; Alma sat on the horse, and the men led it across the river, then came back for me. From there on I walked, as it was too dark for a man to carry the chair. Just before dark the men had gathered a few pitch pine sticks for torches. We lighted those, one at a time, and traveled on, a picturesque procession. In advance was a cargador with baggage on his back and a large torch in his hand. Behind him was the man with the empty chair; then followed Alma on horseback. I walked directly in front of her holding a torch as high up as possible so she could see to guide the horse, for he was inclined to leave the trail. We advanced slowly, for the road was dangerous. I thought we would never reach Ococingo. When our torches were about to give out, the cargador halted, took off his packs, opened a box, and got out a few pieces of pitch pine which we had saved to start a fire with if necessary. With those pieces he went into the forest and cut some long sticks for torches; fortunately, he found pitch pine trees nearby. About ten o'clock we arrived at Dofia Emelia's. When the good woman found we had been traveling in the darkness, she exclaimed, 'Jesus Mary!'

I made this long and tiresome journey simply to find an Indian who could speak Spanish and the language of the Lacandones which is a dialect of Maya, but still cannot be understood by the Mayas proper. I failed to find such a man and had to search elsewhere. Dofia Emelia was social and kind; she also had an inquiring mind. One of the many questions she asked was if Germany joined the United States. She had no knowledge whatever of the different countries of the world, and nearly all of the people in that part of Mexico are as ignorant as she was.

December 8th Don Henrique Bullness, a Spaniard, came from El Real to Ococingo to transact business, and he very kindly undertook to find such a man as I wanted if I would go to El Real. I decided to wait till he was to return, then go with him. Meanwhile, we developed and printed the photographs we had taken on our journey to Tumbala. I waited nine days for Bullness, with the jefe politico's promise that I should have horses whenever I wanted them. When the time came that Bullness was to go, I could only have horses two days later. I was greatly annoyed. At noon, the second day after Bullness' departure, we started for El Real, with two horses and four cargadores. The men traveled slowly, rested often; the leader said he was sick, that he had been in Palenque where he 'caught fever and ague.' Fortunately, we did not suffer from heat. In the afternoon we came to a small finca called Buleshbec. I had met the owner, Don Cruez, in Ococingo. I expected to spend the night at his house. but the old man did not appear overanxious, so we did not dismount. We stopped at Axshien, an Indian village of half a dozen thatched houses. Dona Sanchez gave us a room and a wide bench to sleep on, but, tired as we were, we could not sleep for Wacho, Dona Sanchez' brother, a half-witted mute, came into the room and began to roll cigarettes. It was dark there except when I struck a match to see what the fellow was doing. As he was evidently crazy, I was uneasy. We had been in the room an hour when two men, a woman, and several children came in, put a bundle of pitch pine on the floor and settled themselves for the night. There were nine of us in that small room.

The next morning the sky was overcast. The road was good and the horses excellent, but the cargadores were impossible. The leader was either a good actor, or he was really sick. Every half hour he called a halt; the men took off their packs and rested. I did not wish to leave them behind so I waited. I was forced to carry silver to meet expenses. It was distributed in the packs they were carrying. I bribed the men to push ahead, but it made no difference. We lunched near the village of San Antonio. About four o'clock I saw that the leader was not sure of the road; on the top of a mountain he put down his pack and disappeared. I waited a good while, then began to shout to him. When at last he came, he said he did not know the road to El Real, but he knew it to a ranch less than a quarter of a league away. Night was coming, we were on a mountain and astray. The men acted so strangely that I was suspicious of them; I did not know but rascals might live at the finca

they spoke of. When we reached the foot of the mountain, I saw on an eminence, not far away, a good-looking, whitewashed house with several small houses around it, and large beautiful palm trees in front. Just then we met a man and woman, and I inquired where we were. The finca we saw in the distance was El Paraiso (Paradise). The owner of the finca was employed by Bullness to get mahogany logs to the river. The man advised us to pass the night at El Paraiso, for the road to El Real was bad and there were two large rivers to cross. He pointed out the trail and went on.

In a clump of bushes we came upon a bad mudhole. Mrs. Curtin's horse, to avoid the hole, sprang suddenly to one side and carried her under the limb of a tree. For a moment I thought she was dead, but she revived, and, though badly hurt, was soon able to be lifted into the saddle. At El Paraiso the house was closed except one room. In that room was a table, two solid mahogany chairs, and a bedstead covered with straw mats. On the floor were several bushels of coffee berries. We carried Mrs. Curtin in and placed her on the mats. I passed a wretched night; my wife was suffering, there was no physician within a hundred miles, and I feared she was injured internally. It was necessary to get her where she could have care, so the next morning we carried her to El Real.

We crossed the Naranjo (Orange) river and the Santa Cruz, which is broad and deep, and soon were on a wide, green field in view of El Real. Ten minutes later we were at the Casa Grande. Mrs. Bullness welcomed us. She is a half-breed, so swarthy that at first I thought she had negro blood; her two little boys cried with fright when they saw us. That day I cared nothing for the scenery but later I found the view was fine.

The country is 2,000 feet above sea level and is tropical; the soil is rich. I rode through thickets and saw mahogany and rubber trees growing. The rubber tree, with its broad, glossy leaves, is very handsome. The parasitic growth on trees in that region is immense.

Bullness sent for Lacandones. Three days later two came; tall, good-looking men with rather effeminate features. Their hair, cut across the forehead, hung in a tangled mat to their shoulders; their only garment was a shirt, like a nightshirt, coming to the knees. The men were not as dark as the Indians I had seen hitherto in Mexico. They had full, not very black, rather projecting

eyes; a shadow of hair on the upper lip, and a trifle on the chin. They had long fingers and well shaped hands. They were alert, looked as if ready to spring away at any moment. They brought coffee to sell. I bought it, and Bullness paid with salt. Barter is the only kind of trade the Lacandones know anything about. I spoke to them in Maya; they did not understand. I tried Spanish; they knew, perhaps, a score of words of commerce. No one knew their language. Their village of a few houses is twenty-five miles from El Real. Before they left they bought aquardionte and got drunk. Bullness had a fine place at El Real: a sugar plantation, a coffee finca, and banana and pineapple fields. The company he was with evidently have a monopoly of the mahogany business of Mexico.

Christmas day great preparations were made for dinner. Mrs. Bullness and her Indian servants, boys and girls, brought palm leaves and banana trees and decorated a little house used at other times for an office. Made it into a chapel and placed candles before a picture of the Virgin. In the yard fires were built of pitch pine, for it was dark outside. We sat at table a good while talking about Indian names. Mrs. Bullness' brother's name was Achilles; the name of the nurse girl was Concha, the pet abbreviation of Conception. That evening the Indians prayed in the chapel, repeating a Catholic litany. Afterward they danced. The family had a midnight supper; tamales — and they were very nice, chopped chicken rolled in banana leaves and boiled. MAlma and I on that Christmas day felt far away from the world; eighteen days from a railroad and that railroad the most remote in the republic of Mexico. I didn't like Bullness; he was unkind to the Indians; looked upon them as cattle. There was regular slavery there. He told me of whipping an Indian because he let a boat get away. He said that fathers often sold their boys and girls for whiskey and once sold, they were never free again. The servants and workmen employed by Bullness received only a few cents a day and were given just enough beans and corn to keep them alive. He was a penurious man and a hard, overbearing master. I was told that in Ococingo a servant was paid six cents a day.

It was Christmas and still it rained, especially at night. One day a Lacandon, brother of the first ones, came to the house. I gave him money and tried to make him friendly. He spoke no Spanish. Looking through a window into my room he saw a large spoon and by motions begged for it. I gave it to

him, and his face lighted up wonderfully. In El Real the Lacandones are known as 'Caribes.' I had several come down from the little settlement, but there was no one to talk with them beyond a few trade words. There was nothing in their village but thatched huts. To buy tobacco a man would sometimes venture to the Lacandon village, and occasionally a Lacandon came to El Real to exchange tobacco for salt or whiskey. But I could not get a man to consent to go with me beyond that first village. They would go there and leave us, but would not remain even one night. No offer of money tempted them. They said: 'The country is unknown, we would have to get a Lacandon guide, who would not understand what we said and might think we had come for an evil purpose; to get their land, perhaps, and they would kill us.'

I talked with Don Guillermo whose finca, Australia, was near El Real, and he had lived many years in that part of the country. He thought that no one could go beyond the first Lacandon village, and even there it was uncertain what they might do if a stranger came among them. He thought that government should send men who, though they came as private persons, would be armed and able to defend themselves if attacked, I could not find a man able to carry on a conversation with the Caribes, or a man who would go with me to carry food. I spent days looking for such a man. Thinking maybe a large party would go more willingly, I tried to hire a party. The answer was: 'They are bad Indians; they don't want anyone to go into their country; they will kill us.' The days spent in search of information were dreary and unsatisfactory. In El Real, as everywhere in that hot climate, one could not move around in the forest, or along forest trails without getting covered with garrapatas (tiny leaf or wood ticks).

Bullness, after Christmas, went to the 'Bush,' as he called the place where they were cutting mahogany trees near San Quintin. I think many things take place there which the company would not care to have exposed. One thing is sure: not a mahogany tree will be left in the country. The place is far from the center of government and, if officials are sharp enough to see things, they can be easily silenced.

Mrs. Curtin had not recovered from the effects of her fall. Don Guillermo said his wife was a good nurse and would cure Alma if we would spend a

few days at their finca. The Australia finca is near the Jatate (pronounced Iletata) and the San Cruz rivers, and is wonderfully picturesque, a river in front and a high mountain behind and nearby. Just before reaching the finca there is a small Indian village. The daughter of the proprietor of the village, Martini, met us and conducted us to a boat which was pushed across the river by two small boys. Madame Guillermo greeted us with Spanish hospitality. The Casa Grande, for a rich man's home, was a curiosity. Don Guillermo owned 3,000 acres of land, a coffee finca, an interest in the mahogany business, and had a large salary as contractor for the company. Nevertheless, he and his family lived only a trifle better than Indians. In the center of a one-story house was the dining room, the floor covered with pine needles; a long bench at the wall, near the bench a table. Near the opposite wall was a bedstead covered with matting. In one corner was an image of the Virgin, ornamented with green boughs; one low chair covered with cowhide completed the furniture. Adjoining the dining room on one side, was the sleeping room of the entire family, on the other side was a room for coffee, drugs, etc. This room was given to us. It was partly cleaned, and the floor was carpeted with pine needles. By the removal of a sack of coffee an immense ant heap was disclosed. Live coals — in some ways an earth floor is convenient — and boiling water were brought to destroy the pest.

Guillermo's wife was very talkative. She soon informed me that Don Henrique Bullness did not own El Real. The finca belonged to his brother, whose wife, not loving misery (stinginess), would not live in the same house with Henrique's wife. Guillermo's eldest daughter was in charge of Paradise, but she spent a good deal of time at Australia. She was strong-minded; did not care for the clergy, but liked Masons and Spiritualists. I sent men for Lacandones; they returned with word that only women and children were in the village, the men were off somewhere, probably at work in their tobacco fields. As I could not go alone to the Lacandones and could not talk with those who came to me, I left Australia as soon as Alma could travel in a chair. It was very hot; the cargadores walked slowly, resting often. I rode part of the time. We traveled by moonlight. The first night was spent at Axshien; the next morning we reached Buleshbec. Don Cruez, the inquisitive German, was away. His daughter, a pretty half-breed, who had not been taught to read or write, went with us to a ruin near the village. All

we gained from the trip was a million or more garrapatas. That afternoon we reached Dona Emelia's. and I began at once to arrange for men and horses for the journey to Palenque. After a delay of three days, eight men came and camped on the porch; they were ready to start in the morning. They told Dona Emelia that they had been whipped for not coming a day earlier; they showed the marks of the whip on their backs. They did not want to make the journey, but they were not ill-natured.

We had nine men, eight cargadores, and a man to care for the two horses and bring them back. The road was bad, for rain still continued. The second day we halted at Pepe Roman's. His amiga was there, but Pepe was away. A neighbor of his annoyed us greatly; he was either a fool or was drunk. He was very demonstrative. Within ten minutes he said goodbye three times. When we reached Yajalon, I made each of the men a present and sent them back. The next day, with fresh men and horses, we climbed the mountain to Hidalgo. As soon as we reached the little village, we were surrounded by a crowd of almost naked Indians. Their only garment was a short shirt, the children were entirely naked. I asked for cornstalks for the horses; they were promised, but had not come when we left.

To Tumbala was one long, wearisome climb; the road was wet and slippery. It seemed as if we should never reach the height, and, when we did, there was such a heavy fog that, twenty feet away, we could not see the church. As we were trying to find the path which led to the teacher's house, Fischer's welcoming voice called out to us through the fog. He was in the village on business and he insisted on our going to his finca. We were glad to go with him; it was like meeting a relative in a desert. He told us that if we would stay a week he would make a banquet for us. His father, a rich Hamburg banker, had sent him 300 pounds of canned meat and fruit, and he expected it any day.

Fischer was an only son and, while he was starting a new business in a foreign country, his parents did not want him to suffer for the necessities of life. He was an ambitious, young fellow; he expected that in eight or ten years his coffee trees would make him a million dollars or more.

I could not wait for the promised banquet. When we left, Don Julio Fischer rode two or three miles with us, 'to see us off.' An Indian, a little, dried up,

stupid fellow, called Guadalupe, went with us to care for the horses and bring them back. The road was fearful; there was fog all of the time. Along the road were many beautiful tree ferns. At midday we halted at a cafetal called Parvenir. The trees there were the finest I had seen, but the berries were rotting. The owner of the finca was in Guatemala where he had cattle ranches; he trusted the finca to persons who let the coffee go to waste. While lunching I threw away bits of bread. An Indian standing near picked them up. I gave him a loaf, he was delighted.

At last, with risk of life, we reached a finca called Primavera, owned by Guillermo Uhlig. Uhlig and his partner, Fritz Stetson, came out and welcomed us. In the living room of their little house they had a small box stove in which a good fire was built when night came and the fog settled down. Before dark a Mr. Morrison from Minnesota, who had a finca twelve miles away, called and with him was Albeit Huy, a man from Minneapolis, Minnesota, who owned a finca only four miles from Primavera. Constant rain forced me to remain two days at the Uhlig finca. Then the sky cleared, and we started for Mr. Huy's, a man following with a chair to carry Alma when it was too dangerous for her to ride. Such a road! I thought that no road could surpass in badness those I had been over, but this did. Never had I traveled over such rocks, through such mudholes and down such a mountain. The country was heavily timbered. Darkness came. Huy, who was with us, lighted candles. Men, stumbling along over rocks, carried candles on each side of the cavalcade, and a torch in the rear. At last Mr. Huy, who was in advance guiding us with the greatest caution, said: 'Ten minutes more and we shall be at the finca.' That moment we rode in under a roofed passage, and a bright light, from a cozy room, with a large, open fireplace where logs were burning, flashed up before us. Women and boys crowded around to assist us. It was a delightful welcome for travel-worn wayfarers — easy chairs, plenty of books, carpeted floors, and clean beds. Not once since leaving the United States had we been so comfortable. There were magazines: Harper's, Review of Reviezvs, and others, and newspapers, to read; a pleasant, cultivated man to converse with. To this far-off place in the mountains he had brought books, silver, china, and many of the luxuries of life.

The following morning was bright, and our host took us over his fianca, which he calls Minnehaha. Most of his coffee trees were eighteen months old. A few very young trees were under a shelter made of palm leaves. The trees were in rolling, mountain land, but they seemed very vigorous. There was a grand view of mountains, and at one side a fine, timbered hill which was beautiful when the sun shown on it. Our host was a married man, but his wife was in Minneapolis at that time. It is seldom in life that one meets such a whole-souled, brotherly man as Albert Huy. We left the second morning, Ray, going with us to act as guide, and to bring the horses back. The heat during the day was intense, and I did not dare to drink water. At nightfall we reached Salto del Agua, and I secured shelter at a house owned by Don Bruno Gutierrez. Again there was little to eat, and a board bed to sleep on. Mr. Sears, a man from Iowa, was stopping at the house. He was in the country looking for coffee land and thought he had found some which was desirable. It belonged to the Omaha land company. Sears was almost a giant. He called himself a 'hayseed,' and said he would like to see Bryan president. Though well along in years, he was sure that he could endure the hardships of that tropical country. I thought he would have many lonely hours, for he spoke neither Spanish nor German.

I could not go on the following day, for men and mules must be procured. The heat was fearful, but Sears was out hunting for land to buy. I had a faithful promise that men would be ready early the next morning. Nevertheless, it was almost midday when they came, and then they were unwilling to start. Said it was too hot for mules to carry packs; they would go early in the morning. I yielded, for I had learned from experience that if men were forced to go anywhere, they took twice the time necessary for the journey. The next morning Mr. Sears, and a German, who worked for Fischer, came to the bank of the river and watched our boat cross with eight mules swimming around it, just their noses out of the water. The water was deep and a beautiful green. When saying goodbye, Mr. Sears's last words were: "My latch string is always hanging out for you.' He was a pleasant, old man. I hope he grew rich in the things of this world.

A ride of two leagues brought us to another river, narrow, but very deep. About every hundred rods of those two leagues Ray, the guide, called a halt to tighten falling packs, finding fault, meanwhile, with the man who had

assisted in packing, and the man leading the bell mule. At the river the mules were unloaded and taken across in a boat, then the packs were taken over and up a steep bank. When all this was accomplished, it was three o'clock, too late to go farther, especially as Ray said there was no other place to camp where there was water and feed for the mules. Brush was cut away, blankets spread under a tree, and mosquito netting hung up. Besides mosquitoes there were ants and ticks. The next day we traveled over a timbered, nearly level country till noon, then came into the open and rode through tall grass till five o'clock. A wonderful place for grazing, but no cattle; the country seemed uninhabited. At two o'clock Ray wanted to stop for the night and when I refused he hurried the mules along and did not halt for a moment till we reached San Miguel, a cluster of huts. We found an empty hut and passed the night in it.

The following morning we got an early start, but there was no shade and, as the altitude was scarcely 400 feet, we suffered with heat. At eleven o'clock we reached the little village of Palenque. La Croiz, to whom I had a letter, was away. We rode up to the government building: two rooms and a prison. Before I was off the mule, or had said who I was, a man handed me a large package of letters and papers — among them a bundle of Quo Vadu notices, the first I had seen. While an official was looking for a room for us, we sat on our boxes and read home letters.

At last, unable to find a room, the official gave us the post office. A woman in a nearby reed house promised to board us. A few hours later La Croiz came; I knew at once that he wouldn't render me any service though he greeted me with, 'My house is yours.' His father came from France; the son was reared by half-breeds, hence he speaks only Spanish. He is now an old man, the father of twelve children, middle-aged men and women. I arranged to go to the ruins the following day but, when morning came, I was sick. The secretary, Fernando Anzures, a kind, old man, did all he could to make me comfortable. Grass grows in the one street of Palenque. Most of the houses are made of reeds and have thatched roofs. The reeds are not woven compactly; if a man stood near a house, he could see all that was taking place inside. There is very little furniture in those houses: a table and two long benches. In most cases a hammock is used for a bed; it is cooler and free from insects. People in Palenque, as elsewhere in Mexico, live mainly

on corn meal. Great heat makes everyone indolent. The Indian women wear only a skirt, from the waist up they are naked and all go as lightly clothed as decency will permit. In that country there might be an abundance of pineapples, limes, oranges, and of almost any kind of tropical fruit, but no one wants to work, so there is very little, if any, fruit. Rubber and cacao trees are indigenous. La Croiz sent in one of the nuts of the cacao. It looked like a small, oblong squash; when broken open, there were thirty-four beans or large seeds the size of an almond. Attached by a central fiber, the seeds can be drawn out altogether if the fiber is detached from the bottom of the shell; they are covered with an edible pulp. The beans are of no use till browned. I was told that there are sometimes as many as 300 of these nuts on a tree.

The second day of my stay in Palenque a boy brought to our room a dead monkey. He said it was young, and the meat would be tender. No doubt, he thought I was a very cross man, for the idea was so repugnant that I drove him away from the door. A German living in Palenque told me that he had the same feeling about eating the flesh of a monkey that I had till he was off on a mountain and his food gave out. An Indian who was with him shot a monkey, skinned and cooked it and, although it seemed like eating a child, he ate for he was starving.

After an unquiet night, for a man imprisoned in a cell at the end of the building kicked, screamed, and raved from early evening till morning, we started for the ruins of Palenque, six miles away. There were deep mudholes and steep eminences, but no real hills. The ruins are at the foot of a mountain. To get to the place two rivers are crossed, the Michol, and the Rio de Bano, a small branch of which runs through the erstwhile city. The water is pure and cool. Near the stream, in a little opening, we tied the horses and then we went to the palace which is on an artificial hill, not far away, but hidden completely by tropical trees and foliage. Because of this growth of bushes and trees, nothing is visible from any part of the site. The palace is a wonder! Mighty walls and long-arched corridors beautifully constructed are still standing. In the patio is a smaller building also with arches, and with wide, stone steps on the lifts of which are hieroglyphics, and on each side of the steps are huge carved stones. The stone steps at the rear of the palace are without ornamentation, but at the sides are separate

stones on which huge figures are carved. To photograph the steps it was necessary to cut away brush and small trees. On a nearby, artificial hill there is a small, stone building, evidently the temple of some god. There are several of these stone buildings here and there among the ruins. This silent city, once the home of a multitude of people far advanced in the arts of civilization, a people who perished without leaving even a name, was wonderfully interesting for me. I remained several hours, but in the end was driven away by the heat which was overpowering. Two fine slabs taken from the ruins have been used to ornament the church in the village of Palenque, set in like windows, one at each side of the door. The stone is creamy white. What god the figures represent is unknown, as is all else connected with the ruins of Palenque. The slabs are of curious ornament for a Catholic church.

CHAPTER: 39

The Expedition Fails

The authorities assured me that I could not get into the Lacandon country without soldiers, or without knowing the language. The distance over bad trails was long, and the water in many places, even between Palenque and the border of the 'unknown land,' was unsafe. They could not find men who would not leave me if the desire seized them. The priest, an intelligent man, told me that he and his men were lost for a whole day in the country between Palenque and the Lacandon country; he advised me by all means to get outside men to go with me. For when the men of Palenque came to a place they did not know, and near the land of the 'wild Indians,' they would surely turn back. The officials said they could not force men to go into an unknown country where they thought it unsafe to go. I talked long and insisted, offered large reward — nothing availed. I would have to go to the city of Mexico and get strict orders to the officials in Palenque and the men there and also bring men with me.

I was disappointed and discouraged. Still I could not risk my life. At least I did not think it was worth the while to do so, by starting off with men who would desert me, and I could not get men, for any bribe whatever, to agree to go with me beyond the boarder of the Lacandon country. I could have waited for orders to officials but I thought it better to talk with Diaz and have a few men whom he could trust sent down from the city to go with me and hold the Palenque men under control.'

The natives of Palenque are cowards; they are indolent as well and do not undertake any task willingly. Money is not such an incentive as in northern countries; people had rather eat little than exert themselves in any way. La Croiz, to whom I brought a letter from a man who said La Croiz was under great obligation to him, failed to assist me in the least. He kept a small shop and ran Palenque for his own profit. He seemed to fear innovation of any kind.

As soon as I decided to go to the city of Mexico, a search began for horses to take us to Monte Cristo. It was impossible to get cargadorea, or pack horses. The only way was to pay a man an enormous price for a cart and oxen. At last I secured a man with a cart and four oxen — my first experience with oxen, or a cart or wagon of any kind in Mexico or Guatemala. In making ready for the journey I sold my gun and gave away salt, flour, and other provisions. The heat was overpowering, and the priest informed me that from February to June each day was hotter than the preceding one.

I left Palenque February 23, 1897 at 1:00 a.m. the heat being so great that it was desirable to make as much of the journey as possible during night hours. The senora with whom we had boarded was up and so was one of her boys. The rascal was waiting to pick up any trifle we might leave. I had given his mother many useful articles, but before starling I was sorry that I had not thrown them away. The baggage left half an hour in advance, carried on a small cart drawn by four white oxen. I shall always remember how the cart and oxen disappeared in the distance, lighted by the pale rays of the moon. We followed on horseback, accompanied by a guide, who took us by a shorter route than the driver of the oxcart could take.

It was a perfect night. The moon was about three hours high. The trees and the old church looked very tall and grand. The details of the poverty and wretchedness of Palcnque could not be seen by moonlight. The road was level; occasionally we went down a steep hank, crossed a small stream, and climbed the opposite bank. Once, in a dark forest, we lost the trail. Fortunately, I had candles. The guide lighted one, dismounted, and after a time found the right road, and we advanced at a brisk trot. About four o'clock we came to a narrow valley with a dense forest on each side, and soon a terrible howling began — such a howling as I had never heard, or imagined. At times it was like the bellowing of hundreds of infuriated bulls, again like the brawling of numberless cows; then it increased in volume till it seemed as if the forest were full of mad lions. And all this terrible howling was made by the monkeys which inhabit that tropical forest. Had I not heard it, I would not believe that monkeys could howl so, or that any number, no matter how great, could make such a fearful uproar. The

Palenque monkeys are large, black haired creatures. Their special time for expression of opinions is from four o'clock in the morning till six.

At sunrise we were in the midst of a Tabasco forest of palms of many kinds, beautiful trees; there were also many tall, broad-leafed plants, and the plants and trees were in a tangle of tropical vines. Through this luxurious growth was a narrow trail over which we traveled almost at a gallop, wishing to finish the thirty-six miles before the sun was high. Two hours brought us out of the forest, and the remaining ride of nine miles across an open plain was a severe trial. At ten o'clock, when nearly exhausted, we came to where there was a fine view of the Usumacinto, the largest river in Mexico. Monte Cristo was out of sight over a little hill, but we reached it soon and rode along a street with thatched houses on either side. The town is small; there was at that time no hotel. We asked at different places where to find shelter. The government officials were away, and I began to fear that I should he forced to camp in the street. We rode to the plaza, a small grass plot in front of a wooden church that looked like a stable. At one side of the church was a school building from which came the sound of many voices, the children were studying aloud, or reciting together. I went to a shop and asked the proprietor if he knew of a boarding house, or a room where I could spend a couple of days. He did not but, fortunately, he had a customer who heard my question; she said that she lived alone and we might come to her house. We followed her home and found that she had a clean and comfortable place.

Threasia Forteius was a kindly woman, the most agreeable person with Spanish blood -that I met during my journey in Mexico and Guatemala. While we were resting in hammocks, she prepared a good dinner. We boarded with her for two days while waiting for the river steamer. Both mornings we were wakened at four o'clock by the howling of monkeys in a forest across the river. Early the second morning after our arrival in Monte Cristo, we heard the whistle of the steamer, but it was eight leagues away and did not reach the pier till eleven o'clock. Our kind Threasia Forteius hurried to prepare luncheon. It was fortunate that we had time to eat, for the first meal on the steamer was served at six in the evening. Our hostess went with us to the boat, Tres Hermanos, to say goodbye.

The heat on the little steamer, which was a poor primitive affair, was frightful, the accommodations wretched. I was given a cabin, but it was so dirty that we would not lie down or even stay in the room. The passengers were half-breeds; the captain, an Italian, who left Venice in 1858. He had sailed in English vessels on the Black Sea and been in many parts of the world. Now he was there on the Usumacinto, with his family in Laguna. An hour after leaving Monte Cristo the boat stopped at a finca to take on wood. In three hours the Indians accomplished a task which railroad employees anywhere in the world, outside of Mexico, would accomplish in fifteen minutes. The captain visited at the finca, and I suppose had a pleasant time. The passengers, meanwhile, suffered greatly from heat, dirt, and mosquitoes; the heat was almost beyond endurance. To while the time away and see if there was any air moving, we climbed the bank. There was no air in movement and nothing to be seen but an expanse of level land, a low house, and a cluster of Indian huts.

As evening came, the air grew cooler. At eleven o'clock we reached the branching of the river where we were to change boats, but the boat was not there, so the captain 'tied up' to wait. Soon the air was full of mosquitoes, and from that time till morning we had a fight to keep from being eaten up. The captain swung hammocks in the dining room, but not a moment's rest could we get. At daylight we heard, with joy, the whistle of the boat we were waiting for and watched it approaching out of the haze and semi-darkness. The Cardefia was a much better steamer than Tres Hermanos. We had a clean cabin and we spent most of the day resting. The weather was cloudy and at times rainy and dark. The captain, a half-breed, was pleasant and social. He called us when the steamer was approaching the place where three large rivers unite and move on as one — a fine sight. About eight in the evening we were at Frontera. I could not get my baggage, for it must go through the customhouse, but I found a comfortable hotel, El Parvenir, where we spent two days waiting for the Gulf steamer.

Frontera had at that time a population of 8,000. It has a large plaza, with flower-decorated grounds around it. The houses are one-story, with tiled roofs. The wooden church, to deceive whoever stands before it, has a stone front. Strange to say there was no fruit in the town or in the country around. The excuse was: 'There are no laborers; the natives refuse to work.' There

was a fiesta going on; a band went through the street advertising a ball. After the band came a crowd of Indian women with red kerchiefs over their shoulders, and on their heads straw hats covered with red flowers, recently cut. The landlady informed us that they were 'the prostitutes of Frontera.' There was a sham bullfight — the bull, a man covered with white cloth.

At the El Parvenir dinner table I listened to an animated discussion between a German residing in New York and an Austrian who had lived eleven years in the United States. The German did not like the United States government, the Austrian did. Both men were stupid, but the conversation was amusing. The German afterward told a story to illustrate how thick-headed the English are:

A German entered a large restaurant and sat down at a table, he wanted to be polite, so he said to the waiter, 'Wie gehfs.'

'Wheat cakes! All right,' said the waiter.

'Nein! nein! cried the German.

'I can't give you nine,' replied the waiter, 'three are a portion. Do you want three portions?'

The steamer was scheduled to leave at six in the morning, but it was eight before it started. It was large and well officered. There were not many passengers. Among them was a Dane, a tall, fine-looking, intelligent man who had been in the Argentine republic and many South American countries about which he told interesting things. He hated Spaniards. Said: 'They are a mixture of all that is bad on earth.' The following day we anchored at Coatzacoalcos, on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and the captain spent several hours discharging and receiving cargo. Many splendid rosewood logs were piled up on shore. Coatzacoalcos was a wretched, little town, but would soon be large, as it was to be the terminus of the railroad from the Pacific coast. Many American land agents, coffee speculators, and adventurers of all nationalities were there. The Dane thought that he would be delayed for a day or two but, after saying goodbye, he returned to tell me that there was a steamer leaving that afternoon for Laguna and he counted himself blessed, for the accommodations of the town were wretched.

We were glad to steam away. Most of the passengers of the previous day had gone in different directions and new ones had been taken on. Two were rather amusing: Mr. Smith of Meadville, Pennsylvania, a 'free silver' man; a Chicago man, who held that free silver would ruin the country. He had been looking for coffee land and was going home to get rich men interested in his scheme. I said the land was too low for good coffee. 'That is true,' he answered, 'but a poor grade of coffee is in greater demand than a high grade.' The night was so sultry that it was impossible to remain inside. Everyone arranged to sleep on deck. Early in the morning we were at Vera Cruz where a fine, long pier was being built. The steamer anchored quite a distance out, and boats came from shore. I hired one, and a row of fifteen minutes in the burning sun brought us to land. Again the customhouse torment!

Vera Cruz at this time was a dirty place with sewers through the middle of the streets. Hundreds of turkey blizzards were strutting around eating anything they could find. I saw one dying on the street, either from old age or sewer poison. The buildings were high and large and, evidently, business was prosperous. In the center of the rather small plaza there was a large booth stacked high with bottles of beer and wine of different kinds. I have never seen a similar open bar in a public park. The train for Orizaba left at one o'clock; I was glad of the delay for it gave time to see the city — a place to look at and get away from as quickly as possible, before a fever or some other disease is contracted. The country between Vera Cruz and Orizaba is monotonous. There were trees in blossom, some loaded with large, yellow flowers, others with large, red, lily-shaped blossoms. There are palms and other semi-tropical trees.

It was already night when the train pulled into Orizaba. Mountains seemed to enclose the place. Orizaba, the renowned, snow mountain, loomed up twenty-five miles away. At one side and near, in fact right in the town, is a high hill and all around are hills and mountains. The scenery is remarkable. Orizaba would be a delightful winter resort. The buildings are good, and business seems thriving. I left at ten o'clock in the morning but by getting up early I saw most of the town. The scenery from Orizaba to the city of Mexico is grand. The ascent is for hours continuous. At one place, down in the valley below, was a little town which for three quarters of an hour was

seen first from one side, and then from the other, as the train, hundreds of feet above, circled around in ascending. The scenery reminded me of the Alps, but in a way it is more pleasing, for the growth in the valleys is semi-tropical and luxuriant. The mountain views are wonderful! For a person making the journey the first time, there is a surprise in store; naturally, I expected that after an ascent of several hours there would be a considerable down grade before reaching the city but there is none whatever. From the summit the train moves across an open plain with cacti growing everywhere, and at nightfall the city of Mexico is reached.

The Iturbide was crowded, but at the Hotel del Jardin I fortunately secured No. 41, a fine double apartment. Two days later I had an interview of an hour and a half with President Diaz. He was so interested in the account of my journey and the troubles I encountered that during my stay two governors were refused audience. He said that when talking with me earlier, he had feared it would be impossible to move around, or even get into the Lacandon country without armed men. I should now have military assistance, for he was as glad to have the work done as I was to do it. We arranged how those men should be recompensed and their expenses paid.

On returning to the hotel I found Charles Dudley Warner waiting for me, a man whom I had never seen before, but whom I had long admired as an accomplished judge of English literature. He met me with such friendliness that I shall long remember his words. As he came without an introduction, he introduced himself, saying: I am Charles Dudley Warner. When I learned that you were in the city, I said at once I must see the man who has saved for the world so much that is of the greatest value for scholars of today, and for scholars who will appear in the generations to come; and who has also translated the Polish trilogy and given English-speaking people what undoubtedly they never would have had, those wonderful works of Sienkiewicz, books which should become classic. Wonderful, wonderful books! and an equally wonderful translation.' That evening I met a very pleasant Englishman, Dr. Wheatley. He had traveled in many lands and, as a doctor of human ills, had a wide experience. He had spent thirteen years in Portugal and many years in South America where, as he said: 'Heat, dirt, and insects are indescribable.' But the most uncomfortable years of his life were passed on a ranch a few miles outside of San Antonio, Texas.

Disturbing news came from Bowditch. His courage had not been equal to the strain; he withdrew from his part of our contract. This was unfortunate just as I had secured military aid and could, without any doubt, have explored the Lacandon country where much is looked for, but, perhaps, very little will be found. I had undertaken the task because I am deeply interested in investigating the history of human thought.

When the western hemisphere was discovered, North and South America contained the most varied and extensive museum of the human mind in its earlier conditions that the world has ever seen. Over an area of 3,000 miles in width at its widest, and 9,000 miles length, there were primitive peoples, kindred to one another, but speaking more than 800 languages, which though kindred were not intertribally intelligible. Those languages contained an amount of material, for the elucidation of the history of speech development, which had unique value. Those various tribes had philosophies of life and systems of religion which resembled one another, but were greatly varied in detail; the underlying ideas were mainly the same, but the working out varied from tribe to tribe.

The same view of the origin of things prevailed everywhere, and that view, judging from what we have obtained so far of Indian ideas, was substantially the same as that which the earliest aggregations of men held on the eastern hemisphere, whether they were of Aryan of other stocks. This being the case it is evident that what the Indians held in their heads and what they had to show the investigator in their social and political institutions were of vastly more value to mankind than anything else connected with them or even than they themselves if considered apart from what they knew.

But instead of understandingly studying this great accumulation of primitive thought the Europeans who came to America did all that lay in their power to destroy it. In Spanish America where hieroglyphic writing existed everything was burned and destroyed with the most rigorous exactness, and in the America of the United States and Canada the great task was in spirit the same — to destroy what the Indian had in mind, and put something there which, as experience has shown, he could not understand.

I had hoped to get into the Lacandon country among Indians still in possession of the mental inheritance of their ancestors. But Bowditch's failure necessitated delay and possibly abandonment of the undertaking, for I must go to New York in place of returning to Palenque.

CHAPTER: 40

Europe and Henryk Sienkiewicz

I left Mexico March 27th. On the train was Professor Lumholtz. As we were interested in like things, the day passed quickly. There were other pleasant people in the Pullman: Mr. Mallory, one of the owners of the Mallory line of steamers running from New York to Galveston, and his wife, a bright, witty woman; Miss Pauncefote, daughter of the British minister to Washington; an Englishman, who had been consul in China and the West Indies, a man who called to mind my friend Septimus Crow; a gentleman from Butte, Montana, who had been at Salto del Agua buying coffee land. On the third day we reached San Antonio, the city Dr. Wheatley disliked so heartily. The country around Houston looked better than around San Antonio; wherever the ground was unploughed, it was covered with a mat of wild flowers. The houses are mainly on posts and are miserable affairs. I decided to rest in New Orleans. I found rooms at the New St. Charles, a fine building, and the management and service are excellent.

The next morning I had an amusing encounter with a court official. I wanted to see the judge; court was in session. The official refused to take my card to him. It was against the rules to carry a card to a judge of the supreme court when he was on the bench. I insisted, and he reasoned. At last he yielded, and to his great astonishment the judge at once excused himself and came to the room long enough to give me a hearty welcome. He called in the evening accompanied by a lawyer, Mr. Preot, a man fond of law books and other books as well. He met John Fiske when Fiske was in New Orleans to lecture and had many amusing anecdotes to tell concerning his stay there. John's quaint speech pleased everyone who made his acquaintance.

The next morning the judge took us for a drive, starting at eight o'clock, as his duties at the court began early. We went through the old part of the city, the part historically interesting; passed a monument erected in memory of a

benevolent Irish woman; then went to the Jewish club. Meanwhile, the judge told how the shareholders of the club in making the contract with the builders forgot to include the roof; a lawsuit was the result, and he rendered the decision in the case.

That evening we dined with the judge, who has an elegant home, judge Millar, ex-Senator Blanchard, and Mr. Preot were invited to meet me. The ex-senator is humorous and has many stories to tell, especially regarding things that occurred during his thirteen years in the house of representatives and the senate.

Early the following morning we started for Washington. For a good many miles after leaving New Orleans, there are lakes, marshes, and swamps, and at that time many farms were under water. We passed large forests that were flooded, and it was still raining heavily. There were only a few passengers in the Pullman. I was much amused by a man from Virginia, who had been in New Orleans. He complained constantly of his stomach. Still he was eating most of the time from a capacious luncheon basket. He described his farm in Virginia, and, between doses of medicine, which his wife was careful that he should take every half hour, he gave me his family history and told about his service in the southern army. We dined at Mobile. All through the South vegetation appears to be poor and backward. The houses are mainly on posts and look as though it would be easy to pull a post out and tumble the house over. There was a temptation to stop and try the experiment. Negroes everywhere, the women and girls wearing huge sunbonnets with a broad ruffle around the face.

April 2nd we were in Charlottesville for breakfast. Never have I eaten so good a meal at a railroad station, and the negro waiters were active and polite. I ate for the first time what is called in the South 'spoon- bread' and I found it delicious. The farther north we went, the more wintry it looked. In Virginia men were plowing the cotton fields; one negro and a mule managed a plow. Trees were not in leaf, nor was the grass green. At nine o'clock that evening we were at Willard's in Washington. It was so chilly that I was obliged to wear an overcoat, an article of apparel which I had not needed before for two years, unless when camping at night. The next day I called on my old and much esteemed friend, Senator Morrill of Vermont, on

Senator Mitchell of Wisconsin, a friend from boyhood days. Librarian Spofford with whom I have had many a hunt through the corridors of the congressional library received me with open arms, so to speak.

A few hours later we were in New York where Charles A. Dana gave me a most hearty welcome. I was glad to see him, for of all my friends he was the one whose friendship I prized most highly. That evening we dined at his house, and after dinner I had a mental feast. He wished me to know McKinley and then and there gave me a letter to the president. In the morning I took Alma to see, opposite Gramerey park, the house where I boarded after leaving Cambridge. In the evening we went back to Washington. As I passed through city after city and thought of how great our country is. I laughed at the idea of Spain doing us any harm.

I had a long visit with Senator Morgan of Alabama, a fine man, an old-time southern gentleman. He was leading a fight in the senate to have Cuba recognized. I know he worked for what he thought was right. He was a friend of long standing and a true one. I met Senator Hanna, and Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, another stanch friend. I had a pleasant dinner at Senator Mitchell's and after dinner I asked him to let the children come to the drawing room so I could tell them a few myth tales. The eldest, a girl of seven, though she was deeply interested, looked incredulous; at last she asked: 'Mr. Curtin do you think that story is true? The younger ones asked no questions; they looked very serious.

The following day I had a pleasant interview with President McKinley, a courteous kindly man. But the man who at that time ruled America [Mark Hanna?] did not reside in the White House. After a visit of three weeks in Bristol, we went to Boston and to Cambridge. I enjoy going out there, looking at the buildings, walking through the grounds, and freshening my memory of those days of long ago.

Quo V had been a great success, and lavish praise was given to me, but there were troublesome questions with the publishers. They came out all right, but, at the time, were annoying. There were also troublesome questions with Bowditch, who not having lived through such trials and difficulties as are encountered at every step in countries like Mexico and Guatemala, was disappointed that in a year and a half it was impossible to

accomplish what at first he himself thought would require three years. I had had far more at stake than he had. Most of the time had been spent away from civilization, where sickness would most surely mean death. I had traveled over the most desperate and awful roads, dangerous for man and beast. After the journeys of those two years, all roads seem good to me, and all places smooth. I had crossed the republic of Guatemala on foot and mule back. I had ridden and walked through Chiapas lengthwise, across deserts, through mudholes, quarries and mudholes in one, incredible places, inhabited by people living in a way to test any man's power of endurance. I had risked my life to solve a problem which may never be solved. But having secured military aid I should have been glad to have satisfied myself regarding the Lacandon country, though I am of the opinion now that there are no descendants living of the builders of Palanque.

While in Boston I dined with my classmate, John Hudson, a man as dear to me as a brother. From Boston I went to New York to secure a stateroom on the Campania, for I had decided that only a sea voyage would rest me. At Dana's office I met Senator Lodge, a man whom I had not known hitherto, but whom Dana liked. And again Dana urged me to dine and spend the evening with him. We had a glorious evening together. Our ideas regarding the politics of the English government, past and present, were the same. When the subject came up at dinner, and I expressed myself rather freely, Dana clapped his hands and called out, 'Damn them, Jeremiah, damn them!' Mrs. Dana mildly reproved him, but within five minutes he repeated the words. He and Mrs. Dana were enthusiastic admirers of Russia and Russians; they had recently visited the country for the second time. The politeness and kind heartedness of the people impressed them greatly. I have since been exceedingly glad that I let nothing interfere with this visit, for of the many and many pleasant hours spent with Charles A. Dana those were the last.

At nine o'clock the following morning, May 22, 1897, we were on board the Campania steaming out of the port. There were 300 saloon passengers, but, during the first days the ocean was rough and there was not much social activity on board; many preferred their berth to the drawing room. The prime minister of New Zealand was one of the passengers, and the bishop of Mississippi was another. The bishop was born in Ireland, but he said his

'native state' was New Jersey. When Grant was in the leather business in Galena, the bishop, on a lucky day, bought two trunk straps of him. He was also fortunate enough to meet Lincoln when he was a poor man struggling to establish a law practice. He knew Cleveland and thought him almost as great a man as Lincoln. The bishop's acquaintance with presidents may have made him a trifle egotistical, but, nevertheless, he was a pleasant man to meet. On the 28th we sighted land and soon parted with many of our fellow passengers. A few hours later the steamer dropped anchor at the Liverpool pier and, after the usual annoyances of a customhouse, we were on the express train for London, passing stations so rapidly that it was impossible to see their names.

At Bedford, the town made famous by Bunyan, there was a stop of a few minutes. Locked into the compartment with us was an Englishman, who had just visited South America and the Canary islands. Strong words gave expression to his hatred for the Spanish, 'root and branch.' He gave a vivid description of the abuses in the islands, and stated that no matter how bad an official was it took three years to recall him; 'meanwhile, he raked in all the money he could.' As I was going to the continent, I stopped at Charing Cross hotel. I was given 112, a comfortable room where we could hear the chimes and look off over the city.

During the three days spent in London, we went to many places familiar to us. There are few changes in conservative, old England. As a place is today so, in all probability, will it be a hundred years from today. I spent some hours in the British museum where in years gone by I passed many and many a day, for there are books and manuscripts there not to be found elsewhere. Seats and stands were being erected, and there was great excitement and movement; London was getting ready for the Queen's jubilee (June 22).

I called on Albert Nutt, the publisher, an old friend, and I talked mythology with him, for he was as deeply interested in the subject as I was. Then I went to the American consulate but found strangers; my friend, Patrick Collins, was no longer consul. A relative of President McKinley had his place but did not fill it. At the embassy I met an old friend, John Hay, at that time ambassador to the court of Queen Victoria. He urged me to dine with

him and have 'a good American talk,' but I declined, for we were packed and ready for a start in the morning. That afternoon I spent an hour or two at the Zoological gardens, a place I always enjoy. I like to look at the animals and watch them; they amuse me immensely, for I see faces which recall certain men. Before leaving America I had resolved to take a short outing in Switzerland and other quiet places in Europe. From London I went directly to Ragatz which was rather famed for hot baths of mineral water.

In Ragatz I met Sienkiewicz for the first time. I arrived at the Quellenhof about the luncheon hour. The manager received me with that careful courtesy, for which some Swiss managers are justly noted and found for me. after some effort, just the room I wanted (No. 131), for from the windows there was a magnificent view: in the foreground a small church with slender spire, a few dwelling houses, and many green fields; in the background grand mountains. In the dining hall, much to my surprise and delight, the manager informed me that he would seat me at the table d'hote next a Polish gentleman named Sienkiewicz, a writer. When Sienkiewicz learned who I was, he expressed much pleasure and also much surprise, for I had appeared at his side unexpectedly, and, as it happened, he was reading just then the American edition of Quo Vadis. The trilogy and other volumes, he had read sometime earlier.

I shall never forget the first impression made on me by Sienkiewicz, for it was precise and definite. He seemed to me to be a man of a very sympathetic and sensitive temperament. After a while another expression passed over his face, an expression of seriousness, even sternness, which gave way again to the receptive and sympathetic look. During our short conversation at luncheon a picture of the man was formed in my mind which further acquaintance merely strengthened.

Henryk Sienkiewicz is a person whose feelings are phenomenally strong. Were he a man of weaker character, they would sweep him away. He has in him the governing power which has conquered, but which has had to fight for mastery. Physically, he is different from my mind's picture of him; he is shorter and smaller. His hair is iron-gray, and he is becoming bald. His eyes are gray; his voice low. He speaks English with difficulty, and his answers

show that often he does not understand. He speaks Russian in the same way — the gift of languages is not his. When in conversation with a person, he has a way of bending slightly toward them and looking them straight in the eye. He is always very calm; no matter what the subject is, he never gets excited. He was working on Knights of the Cross. I had a couple of books under way.

We were busy and met only at luncheon and after dinner. There were many guests at the Quellenhof: Americans, English, French. Germans, Jews, and a few Poles, among them Count Tyshkevich, who went with Sienkiewicz on his African journey; and Countess Pototski, a descendant of Catherine II of Russia. The Hohenzollern was there, who, because of the Spanish crown, caused the unpleasantness between France and Germany which, through Bismarck's careful nursing, resulted in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. He is a brother of the king of Roumania. In that throng of people Sienkiewicz moved about, worked, and lived as in a wilderness. He held aloof from society though he observed it. There is a certain charm, at least for a time, in the freedom and loneliness of a crowded hotel with all the comforts of civilization at hand. This charm Sienkiewicz enjoys, and he has done much work in hotels from the hotel in Los Angeles, California, where he wrote Charcoal Sketches, to the hotel in Nice where he finished Quo Vadis.

Sienkiewicz' method of making a book is unique. First, he works out a detailed plan and writes it down carefully. He fixes this plan in his head and lets it 'seethe and ferment' there, as he says. A remarkable case of mental grip and memory. When ready to begin work, he divides his time not into days, but into weeks. During the first week he produces a certain amount, a similar amount the second week, and so on, week after week. In case of publication in a daily paper those weekly parts are divided; there were 132 in Quo Vadis as it appeared in the Cracow Czas. Though the plan is elaborated carefully in advance, it is never followed strictly, from the 'seething and fermenting' come many changes. Sienkiewicz produces his weekly part and sends it to the printer; he never has any stock for the future; he never makes a copy. The only manuscript he writes is that which he sends, and he seldom sees or corrects a proof. He has no secretary, no assistant; he is self-sufficient and alone.

To write such books as he does without copying or correcting, create works like the trilogy and Quo Vadis by a series of efforts, each effort a finished part, and each part a flawless continuation of the preceding one, till the last, together with all the others, forms a complete and unbroken whole, is, perhaps, the most amazing tour de force in literary experience. He makes all literary research for himself; visits and studies the places he mentions and, when writing in Switzerland, Italy, France, or other countries, takes with him all the books he requires and shuts himself up with them during working hours which for him are from eight or nine till luncheon at one o'clock, and then a couple of hours later on.

He told me, with something like regret in his voice, that he was the first one of his family who had not been a soldier, led a military life. His grandfather served under Napoleon I; his father took part in the uprising of 1830 and in that of 1863. Sienkiewicz is a very affectionate father. One day while we were at luncheon he told me that he had just received a telegram from Warsaw announcing that his son, Henryk, was first in his class for the year. He was greatly pleased, and I congratulated him and added: 'You are as glad, I suppose, as your father was when you passed examination 'Oh,' said he. 'I have more evident reason to be pleased than my father had. I did not stand high at school or at the gymnasium. I read too many novels. Often, while pretending to study, I was deep in a volume of Scott or Dumas. The book I was supposed to be studying was on the desk in front of me, the book I was reading was on my knee,' and he laughed.

'That was no harm in your case,' said I.

'No,' he replied, 'for me it was well. My bent was in that direction. With my son it is different. He inclines toward science; electricity attracts him. For him high rank seems in order; in fact, it is necessary. My daughter, considering her age, thirteen, shows much power of narration. She has already written one story.'

That day we spent considerable time in conversation, and Sienkiewicz expressed himself at some length on literature and art; later, I wrote down his words. He said: 'Of English novelists I like Dickens best, I am never tired of reading his books. I am charmed most of all by David Copperfield. Dickens seems to me to have had a greater love for man and to have

enjoyed various phenomena of human nature better than any other English writer of the century. He evidently derived immense pleasure from the people whom he described; he had a true and vivid appreciation of unusual characters. In literature Shakespeare stands apart. His knowledge of man seems almost superhuman. I am amazed at his insight and his truthful vision, especially when I compare him with other writers. Scott had an immense power of narrative, a power really phenomenal, but there is much in his novels that is not true; not infrequently he ornamented in his own way, beautified, as he thought. His account of the chivalry and knighthood of the middle ages does not correspond at all with reality. Still he was a wonderful writer. Thackeray was a great novelist, but he was tied down, enthralled — more or less — by society, mastered by it in a degree and to that degree injured as an artist. Tennyson used beautiful language, but he was artificial; he was a poet, not of humanity, but of a class, and devotion to a class always enfeebles an author. Of recent Englishmen, Kipling stands alone as a writer of short stories. Du Maurier was an artist by nature. In Trilby his description of Parisian artist life is fine, but the book, though entertaining, is fantastic; the end, especially, is unreal beyond measure. Itider Haggard I know to the extent of one novel, She, which I read and enjoyed while in South Africa. Though very extensive, English literature is weak in one kind of mental creation in which it is not likely to be strengthened — the fable. In this field the Russians have surpassed all Europe; their Krylov is the greatest fabulist of modern times.' If he has said of all time, he would not have been out of the way. In speaking of art, Sienkiewicz remarked that Michelangelo's 'Moses' did not appeal to him; 'the statue was more like that of a Roman god than of a Hebrew prophet.'

Sienkiewicz was pleased with the success of his books in the United States. He said that most of the characters were real and though such a character as Roh Kovalski (The Deluge) might be declared exaggerated, just such a man actually lived in that time. And as for Zagloba. he was not an uncommon character in Poland. He could introduce me to two Poles in Warsaw who would remind me strongly of Zagloba. Of all his heroines Sienkiewicz likes best Marynia Polanyetski (Children of the Soil) and Basia (Pan Michael). I thought it would be interesting to have the trilogy illustrated with photographs of the leading characters, as oil paintings of most of them are in existence. Sienkiewicz thought as I did that it would add to the historical

value of the books. He told me where the portraits are. Some are in museums, others in palaces belonging to the nobility of Poland. Later I procured photographs of those portraits, but they have not been used as the publishers thought the work would be too expensive.

Pan Trzywdar Rakovski and his wife, friends of Sienkiewicz, were at the Quellenhof. The 'Pan' was a talkative man, who thought that he spoke English fluently, as in fact he did, but it was English which was exceedingly difficult to understand. I listened to several amusing conversations between Sienkiewicz and Rakovski. One day in speaking of the condition in Cuba and Spain the old man, with many words and great enthusiasm, spoke of the beauty of Spanish women. Sienkiewicz listened long, then said very quietly and decidedly: 'I think the Spanish women are ugly; there is no intellect in their faces.' Of Cubans he said: 'They have been cruel tyrants in all ages. I dislike them.'

I arranged to visit Rapperswil with Pan Rakovski. When the day came, it was rainy and disagreeable. I thought the old man would not go, but he was an eccentric person. Early in the morning he came to my room ready for a start. 'I was a soldier,' said he. 'When I plan to go anywhere, nothing deters me. I go rain, or shine!' Rapperswil, a picturesque little town on Zurich lake, an hour and a half by rail from Ragatz, was founded near the end of the twelfth century. In the courtyard of the old castle Polish exiles have erected a monument in memory of their struggle to reconquer independence. In the halls of the castle they established, in 1870, a National Polish museum, which contains many things connected with the history of Poland; not only costumes of the Polish provinces, but portraits of celebrated men in the time of Poland's grandeur; and a library of more than 70,000 volumes, besides priceless manuscripts. The heart of Kosciuszko is buried in the castle. Hence, the castle is like a holy place to which Poles make pilgrimages. I was interested in the library, and especially was it agreeable for me to be there with Pan Rakovski, who had himself spent much money in establishing the museum and collecting the books of the library. We were back to Ragatz just in time for dinner. We found Sienkiewicz at table, somewhat annoyed. The editor of an illustrated Polish paper had printed an imaginary picture of Eunice of Quo Vadis. 'It is ugly,' said Sienkiewicz. 'Not at all like the Eunice of my imagination. The man

who made it is supposed to be a fine artist, but I could do much better myself. I think it far wiser to let the word description form a picture in each reader's mind than to publish such a thing as this!' He felt much as he would had a real Eunice, a friend of his, been injured.

There was no noise or hustle in the Quellenhof. It was like one long Sunday, an ideal place for literary work. One afternoon we climbed the mountain to Pfafers and reveled in the odor of new mown hay. The peasants were cutting grass on the mountain side. Evenings we listened to Tyrolese singers. I was translating Hania. Sienkiewicz said it was his own story 'more or less.' One morning in an English newspaper there was a long article about the Polish novels of Sienkiewicz. It was written by T.P. O'Conner, M.P. In the article O'Conner said many pleasant things about me. In speaking of the present condition of Poland, Sienkiewicz asserted that 'if the old Yeremi (With Fire and Sword) had lived, he would have been made king and broken the magnates, but he died, and they made his son king. What a wonderful thing that such a father and mother should have a son who was nothing but a big stomach and a flabby face — no use to anyone! — The greatest king of Poland was Stephan Bathori.'

June 25th we went through the gorge. Majestic rocks on both sides of a narrow river which dashes along over its rocky bed with tremendous ferocity. Through the ravine a pathway has been made at great expense. In places it is formed of boards and seems to hang over the torrent below. In places the passage is almost dark, only far ahead could we see bright light at a spot where the cliff spreads apart. In one place a mighty rock hangs out over the path; in another there is a tunnel. Again the overhanging cliffs meet, making a natural bridge. Soon after passing under the bridge a spring of hot water is reached. The spring is ten feet deep, and water flows up so rapidly that besides supplying baths near-by it supplies those at the Quellenhof. The walk must be trying for a nervous person. If one were to slip on the wet boards and fall — the railing is not high enough to insure safety — a terrible death would follow, for not the slightest help could be rendered. The dark gorge reminded me of the cave of the Cumaan Sibyl near Naples, but it was also, for me, a perfect picture of the Inferno through which Dante emerged when he came from the region of darkness into the

world of the stars and sun. The relief I felt when I issued from the narrow canyon into safety and daylight was very agreeable.

The heat of the last days spent at Ragatz was trying. Sienkiewicz said that the best climate he had found anywhere in the world and the one he enjoyed most was not in Switzerland, or Italy, but in southern California. We often had a delightful conversation at the dinner table. Rakovski laughed at us, saying we talked and talked and forgot to eat; that we were about finishing our soup when the last course was being served. Sienkiewicz and I agree in thinking that the highest art is language and that the highest expression of that is in poetry; not that poetry which is simply a harmony of words, but that which places a vivid picture before the eyes. This has always been my idea. I consider the art of language the greatest gift bestowed on man. Sienkiewicz has not an exalted opinion of the mental power of woman. He thinks that in every occupation where men and women have met the man has conquered, even in common domestic occupations in the kitchen as cooks, in the laundry, in shops, even in dressmaking. There were a few Jews at Ragatz, but they kept far away from Sienkiewicz; he has said many sharp things about Jews. I had to leave Ragatz, for I had journeys and work before me. Sienkicwicz made me promise, however, to visit him somewhat later at Zakopane at the foot of the Carpathians, no great distance from Cracow. I gave the promise and vanished from the Quellenhof.

Our national holiday, July 4th, was spent in Rapperswil. The valley is broader than at Ragatz, and the climate is warmer. I decided to remain a few days and obtain photographs of some of the Polish heroes of the commonwealth. Two pleasant Americans were at the Hotel du Lac. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson of Spokane Falls, Washington. They were well along in years, and this was their first visit to Europe. The evening after our arrival Mr. Patterson asked if we had visited the Polish museum, saying that he had found it specially interesting, for he had recently read some remarkable books, and in the museum were portraits of many of the leading characters in those books. The books had been put into English by an American, who knew Polish and many other languages, Jeremiah Curtin. I smiled at his enthusiasm and, when he looked puzzled at what seemed rudeness, I explained that I was Jeremiah Curtin. After an acquaintance of a few days, we parted, with regret. Mr. Patterson seemed too feeble for the journey he

contemplated: Venice, Rome, and Naples. It was not the season of the year to visit those places.

I was at work on Charcoal Sketches. Our surroundings were very agreeable. At the Hotel du Lac we could feast on brook trout three times a day, if we wished, and for amusement we could, at least three or four times in a week, sit in the ballroom and look at a 'marriage dance.' The pale-eyed, flaxen-haired groom and bride, and all their pale-eyed, flaxen-haired relatives came to the hotel directly from the church; there was a dance, then a dinner, and away the happy couple went to contend with the world. And a hard world it is for the peasant and middle classes of Switzerland. Rapperswil has a fine climate. It is not hot there in summer or very cold in winter; occasionally a fierce windstorm raises a whirlwind of dust and sweeps the street to bedrock, but usually it is a calm, restful place.

From Rapperswil we went to Lucerne which I found had changed a good deal in three years. The hotels were thronged with tourists; with some difficulty I secured a room at Hotel Eden. After two days in that beautifully situated Swiss town, so well known to American tourists, I went to Cracow on my way to Sienkiewicz' home in the Carpathians. The journey through Bavaria always interests me. It is a country where most men build their house and barn, as it were, under one roof. They paint the house white and leave the barn unpainted. The land is fertile, and the people are prosperous. We dined while crossing beautiful Lake Constance.

From Vienna to Cracow the greater part of the country was under water; wheat and corn had been drowned out, and still it rained. Millions of dollars had been lost by the flood. In Cracow I stopped at Saski hotel, at that time a miserably managed house though it was the best in the city. Cracow is connected intimately with many of the great historical events of Poland. But how have the mighty fallen! The city is now a city of Jews, a large number of whom are extremely objectionable. Their great and insinuating shrewdness grasps all that the peasant earns. They wear side curls and heel coats, and cleanliness has no home with them. Still a few of the first families of Poland reside in Cracow, for their kings are buried in the old cathedral on the hill, and associations tie them to their erstwhile Polish city. They think also that there is greater freedom in Austria than in Russia.

In going from Cracow toward the Carpathians the railroad journey was wearisome; the scenery monotonous. Occasionally we passed fields where women were at work cutting grain with a sickle. The Polish peasant woman wears an unfitted bodice; a full skirt, coming somewhat below her knees; long-legged, heavy boots; and on her head a bright kerchief, either tied under the chin or made into a sort of cap. Many wear around their shoulders a garment which looks like a scant petticoat. The men wear large, loose pantaloons, and a colored shirt tied outside the pantaloons. As a general thing the harvesters were barefoot.

At Calvary station a crowd of men and women left the third-class cars. Each one of them had a pack or rather a bundle. They were pilgrims on their way to Calvary, a large church and monastery to be seen on a mountain side not far distant. The location is fine; a forest below and mountains behind. As the train moved forward, I saw many blind persons each one of whom, led by a man or woman, was traveling the road to Calvary. At Haburka we left the train, and were immediately surrounded and beset by a crowd of peasant wagon men. There was a maddening uproar - Twenty or twenty-five wagons for five or six passengers, and each driver determined to get a passenger. The Polish wagon is a long, hay cart affair with basket sides and canvas cover; a seat inside for two persons and one outside for the driver — a 'prairie schooner.' I was nearly crazed by the drivers but at last I drove all away except one, who the others assured me was the worst man of the crowd, and had the worst horses and the worst wagon.

Almost directly we began to climb a mountain. Such tremendous jolting! Such shaking and pounding! As bad as in a California stagecoach. At Sucha, a little town built around a square, we stopped to rest the horses and have luncheon. We were at Zakopane at five o'clock in the evening. There were many guests at that summer resort.

The village has no attraction except pure mountain water and pure air. It is half surrounded by pine woods and a new extension is entirely among the pines. On the open side are green fields along hill slopes; through the village runs a clear mountain river. From the main street the view of the Carpathians is grand. High above a pine woods, towers the naked ridge which forms an immense female figure lying face upward. The outlines

recalled to me the White Woman of Mexico, the majestic neighbor of Popocatepetl. Though smaller than the Mexican woman, the Carpathian woman has a certain advantage; she is seen from nearby and presents very definite features. In mythologic phrase one might say that she had been petrified and raised to that eminence at a period when the gods were struggling for mastery, each with some other, and preparing the earth for human residence. In every case that Carpathian figure, like a fair woman, is pleasing to the eye of the wanderer going up and down through this world to look at beauty if, perchance, he may find it.

Zakopane is much frequented by Poles. The place is animated but, being new, has few of the appliances which people seek at a summer resort. During my stay clouds, mist, and gloom predominated. People said the season was exceptionally bad, and I believed it, for the year was exceptional in many parts of the world. At last came a glorious day, like a sunny island in a sea of dense fog. Sienkiewicz had been waiting for just such a day, and he took us to Charny Star (Black pond), a small lake in the heart of the mountains. The party included his son and daughter, Henryk and Yedviga, with a governess; Professor Sobieranski of Lwow; Sienkiewicz' nephew, a nice boy, a dozen years of age, perhaps; Mr. Gielgud, a Lithuanian of the British war office, who speaks English as if born and reared in London.

Sienkiewicz had told me that during five generations he was the first man of his family who had not chosen arms as a calling. I saw now, by the order with which all was arranged for the party, and the ease with which everything moved, without hurry or halting, that the master of our picnic had the mood and brains of a soldier. At an early hour country wagons were waiting to take us to Kuznitsa, at the foot of the mountain, 'the end of the civilized world' as Sienkiewicz said. At that point saddle horses were ready to carry us farther. With the horses were mountain men in good number to assist and entertain on the journey. Some of those mountaineers had musical instruments. Most of them were excellent singers and could dance skillfully. They were robust, active, good-looking fellows.

The trail had the variety of picturesque ravines and steep, rugged climbs through dense pine woods. As we ascended, the mountaineers took short

cuts and gave music from places above and beyond us. When we halted at last, on a lofty, green plain, broad stretches of country were visible; far away were cultivated, hilly uplands; nearer, but below us, were pine forests with large tracts of grassland, and small villages inhabited only in summer. On the other hand stood the central range of the Carpathians, immense and naked. Between us and it was a narrow rocky descent, then fields of large boulders, and at last thickets of dwarf pine, dense and tangled. Between those thickets and the Carpathian ridge or backbone is Charny Stav which lies in a kind of elbow or angle, dark and still, with a small island quite near the shore — a severe place, stern in summer. What must it be in the frost, storms, and gloom of autumn? That is the time when I would like to see it. As the lake is about eight miles from Zakopane, and the air was bracing, we all had a fair appetite when we reached the bank. Servants made a fire, and in good time we had an open air banquet, abundant and excellent. Even ice cold champagne had been brought so that the genial author of Quo Vadis could drink to the health of his guests.

The mountaineers with dancing and music took their places before us at the edge of the water. The space was found too narrow, and Sienkiewicz directed the men to assemble on the grassy height where we had halted in coming up. At the lake two photographs were taken, one of the whole party, including the mountaineers, the other of Sienkiewicz and his children. The latter is in Hania and is excellent. The return was sounded, and we started toward Zakopane. On reaching the grassy height there was great animation. Henryk and Yedviga urged on the gathering of wood for a fire, and themselves brought brush and sticks. No match, however, was put to the fuel as the place was too windy. The fire was for a 'robber dance' in which a whole party circle around a fire, and single ones leap through it, at short intervals. After two or three dances, we had the robber dance. Zakopane fifty years ago was a robber nest. The people were not even formally Christians. The roads between Poland and Hungary were perilous in those days. All has changed now, and robbery on the highways exists only in stories, of which, as Sienkiewicz informed me, there are good ones still extant in the region around Zakopane.

The robber dancers received a cheering cup to rouse them. Then they assembled around the pile of brush and sticks. Each man had an ax about

the size of an Indian hatchet, the handle being as long as an ordinary walking stick. The circle moved from east to west, each man dancing, singing, and shouting, and at certain intervals brandishing his ax. Action increased to wild excitement; men leaped as if through the fire, and all ended in a finale of enthusiasm and breathlessness. The whole action reminded me strongly of the fire dance of our Navajo Indians, and the war dance of the Seneca Indians of New York. It had something in common with both of those dances and, like all primitive dances, had been most important in the life of the people who formed it.

From the height we went down, single file, by a steep narrow path on the edge of a precipice. We were on foot, that was no place for riding. Our horses were led along by another path. A small boy of our company walking ahead looked like the dwarf followed by his brothers in Gustave Dore's picture. Far down in a partly wooded ravine, we mounted our horses and rode on. The route was different from that of the morning: on one side were dark pines, on the other high cliffs. Here and there a huge rock stood out like a broken statue. At one point while riding in the shade, for it was after sunset in low places, we turned a corner and saw ahead, but at one side, a splendid cliff which looked like a ruined castle. The last light of the sun was on it, creeping perceptibly towards its summit. At that moment the music and song of the mountaineers burst forth. As we advanced, the light climbing the side of the cliff, reached the top and, when we were abreast of it, not a peak or a stone was in sunlight.

About dusk we were at Kuznitsa where country wagons were waiting to convey us to Sienkiewicz' residence. Horses were not spared, and that swift downward drive in the dark through a forest, with a roaring mountain stream at the roadside, was wonderfully pleasant and in striking contrast with all that had happened since morning. On we rushed till suddenly the wagons stopped.

'What is the matter?' called one.

'Is anybody hurt?' cried another.

'We are at home,' said Sienkiewicz. The house almost hidden in the pine trees, was lighted up cheerfully, and the supper table was spread. We had

come out of darkness, we were just tired enough, felt just hungry enough to enjoy that table with its food, its brightness, and its company. This picnic will long remain in my memory. The trip to Black pond was a masterpiece, a work of art like a poem, a beautiful tale, or a picture. That day two years before we had started for Central America.

CHAPTER: 41

Excursion in Poland and Russia

When saying good-night Sienkiewicz handed me a sealed envelop to be opened when I reached my room. The envelop contained notes of his life, and a notice, which he requested me to publish in America, stating that he wished me and no one else to put his novels into English; that he realized how much I had done for him; how I had given to the English-speaking world both the letter and the spirit of his books.

I met many interesting people in Zakopane, among others Sienkiewicz' father-in-law, a man who at once reminded me of Zagloba, and intimate friends of the family told me that he was Zagloba. He was a great talker. Early in life he was graduated from a Russian university. Hence, he spoke Russian as fluently as Polish. He was a kindly man and was thoroughly devoted to Sienkiewicz and his children. Sienkiewicz wife had died when the little girl (now thirteen) was but a few months old. The grandparents reared the children, and Sienkiewicz' home had been theirs. The grandmother was a Polish lady of the old time. Unless speaking to servants, she used the French language exclusively; her chief amusement was solitaire, and nearly any hour in the day she could he found sitting by a table with cards spread out before her. I met in Zakopane Mr. Gielgud. He could not go to his birthplace in Russian-Poland, for his father was in the rebellion of 1830, and he and his brother were counted by the Russian government as dead. Gielgud was, in fact, as is also Sienkiewicz, a Lithuanian. Sienkiewicz' great-grand-father removed from Lithuania to the kingdom of Poland in consequence of a war with Russia a war known in history under the name of the Confederation of Bar.

August 25th I said good-bye to Sienkiewicz and his family, and saw his kindly old father-in-law for the last time, for he was in 'that other world before I met Sienkiewicz again. When the conveyance came, which I had hired to take us to the railroad station, the driver was a boy not twelve years

of age, and the harness on one of the horses was too weak for even a level road. I sent the equipage away and waited till another could be procured. In those 'schooners' nothing is safe. There is a continual jolt and jar; everything that is breakable, breaks. I carried in my hands a box of photographic negatives, Alma managed the sac de voyage that contained our drug store outfit. About a mile from the station when I was getting uneasy lest we should be late for the train, we came to a standstill. A peasant blocked the road with an enormously long log. In a bend he had gotten the log into such a position that his horses could not move it; our driver assisted him in straightening it around, and after a time we went on. The train was two hours late. The canvas-covered wagons surrounding the station made a curious picture. I could imagine that a party of forty-niners was about to start on a journey across the plains.

Sienkiewicz, wishing me to meet some of the literary men of Cracow, had given me several letters of introduction. The first one I presented was to Count Tarnowski. who had just given the Polish people a beautifully illustrated book on Matejko, the great Polish painter. They had been schoolboys together. 'Our friendship,' said Tarnowski 'only ended when I placed him in the grave, but it did not end there, for I shall always retain my love for him.'

Count Tarnowski is the leading literary critic of Poland. His beautiful home is in the very heart of Cracow, but it is surrounded by extensive grounds and high walls that shut it away from all the noise and dust of the city. The countess, a descendant of a magnate of the commonwealth, is a charming woman, an enthusiastic assistant of her husband in his literary work, and a devoted Catholic. In speaking of the characters in Sienkiewicz' novels she told me that one of the heroes in That Third Woman was in Cracow connected with the church, 'a very holy man.' She considered On the Bright Shore only too true a description of a certain class of Poles. We dined at Tarnowski's, and I promised the countess to visit Czenstochowa, the holy of holies for all Catholic Poles.

Many of Sienkiewicz' friends mentioned his second marriage. I was told that the young wife cared neither for Sienkiewicz work nor his children. In breaking away from such a marriage — it endured only a few weeks — the

man showed great wisdom and remarkable determination. But it has always been a mystery to me how Sienkiewicz, who had made character a study, could have erred so in selecting a wife.

The country between Cracow and Czenstochowa is apparently poor, but it is level and open. I saw cattle and geese in great numbers. They were along the roads. in the fields, and on the hillsides, herded by barefooted children. Jews everywhere! Their picturesqueness, however, is gone as soon as the boundary is passed, for the Russian government, in an effort to make the Russian-Jews more cleanly, has prohibited their wearing side curls and heel coats.

At the Czenstochowa station (Czenstochowa is half-way between Cracow and Warsaw, about six hours' journey from either city) there was a throng of people, mainly peasants and Jews. The peasants were pilgrims coming or going from the church on Vasna Gora (Bright mountain); the Jews were there to plunder the pilgrims. The only possible hotel was near the station. After securing a room I drove to Yasna Gora. Neither the surroundings nor the church were as I had mentally pictured them. I had thought by the description in The Deluge, that Czenstochowa was a small town at the foot of a hill on the summit of which was an enormous church and fortress. It is at present a town of 50,000 inhabitants; it is on level land and quite a distance from the lull. Many huge, ugly chimneys indicate manufacturing. Jews form a large proportion of the population. Most of the shopkeepers are Jews and they are always on the watch for possible purchasers of their wares. The moment a strange face appears the Jew spies it. He calls as you pass on the street in front of his shop. He is servile and insinuating.

The principal streets of the town are wide enough for three. Paved with pebble stones they are terrible to ride over. The market place is as large as a good sized field. There were many wagons there; in the wagons were vegetables, and hens, and geese. I shall not forget the geese of Czenstochowa, or of any other town I visited in erstwhile Poland. I had great sympathy for them. In the market place in Cracow I saw many hundreds of geese packed tight in wagons, others were in baskets, and still others lay in groups on the ground. Jew purchasers were always present, for Jews are fond of feasting on geese. I also saw a long line of men and

women sitting on the edge of the market place. They were selling rabbits. Some had two or three of the little creatures in their arms, others had a large wagon, or a basket, packed with them. Customers took up one after another by the ears, pinched it to see if it was fat, asked questions, and at last carried away their choice. The rabbits were perfectly tame. Czenstochowa extends to a park at the foot of Yasna Gora, a low hill on the broad, flat summit of which stands a church and a cloister. On the left, as one approaches the hill, is a flight of stone steps. Near the top is a large, bronze statue of Alexander II guarded day and night by two sentinels. A little farther on is a statue of the soldier priest, Kordetski, to whose determination and bravery Yasna Gora owed its deliverance. Turning to the right we climb a sandy hill. Along the way are many little booths where men are selling rosaries, holy pictures and 'relics,' also fruit and confectionery. A throng of peasants everywhere! Such an uncleanly crowd that at first I thought I would not get out of the carriage, but I did and went up the path; on both sides beggars, with tin cups or wooden boxes in their hands, soliciting charity of everyone who passes. The church is surrounded by a fifty foot, brick wall. It is one of the finest specimens extant of the old-time fortress church, the literal church militant. By the earth works and masonry that still remain one can see how strong it must have been when the Swedes attempted to conquer it.

Going through a gateway, and a passage crowded with peasants, I reached the church door. There the throng was so dense that I could not push through; I turned and worked my way back to the carriage. The following day I went to Yasna Gora to present to the bishop Countess Tarnowski's letter of introduction. I pushed my way through a long avenue of beggars — many of whom were dreadfully deformed — till near the church door. There I was met by an official, who conducted me through different corridors to the entrance of the cloister. There was a throng of people in the church and in the corridors. In some corridors men and women were on their knees, or prostrated on the floor, before holy pictures hanging on the walls. In other corridors they were singing and praying. I passed through as quickly as possible for the air was vile. The church is of the old time; badly ventilated and lighted, the windows small and narrow.

In the church on Yasna Gora there is a wonderful image of the 'Mother and Child,' said to have been painted by St. Luke on a table made by Joseph the

Carpenter; at that table Joseph and Mary and Jesus ate. The table has been in many countries. When at last it was brought to Poland, it grew so heavy at Czenstochowa that men could not carry it farther. In this way the Holy Lady made it known that she wanted her image placed in Yasna Gora. Time has not added to the beauty of the painting; the faces are a dark bronze color and the whole icon shows great age. It was disfigured by the Tartars who shot arrows across the cheek of the Virgin. Attempts have been made to paint out those gashes, but they always appeared again.

In Czenstochowa from May till October there are two or three church processions each day; thousands of people walking behind an image of Christ, or of the Virgin Mary. Each man and each woman in the processions going toward Yasna Gora has a bundle on his or her back held there by a strap around the neck. The bundles contain provisions for the pilgrimage. The pilgrims come from all parts of Poland. Sometimes a priest leads his congregation ; again a person starts alone and joins others on the way. Not a few come because they have made a vow to the Czenstochowa Mother of God. There has been sickness or misfortune, and for Her intercession they have promised a pilgrimage to Yasna Gora. There was a church festival on the Sabbath I passed in Czenstochowa. It was estimated that 100,000 pilgrims were in the church and on the grounds around. A visit to Yasna Gora means as much to a devout Catholic Pole as does a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

The siege of Yasna Gora by the Swedes is magnificently described in The Deluge. I have not a pleasant memory of Czenstochowa: Jews, dirt, robbery, and poor, wretched, starved, overloaded beasts of burden whose drivers and owners were so stupid and brainless that they did not know what compassion meant. There was no rescue for the beast but death. The method of watering the streets, which were very dusty, was amusing. A man went around throwing water from a machine, a trifle larger, but similar to a garden sprinkler. This was one step in advance of the method in Mexico where men took water into their mouths and spurted it over the streets.

We left Czenstochowa September 8th going direct to Warsaw. That evening we were installed in No. 115 of the Europa, a hotel where the rooms are comfortable but the food abominable. The bookstore of Gebethner and

Wolff was nearby, and I found the Wolff part of the house agreeable and obliging. They were Sienkiewicz' publishers. They assured me that Glowacki wrote quite as well as Sienkiewicz; that none of Sienkiewicz' books excelled in plot or execution Glowacki's Faron Paraoh and the Priest is the title I gave the book. Somewhat later I read Faron and found it so interesting and powerful that I decided to make it known in America. Several rainy days followed our arrival in Warsaw. When at last a bright day came, we went to Willameth, the home of Count Branitski, eight versts from the city. The palace was built by Jan Sobieski when he was king of Poland. It is an immense building; the rooms are many and elegant The lawns and flower gardens are beautiful, kept in order by French gardeners. A branch of the Vistula runs through the grounds. The count was away hunting, but the countess, a small, brown-eyed woman with a calm, sweet face, received us cordially. I find that in the higher class the women of Poland are mentally superior to the men, excepting, of course, a few writers, artists, and musicians gifted beyond other men. We spoke of the political condition of the country past and present, and I found that neither patriotism nor religion had warped the countess' mind; she understood clearly the causes which led to the absorption of Poland. In speaking of them she said the Poles had lost all that men valued most, even the power of educating their children in their own language, for the schools of the country were now Russian.

We went through the palace grounds, and the countess pointed out the sundial made by Sobieski's astrologer, and also three great poplars planted 200 years ago by King Sobicski. One has a grand trunk, and all three, in spite of age, are healthy. At luncheon I met Prince Czartoryski. His ancestors were prominent men in the commonwealth of Poland, but it was evident that he belonged to the class Krylov, the Russian fabulist, described by geese whose answer, when asked by a peasant why they should not be driven to market, was, 'Our forefathers saved Rome.' On the following Wednesday we dined at Count Branitski's. Prince Branitski and his wife, a niece of the last King of Naples, were there also. The walls of the dining room are hidden by full-length portraits of kings and queens of Poland. After dinner the countess conducted her guests through the palace. We went to the king's apartments, the queen's apartments, to the magnificent library which fills several large rooms from floor to ceiling. There are many

beautifully illuminated books. The cabinet presented to Sobieski by the Pope after the victory of Vienna (1083) is there. We went through gallery after gallery of paintings, mainly portraits. Some of the rooms are furnished as they were 200 years ago. in the richest of damask. On the ceiling of two or three rooms are fancy figures with the face of the queen, Sobieski's wife. Sobieski died in a little room now made into a chapel. When in death agony, he was carried, by his request, from room to room and in that room he suddenly breathed for the last time. To the end of his life Sobieski served Austria far better than Poland though not wishing to do so. The power of the church and the intrigues of his wife bore him away. He died in 1696 complaining of this world in which, as he said, sin, malice, and treason are rampant. There is great wealth and magnificence in that palace of King Jan Sobieski III.

The weather was damp. I contracted a severe cold which necessitated my remaining several days in bed and gave me the opportunity of becoming acquainted with Dr. Benni, Sienkiewiez' family physician, an energetic, decisive man, who although he stands very high in the medical world, is a politician. I had to submit to what is considered in eastern Europe the proper treatment for a stubborn cold, cupping. Thirty-five cups were on my back at one time. During the days I remained in bed Alma read to me The Prisoner of Zenda, a novel of no worth; The Sorrows of Satan by Marie Corelli; and Cooper's novel, The Pioneers, which I had read many years before but now listened to with pleasure. When I asked Dr. Benni for his bill, he said that there was none, that I had rendered a notable service to Poland by making Sienkiewicz known to the world, that though he regretted my illness, it had given him pleasure to attend me. and the question of money could never be raised between us. His friendship was very evident, and his appreciation of my work pleased me greatly.

October 4th I went to Cracow. In the compartment with us were two middle-aged ladies and a young girl. I observed that one of the ladies was in poor health, and the other was either her companion or nurse. The invalid's face looked familiar. At last I asked her if she had ever lived on the Caucasus. 'Yes, for many years.' She had changed much, but I now recalled her name and spoke of her mother and uncle, both of whom she told me were dead. She was glad to meet me once more in this world, and we talked

of the long ago until her voice gave out. I found that General Frankcna, a valued friend of mine, who said, when I was in Borjom and complained of the braying of donkeys, that they were 'the nightingales of Borjom,' had died two years before, in Florence. Field Marshal Mirski was also in 'that other world,' and many another old friend.

Early the next morning we were at the boundary. Of all the disagreeable customhouse officials in the whole world, the most disagreeable are the Austrian; A miserable, surly fellow, who was too ignorant for any occupation above ditch digging, was in charge. He acted as if he were Genghis Kahn, and the passengers were captives, whom he intended to execute as soon as he had time. Why idiots should be placed where people who travel are forced to meet them is beyond my comprehension. In the steamboat and railroad service there is many a man whose limited mind has been unbalanced by the office he holds, no matter how insignificent that office may be. At the Austrian boundary we parted with Madame Veissenhof, who was on her way to Venice.

The morning was cold. As soon as we reached the hotel, I had a fire built in our room, No. 16. This time I stopped at the Grand and found it a comfortable hotel. My cold was worse, and again I was in bed for two or three days but I kept at work on proof correcting and writing, as I had during all of that journey. In Switzerland, Cracow, Zakopane, Czenstochowa, Warsaw I always had work on hand which I felt in a hurry about.

Oct. 8th there was snow in the air, and at times it fell quite heavily. During this stay in Cracow we saw a good deal of Count and Countess Tarnowski. We dined with them often and spent delightful evenings at their home. I had long conversations with Tarnowski regarding Spain and Cuba. He is a man who has read much and is familiar with the history and politics of most countries. I spent instructive hours in the Czartoryski museum looking over the weapons and armor of olden times. Polish officers greatly valued ornamentation; there are gunstocks inlaid with mother-of-pearl, saddles decorated with turquoise, even stirrups and bridles and scabbards ornamented with diamonds and other precious stones. Sometimes the monogram or coat-of-arms of the erstwhile owner is put in with diamonds. I

made the acquaintance of Kossak, whom I consider the finest animal painter Poland has ever produced. I think there is no artist living who paints horses as well as he does. He is a fine-looking man, well along in years. His face expresses energy and determination. He showed me many of his paintings, and I had a long to be remembered visit with him. One morning while reading the London Times, I came upon an item speaking of the death of Charles A. Dana. I was never more astonished; the shock nearly overpowered me. Many times that day Alma and I said to each other, 'It is impossible!' I had lost another intimate and greatly valued friend.

From Cracow we went to Lemberg, or Lwow as the Poles call the city. I was present at the unveiling of a monument erected in memory of Fredro, a celebrated play writer. At this ceremony I met the archbishop and many of the leading Poles. The following morning there was a long article about my arrival and the statement that there would be a reception and demonstration at the Polish club. I did not want this; in fact, I was determined that no demonstration should take place. I took my name from the hotel register and instructed the clerk to tell those who called that I was no longer registered there. As this did not serve, and callers and reporters found their way to my room, I went to bed and, when the delegation came to invite me to a banquet, I was too sick to leave my room. I had good reasons for this act. There is great political unrest in all the countries of eastern Europe. If you champion one nationality, another nationality is your enemy. I did not wish to place myself in that position, for I had Russian friends as well as Polish; hence, I tried to avoid anything which newspaper men could clothe in a political garb. After a couple of days, when the people had become convinced that I was in earnest and wanted to remain quiet, I got well and spent several pleasant days in the city. From the windows of our room I could see the tower of the church where Jan Kazimir took oath to the peasants.

Near the hotel is Hetman street, and not far away is a street called The Third of May. We dined twice at the house of Pan Sklepinski, a Pole whom I had met in Switzerland. On those occasions we were treated to Zagloba mead, a liquor made from honey. It is so strong that a sip is sufficient to warm one's blood. While in Lwow, I became acquainted with Kubala, a celebrated Polish writer, a man of perhaps sixty years of age. I like him much. He is a

man who has a goodly number of enemies, simply because he has more advanced ideas than most Polish writers. His mind is not narrowed by that blind egotism often, and very wrongly, termed patriotism. There has never been a more truly patriotic man than Kubala. Lwow still shows traces of its siege by the Turks. In the old Jesuit church are preserved cannon balls thrown from Turkish guns.

From Lwow we went to Kief, passing Tarnopol which is only two hours by rail from Zbaraz, a noted place in Polish history. Beyond Tarnopol the black lands of Russia begin. Just before reaching the boundary it occurred to me that I had been abroad since my passport was put in order by the consul in Warsaw. I had forgotten that while in Austria and now I was uneasy, for I thought surely I would be obliged to return to Lwow. How I escaped doing so, I have never been able to understand. But other annoyances awaited us at the boundary. In the customhouse half a dozen peasants seized our trunks and packages; threw out everything. Books, manuscript, letters, and photographs were carried and stacked up on a table in front of an official; clothing was pitched back into the trunk. My passport, which is a perpetual one, given by the United States government, should have protected me, but it did not. However, after my effects had been handled over two or three times — questions asked and answered — everything was returned, and an hour later we were on the train going toward Kief where we arrived early the following morning.

A wonderful place is Kief, 'the mother of Russian cities.' From a hill, not far from the hotel, there is a grand view of the Dnieper and the level country beyond; nearby is the Vladimir monument. The base of the monument is high, and on it stands a statue of St. Vladimir (the prince who introduced Christianity into Russia). He is looking toward the Dnieper; in his hand he holds a massive cross. My first visit was to the tomb of Yaroslaff in the church of St. Sophia. Though early in the morning, a number of people stood before the tomb. Several of them were praying. Externally, St. Sophia, with its golden domes and fine bell tower, is very attractive — the church bells of Russia are wonderfully musical, unlike bells in any other part of the world. On the summit of a hill is the church and monastery of St. Michael; a prince murdered by the Mongols. Later I went to the monastery of the Catacombs, perhaps a mile and a half from the city. There are two or

three churches in one large enclosure ; one church is comparatively new. The old church is interesting. On the outside illustrations of bible stories are painted. Bright colors on the white walls make the pictures attractive. Back of the church, through a broken wall and also through an archway, there is a fine view of the Dnieper and the villages beyond. Wishing to go into the catacombs, I descended the elevation on which the churches are built till I reached a porch. On the wall of the porch there is a picture representing angels and devils. The angels are clothed in white, the devils in black. A second painting represents the resurrection. Good people, with a white cloth around their heads, have risen, to their shoulders, out of the grave; their faces are radiant with happiness. Opposite are the wicked, with hell and devils awaiting them. At the end of the porch is a painting representing the rich man, naked and surrounded by flames, he is looking up and entreating Lazarus, who is not on the canvas, to save him; his face expresses great agony.

I was obliged to wait for a guide, for there were many visitors. When a guide was at liberty, we bought tapers and descended into the catacombs. There are many passages. We went through the main one which is long, high enough to walk in, and wide enough for one person. Where the niches occur they are four or five feet deep and opposite each other. In each niche is a stone coffin without a cover, and in each coffin a body, or skeleton. Some of these bodies are covered with cloth, others with silk, or rich brocade. The guide often lifted a corner of that covering, but I saw only some part of a shroud. In one niche is the skeleton of Nestor, a wise man and the first Russian historian. Possibly his skull is there, but nothing more, for he has been dead more than 700 years. When in this world, he was a monk in the monastery on the hill. In a stone wall the guide pointed out an opening where Holy Isaac lived for thirty years, and farther on we saw his skeleton.

The story of Holy Isaac, the hermit of Kief, is interesting. I have translated it from the Russian Lives of Saints. He was a native of Toropets and was a trader by occupation. When the pious idea of becoming a hermit took possession of his mind, he distributed all his goods among the poor and withdrew to the hermitage of Kief, under the direction of Antony and

Theodosius. The great Antony, seeing the lofty virtues of the man, invested him with the monastic habit at once.

The new monk led a life of extreme mortification, ordinary ascetic practice could not suffice him. He shut himself up in a narrow cell in one of the underground passages of the catacombs of Kief, where he wept and prayed to God. He ate but once in two days and then only a small unleavened loaf. Antony himself brought the food and passed it to the hermit through a window just large enough to admit a hand. Wearing a hair shirt and one garment of goatskin, Isnac remained in his cell seven years without leaving it once. He slept but little and then without lying down. Once upon a time, after he had prayed and sung from dusk until midnight. Isaac. being greatly wearied, put out the taper so as to obtain a little rest. Suddenly a bright light shone in the cell, dazzling the eye, and two devils appeared before him in the form of beautiful youths with faces shining like the sun. 'Isaac.' said they, 'behold Christ cometh with the angelic hosts!'

The laborer in the vineyard of the Lord sprang up and beheld a multitude of heavenly warriors, and one in the midst who outshone them all. From his countenance went forth bright rays, and a voice was heard saying: 'This is Christ; fall down ye and worship him!'

Not understanding the hellish trick, and, forgetting to guard himself with the sign of the Cross, Isaac worshiped the devil as Christ. Then the hellish legion raised a fearful cry and tumult, howling out: 'You are ours, Isaac!' Not only the cell but the whole passage was filled with devils. The false Christ ordered them to strike up music with pipes and drums so that Isaac might dance with the unclean pack. The devils seized hold of the hermit, galloped about, and danced with him till they left him half-dead in the cell. Having thus insulted the holy man, they departed. The next day Isaac was found apparently dead but, when he had been removed to the air and light and placed on a bed, he revived and after a long illness recovered. Again the devils attacked him; again he heard a voice which said: 'You are ours, Isaac, for you did homage to our prince.

He answered bravely: 'I fear neither Beelzebub nor his servants. If ye deceived me before, it was because I knew not your perfidy. But now by the power of Christ, my Master, and the prayers of Antony and Theodosius, I

am able to overcome you.' In fact he drove away, with the sign of the Cross, legions of devils like so many insignificant flies. Then they afflicted him with fearful visions. At night it seemed to him that crowds of people were around his cell. Some having pickaxes and shovels, cried out: 'Let us fill in the celt and bury him here!'

Others feigning compassion, cried out: 'Go hence, Isaac, they wish to bury thee alive!' But, making the sign of the Cross, Isaac answered: 'If ye were men ye would walk in the light, but in as much as ye are darkness yourselves, ye walk in darkness.' The devils disappeared. At other times they tried to frighten him by taking the form of wild beasts and vile reptiles advancing upon him but they were unable to injure him. At last these devils cried out: 'Oh, Isaac* thou hast conquered!'

'Ye once conquered me by taking on falsely the form of angels' said he, 'Now ye appear in your true forms as wild beasts and filthy reptiles.' After this they left him, and he remained in peace, fasting and praying till he died.

After a long walk in those depressing catacombs, we came out with pleasure to daylight and the world. We went a second day to visit the beautiful church, the exterior paintings of which pleased us so much. I met the monk Feognost, who is at the head of the art school in the monastery, and he conducted me to the archimandrite, a man acquainted with both Russian and Polish literature. He told me that his favorite book was Taras Bulba. I was glad to hear this, for I too value it highly. In 1889 I translated the book and dedicated it to Andrew G. Curtin, our old war governor, who after reading the manuscript said it was the best novel he had ever read. I think there was a good deal of old Taras' will power and stern determination in the governor himself. Perhaps, this was why the book pleased him so much.

The archimandrite was anxious to learn about the real position of Cuba, also about the political condition of America. He is a social, companionable man. Later I went with Feognost through a building where they were making frames, icons, and plaster frescoes. There are many large houses nearby, which are for the use of pilgrims and are maintained by the monastery. As many as 30.000 pilgrims arrive each year about the 15th of August, and for two months afterward there is not a day when there are not

thousands present. Their food costs them nothing. This is unlike Czenstochowa where pilgrims must stay out-of-doors or camp wherever they can find a place.

A man stopping at our hotel told me a droll yarn about the Emperor Alexander. The Emperor Nicholas during the Crimean war borrowed money of the Kief monastery and gave a note for it. After his death the abbot presented the note to Alexander II, who took it, read it, and then asked: 'You know who I am, do you not?'

'Of course, you are our emperor.' 'Well, everything is mine in this country,' said the emperor, and he tore the paper into shreds. 'If you want anything, I will give it but not as pay.' These Kief churches own a large amount of rich land but they pay no taxes. The Vladimir cathedral is a fine building. It has seven golden domes. There are no exterior paintings, but the interior is literally covered with paintings. It is like an art gallery. Not only are saints and bible characters depicted, but the founders of Christianity and the princes instrumental in introducing Christianity into Russia. On the walls there is a regular church history from the time of Olga and Vladimir. All these paintings are by celebrated artists, and some are very fine.

On a bluff above the river bank stands St. Andrew's, the oldest church in Kief, and surely there are few churches in the world that command such a magnificent view of a great river and a famous city. In a terraced cemetery, above the river bank, is the tomb of Askold. the founder of Kief, who was murdered by Oleg of Novgorod a thousand years ago. There are electric cars in Kief, which fact shows that the old city is more progressive than its rival on the Neva.

November 27th I was in St. Petersburg and glad to be there, for it is a city I always enjoy returning to. Not that the city itself has special attractions for me, but because it is the home of many a good friend of mine. It recalls old times to see men meet and kiss and exhibit affection for one another. Everywhere in the world outside of Russia, men meet with restraint; even friends curb any impulse they may feel toward a demonstration of gladness. I remained only ten days in St. Petersburg, but that was long enough to greet and visit friends. I found that many and many a one had gone to 'that other world.* My dear Paul Paulovich was of that number. Three years

before I had visited Ambassador Andrew White, who was spending some time in Finland; Charles A. Dana and his wife and Bodisco and wife were of the party invited to that quiet summer home. Both Dana and Bodisco were now dead. General Chernyaeff was still alive, but the old hero of Tashkent had evidently not many years to stay. General Comeroff, editor of the Sicrit (Light), gave me a Russian greeting. With regret I saw that he was rapidly losing vitality, his face lacked the animation of three years before. He is an interesting man and has done much for the newspaper enterprise of St. Petersburg. He is one of seven brothers and he has seven sisters. Most of the brothers are prominent in the military service of their country.

At the American legation, as secretary, I found Herbert Peirce. a Harvard man, whose father was, in my college days, America's most noted mathematician. I was glad to meet Peirce, and glad to find that he is not mentally cramped by English prejudice. He is a broad-minded American, and as such has found much to admire in Russia. He was gathering information regarding John the Terrible and his time and I trust will give the English-speaking world a valuable book about that most remarkable man.

Sunday the 14th was a very cold day. Though the day for calling, there was not much movement. I began to translate Knights of the Cross, I had translated a couple of pages one day in Switzerland when I did not feel in the spirit of it. Now I began over again and went ahead rapidly. The following day we spent a few pleasant hours in the Hermitage enjoying the works of the great artists Velasquez, Murillo, Titian, Rubens, Paulus Potter, and others.

I like the Russian cuisine. The sturgeon of that country is, to my thinking, the finest fish in the world: and the Russians know how to prepare it for the table. Parisian cooks cannot equal the native cooks of St. Petersburg and Moscow. In preparing soup and salads they are a poor second. From St. Petersburg to Vilna is not a long journey. Vilna is emphatically a Hebrew town and extremely dirty. At other seasons of the year I have thought the odors and dirt fearful, but at this time there was slush and mud as well. I was glad to get away quickly. At Warsaw the weather was perfect. Sienkiewicz was in Italy, but I visited his mother-in-law and his children. They lived nicely but simply. Sienkiewicz's 'den' was small; on one wall

hung a large portrait of his wife, the mother of his children, opposite was one of himself. The wall against which his writing desk stood was decorated with a collection of ancient weapons and firearms. There were easy chairs, a couch, and a few books in the room. That workshop of a great writer was plainly furnished.

During this visit in Warsaw I looked up many of the old buildings of the commonwealth: the Rernardines' church which Zagloba so gallanty defended, the church of the Holy Ghost, the Dominican church, the Kazanovski palace, and many another place mentioned in The Deluge. For it was in the 'Old City' that the Poles at last conquered the Swedes and humiliated Wittenberg, the old field marshal, who till that day had never been defeated.

Only two trains connect the city of Warsaw with the city of Cracow: one left Warsaw at five o'clock in the morning, the other at midnight. Of the two inconvenient hours I chose midnight. The station was crowded. I think twenty persons were there to see each traveler off. At Cracow we received bad news and we started at once for America, traveling by way of Berlin, Calais, and London.

CHAPTER: 42

An American Interlude

At the steamer office in London I was fortunate enough to secure stateroom 103 on the Campania, sailing two days after my arrival. It was not a pleasant voyage. During the first days the weather was rough, and ail the days were cold. December 2 at ten o'clock in the evening we were off Sandy Hook and at noon the following day were on the express going to Boston. A Harvard man sat near me in the Pullman. We began conversation by exchanging newspapers; from speaking of political events, we spoke of books and authors. All at once he mentioned my name, saying very pleasant things. When at parting I handed him my visiting card, the look of astonishment which came into his eyes amused me greatly. I telegraphed to Bristol and found that our mother was out of danger.

December 5th we were in old Vermont again, and now began serious work on the Knights of the Cross and my Indian myths. January 8, I crossed Lincoln mountain to Warren and enjoyed a magnificent winter scene on the mountains, the finest I have ever beheld; trees and undergrowth, both nearby and distant, were loaded with snow. Clouds, the tops of far off hills, and the snow made a wonderful picture. A few days later we were in Washington. The weather was mild and bright. While there, I was present at the Harvard dinner. It was well ordered and enjoyable. When the time came for speeches, the president of the dinner spoke well, without brilliancy or greatness, but very satisfactorily. John W. Foster, who was the guest of honor, spoke laboriously. Many interesting subjects were discussed. The thing which struck me most was that there was much cleverness without greatness; a good deal of cultivation, without that strong finish which gives the might and effect to cultivation. Theodore Roosevelt, then assistant secretary of the navy, made an interesting speech, the intent of which was that men of education, if they did not want to be left out in American life, must get down into the crowd and obtain control of the political machinery. I made a short speech, urging the annexation of the Hawaiian islands. Major

Powell and quite a number of congressmen were present as graduates of Harvard.

August, 1898, I wrote to Henry Cabot Lodge: 'Thank God and his faithful servants, who in this case are Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, Senator Morgan of Alabama, and other patriotic senators, at last the good work is done; the Sandwich islands are annexed! This pleasant outcome of that tortuous affair, reminds me of the statement of the Russian historian, Solovev, that it is vain for any man, however great or powerful, to oppose the resistless current of history. Grover Cleveland, whom a strange fate made president, did what lay in his power to deprive us of those islands which are of great value, not so much for the intrinsic worth of the land (though that is not to be neglected) as for their commanding position. Cleveland undid the work of his predecessor and balked the country for a time, hut his efforts have gone simply to show the strength of the position which he invaded, and at present Americans prize Hawaii more than they would had those islands been annexed under Cleveland. The next work to be done by our government is to dig the canal at its own expense. This canal should be owned by the United States government exclusively', it should be open to the commercial marine of the world and closed to all warships but those of the United States. If other nations wish to send warships to the Pacific, let them go through the Suez canal, or double Cape Horn. If we are wise, we will not let any private company on earth or any government save our own dig a canal from the waters of the Atlantic to the Pacific through any part of Central America. That is a position that we should be ready at all moments to defend by force of arms.'

We returned to Bristol and remained three weeks. During that time I worked on Knights of the Cross, translating each paper as it came from Poland. I translated For Bread, one of Sienkiewicz' short stories, and did a good deal on Indian myths. When I wanted to rest, I read Chinese or Japanese. I made a short visit in Washington, just long enough to see Senators Davis. Morgan, Mills, and a few others about a copyright bill. Then I went back to Bristol and worked for a few weeks longer. Over the telephone came an invitation to dine with John Hudson, my classmate in Boston. It seemed quite a journey to take for a dinner. But I could not disappoint John, so I went. I am glad that I did. It was John's last opportunity to show his

affection for me. He invited as many of our classmates to meet me as he could find in the city, among others were Grinnell and Rodgers. There were several literary people, and the dinner was a great success. The succeeding months were spent on my Indian book keeping Knights of the Cross along, writing a preface, and studying up India and its languages.

October 9 I went to New York and Philadelphia. Dr. Brinton had the manuscript of a Maya dictionary which he wished me to examine with the view of putting it in shape for publication. It was a difficult task with all the work I had in hand, but I thought that such a lexicon would be of service to scholars. My interview with Dr. Brinton was satisfactory. He was to give his manuscript to form part of a Maya lexicon to be published by the bureau of ethnology. This lexicon was to be constructed by me out of all the materials collected by others and what I myself might add from my own collection. The individuality of the manuscript in his possession was to be preserved by printing the words in a special type. Dr. Brinton was to furnish a preface, giving a history of the manuscript. Major Powell, who was at that time in charge of the bureau of ethnology, was satisfied with these arrangements. Dr. Brinton was going to spend the winter in Mexico; I was going to Europe. The work was to be undertaken as soon as I returned. I was abroad exactly one year, and then returned to prepare for a journey around the world. Dr. Brinton died, and our projected work was never carried out. I do not know what became of the manuscript, but it is of great value, and I hope it will be made available.

CHAPTER: 43

A New European Travelogue

That time we crossed the ocean on the Germania. We left New York on a cold, dreary morning. Rain was falling, there was a heavy fog, and the wind blew fiercely. The first hours of the journey were depressing. It was too cold for comfort, and nearly everyone was ill. As the steamer was leaving the wharf, a heavy swell caused it to pitch. Several persons fell, and a young girl was injured so badly that she did not recover consciousness; she died the third day out. All that could be discovered about her was that she had told a lady who stood near her just before the accident, that she had been several years in America and was going home to Ireland on a visit. Her trunk was put off at Queenstown. Whether friends were there to meet her, or not, the captain took no trouble to ascertain.

November 16, 1898 I finished Creation Myths of Primitive America, at the Charing Cross hotel, London. I experienced a feeling of great and agreeable relief at finishing that book. First, because it is a good book, and, second, because a considerable time was occupied in finding due sequence and expression for the ideas contained in the introduction, which was of necessity brief, and which I was determined to make clear. The statements contained in it, founded on the myth tales in the volume, as well as other myth tales, and on statements made to me by persons not belonging to the two nations with which the volume is occupied, had to be properly connected. The evolution of those statements was somewhat slow. Once the beginning made and the argument outlined, the continuation went on swiftly, and if I had had the time, I might have written a couple of hundred pages more easily than I wrote the few.

The last roll of manuscript off I went to the bible house and got several bibles in the different languages and dialects of India. I was also interested in the language of the Zulus of South Africa, for I would like much to go there and collect their myths. Our passports put in order we were off for the

continent. The peace commissioners were about to give Spain an ultimatum. I wished to be in Paris. Though the weather was cold and rain came down in torrents, the passage from Dover to Calais was smooth, and at six o'clock in the afternoon of November 28 we were at the Continental hotel in Paris. I remained there several days and had many satisfactory talks with Senator Davis and other members of the commission.

At a reception given by Davis, I was surprised to see a man whom I had known at an Indian reservation. A number of years had passed. Apparently he had become a more serious man than he was when I knew him.

In those days at the Continental I met many distinguished men; French, American, and Spanish, and passed pleasant and profitable hours in their society. The name which the Seneca Indians gave me, Hiwesas (Seeker of Knowledge), often came to my mind. From Paris we went to Cracow where on the evening of our arrival we made the acquaintance of three American ladies whom we met later in Egypt and did not lose track of for several years: Mrs. Holbrook of Yonkers. New York; Miss Whitney of New York City; and Miss Winslow of Buffalo. We were soon acquainted, for the Buffalo lady knew the family of Wheeler, my classmate, and also Dr. Tremaine, a valued friend; and all three ladies were acquainted with the Stillmans of Rome.

During our two days' stay in Cracow many of my Polish friends called: Count Tarnowski — the countess was in Hungary with her daughter, now Princess Esterhazy. Axentovich the artist came, and Muczkovski the writer, from whom we learned that our friend Pan Sklepinski of Lemberg was in Italy on a bridal tour.

Friday, December 9 I called on Sienkiewicz in Warsaw. He looked worn; with all his work he was occupied with the committee work of the Mickiewicz monument which was to be unveiled on the 24th. He was very glad to see me, and we had a long talk. Knights of the Cross was at that time about half finished. When Yedviga, his daughter, came to see me, I called her 'Danusia' which pleased her father greatly. He said; 'Yes, Yedviga has more or less of the characteristics which I have given that heroine.' He was much annoyed by some writer who said that he was not a Pole, but a Lithuanian. I knew, however, that his ancestors were Lithuanians. I received

a letter from Mrs. Holbrook asking about Slav languages. Her son wanted to take them up. I advised beginning with Russian. After mastering Russian he should study Polish and Czech (Bohemian), then Serbian and Bulgarian. There are several minor varieties of the Slav language which are of scientific value, such as the Slovak of northern Hungary; the Kashub, a variety of Polish found west and southwest of Danzig; the Lusatian spoken in the kingdom of Saxony by about 150,000 people — a little Slav island in the German sea -the Slovenian spoken northeast of Trieste. Anyone who wishes to know the Slavs well should become familiar with those variations of the Slav language, for no man can know another if he converses with him through the medium of a foreign language.

December 24th I came the unveiling of the monument in memory of Mickiewicz, who was so fiery a patriot that he was not permitted to live in Warsaw. He lived, died, and was buried in Paris. The two most gifted characters in Polish history were Lithuanians: Kosciuszko and Mickiewicz. The first was a sympathetic man of action; the second was the greatest poet of the Poles, and one of the two greatest poets of the Slav race; the Russian poet, Pushkin, being the other. Although Nicholas II had given the Poles permission to rear the monument, it was feared that the unveiling might be the occasion of a political demonstration. The police were out in full force, and with them a part of the army from the barracks. The streets were thronged with people, but only those having cards were admitted to the square. I had a card, and was given a position where I could observe all that took place. The people were under the control of the Russian army. There was no noise; no movement in the crowd. At the entrance of the monument grounds Sienkiewicz and Dr. Benni met us. Sienkiewicz looked haggard and sad. At just that time the clergy came, and then the bishop, a little, old, withered man wearing a long, purple robe. The committee, among whom were the doctor and Sienkiewicz, stood on the pedestal of the monument. Not a word was uttered. The ropes began to loosen, the canvas to move; as it was slowly drawn down, the band played a funeral march. The bishop said a few words in Latin. I could not catch them, for his voice was weak. A priest stood on the pedestal and sprinkled holy water in different directions. Not a word was said. The ceremony was over!

That silent unveiling of a hero's monument in the presence of a multitude was more effective than any words could have been; tears were in the eyes of many persons. Speeches had been prepared and submitted to Russian censorship; they were returned with so much blotted out that the Poles decided to unveil the monument in silence, aside from the blessing of the bishop.

Christmas came on Sunday, and we passed it quietly. We were reading Carlyle's French Revolution, which is a remarkable book, but it is not easy reading; it is much like jogging along, in a springless wagon, over stones and stubble, then going back halfway and over them again.

A few days later Sienkiewicz, to protect his books — there being no copyright between America and Russia, or England and Russia — signed the following paper:

> I Henryk Sienkiewicz, do hereby give and convey to Jeremiah Curtin the exclusive right to translate all my works from Polish into English, and to have those translations published in America and the British Empire and the colonies of the British Empire. I further agree to furnish Mr. Curtin with the original Polish manuscript of each and every book of mine in convenient parts periodically, in proportion as I write it, and thus to continue till each such work is finished, and not to publish said work in Polish till it is published in a magazine or some other serial form in Curtin's English. On completion of this serial publication I shall have the right to begin immediately the serial publication in Polish of said book and continue till it is finished, but the time occupied in publishing it is not to be counted as less than that already occupied in publishing the English translation. Till the expiration of that time I will not publish said work in book form in Polish. Signed, 'Henryk Sienkiewicz, Warsaw, December 27, 1898.'

Of course, I entered into an agreement regarding

the sum Sienkiewicz should receive from my translations. He also gave me authority to have all his books, except Knights of the Cross, dramatized. A Pole had permission to dramatize that book. The greater part of Knights of the Cross was already before the world; hence, the contract could not take

effect till a new novel was written, but Sienkiewicz sent me the last chapters in manuscript, and I was able to publish the complete novel before it was stolen.

If the contract entered into so willingly by both Sienkiewicz and myself had been carried out, much could have been accomplished but, when two or three parts of On the Field of Glory were written, Sienkiewicz wrote to me in Naples that he had given out a chapter or so of the novel because he had long ago promised the editor that he would give him something for his magazine, and as the magazine was losing ground rapidly, he thought it his duty to aid the publishers. But he would give only a small number of pages and would then stop, and those pages would be rewritten and changed and the whole given to me according to contract. I am sorry to say that he continued publishing the book, and corrections were not made. I had no correspondence regarding the broken contract. Sienkiewicz is a man of genius, and as such must be pardoned much, I am a busy man with no time for contention. But this happened long after that day in Warsaw. At that time I took upon myself new tasks. The Poles were anxious that the works of their much esteemed writer Alexander Glowacki should be given to the American world, and I promised to translate Pharaoh and the Priest, a powerful novel, well conceived and skillfully executed. The author is a deep and independent thinker. I also promised to put Count Pototski's Journey in Abyssinia into English.

New Year's was spent in Cracow. I was at work: when I tired of translating my Indian book, I worked on Chinese, or some of the languages of India. The second day of the New Year we dined at Count Tarnowski's, and I promised to put his Study of the Writings of Sienkiewicz into English. It is a well written and interesting book, one distinguished writer's ideas of the work of another distinguished writer. The count said many pleasant words regarding my knowledge of his language and my power of preserving the spirit of the original, words which I value, for he is a judge of literature. I did not fulfill my promise. Upon coming to America I found that publishers thought that, as only scholars would buy the book, they could not make it profitable; hence, did not want to take the responsibility of bringing it out.

From Cracow I went to Budapest. It was too cold for enjoyment out-of-doors. I did, however, drive along the Danube. In a small, open space near the bridge is a handsome monument to De6k, the greatest of Hungarian statesmen. On a high pedestal sits a large figure in an enormous chair. It is one of the few monuments in the world that I like. There had been a notable change in the city since I was there twenty years earlier; there were fine buildings, and electric cars were moving in all directions. After a few days I went to Belgrade, the capital of Serbia. It was cold; the streets were covered with ice and snow. I wondered why the place was so quiet, why the shops were closed. Then I remembered that it was Christmas O.S. The city is small; the palace looks like an ordinary government building. I did not feel much interest in it. Perhaps, if I had known that soon one of the most terrible of political murders was to take place within its walls, I should have looked at it with more curiosity.

It was long since I had spoken Serbian. I enjoyed talking with the people; hence, the short time I spent in Belgrade passed pleasantly. The 5th of January was a bright cold day, just the right weather for traveling, and we set out for Constantinople. The Balkan mountains are not high, but the scenery is pleasing, especially when the wide valley of Bulgaria is reached and in the distance snow-capped peaks are seen. The city of Philippopolis is wonderfully picturesque. There are three hills; on one is a fortified castle. The city was founded by Philip of Macedon 360 years before Christ. There was a glorious sunset; the upper edges of the clouds above the sun were golden, the clouds lower down were like fire, and above all was a golden cloud in the form of an enormous alligator.

Again I was in the heart of the Mohammedan world, Constantinople; again I was among the 'unspeakable Turks,' as Carlyle so aptly called them. The pleasure of reaching a destination after a wearisome journey was destroyed by the red-fezzed customhouse officials, who not only pulled over all my effects, but took possession of my photographic plates, some of which were exposed, but not developed. Naturally, I was worried and annoyed, as they were pictures which I could not replace. They promised to return them uninjured, but I was skeptical. At the Continental the clerk assured me all would be right in the end, but I might be obliged to wait two or three days, as in fact I did, and then got the plates only after sending for them several

times and paying a heavy duty. From the windows in our rooms we could look off on to the lower town and the Golden Horn. The weather was superb. The city, coveted by many nations, looked its very best.

Constantinople to my thinking occupies the most favored position of any city in the world and is one of the most interesting. There is no lovelier scene on earth than meets the traveler's eyes as he approaches the city from the Sea of Marmora — a picture rich in color. The entrance to the Bosporus reveals a scene of incomparable beauty. If some day Constantinople becomes the home of a progressive people, it will surpass in wealth and magnificence all other cities of the eastern hemisphere. Nature has given lavishly of her beauty to adorn its site. At present it is not easy, and, to a certain degree, it is dangerous to move around on the side streets of the old city. I wished to visit the Hippodrome. I had been there on a time and as I speak Turkish I deemed a dragoman unnecessary. The hotel clerk called a carriage, and I told the driver where I wanted to go. Occupied in pointing out places to my Alma, who had never been in Constantinople and was attracted by the strange things she saw, I paid no heed to the driver until suddenly it occurred to me that we had been out a long time, and looking around I saw that we were driving in the wrong direction. I called a halt and inquired where we were going.

'To the Hippodrome.'

'Then why are you driving in the opposite direction? Turn at once and go direct' He turned but drove through alleys and narrow, crowded, back streets, stopping twice to ask the way. His behavior made me suspicious. I got out of the carriage. Immediately a crowd of red-fezzed men surrounded us, all talking and gesticulating. There was no policeman in sight. At last, threatening the driver with exposure at police headquarters, I ordered him to drive back to the hotel. We reached there in safety. Afterwards, when going to the Mohammedan part of the city, I took a dragoman. The hotel clerk said that similar things often occurred and were supposed to be the result of a plot between drivers and dragomen.

The following day I visited St. Sophia, the most beautiful of all Greek churches (now a Mohammedan mosque). Like the early Roman basilicas it is simple externally. The interior is artistically perfect. It is stated that the

first time the Emperor Justinian entered the finished church, he exclaimed: 'Glory to God,' who has counted me worthy to complete such a work.

Solomon, I have surpassed thee!' And he built better than he knew, for for thirteen centuries artists and architects have pronounced his work good. Externally the Turks have destroyed the symmetry of the building, and have erected minarets at the corners of the church. The crescent has taken the place oi the cross.

I have studied deeply into church history; hence, for me Constantinople is particularly interesting as the early home of the Greek faith. It is more than 900 years since Vladimir sent envoys to examine the religions of Europe and select one for Russia. After visiting other countries, those envoys visited Tsargrad (Constantinople) and returning to Kief, reported: 'We went to the Greeks and, when they led us into the place where they serve their God, we knew not whether we were in Heaven or upon earth, for in the world there is not such beauty. We know not how to describe it. We only know that it is there that God meets man. Their service is beyond the service of all lands.'

I visited many of the churches and mosques and the cemeteries of Scutari. A Turkish mosque with its lofty minarets is for me an attractive building. The mosque of Ahmed is especially magnificent. Meanwhile, social duties were not neglected. We dined with Straus, the American minister; lunched with Dickerson, the consul, and met many pleasant people, among others a professor from the American college whose acquaintance I had made when in Constantinople twenty years before.

New Year's day 1899, which like Christmas came twice for us that year (O.S. and N.S.), we were present at the reception held by the American minister. The next morning, on board an Austrian Lloyd steamer, we were crossing the Sea of Marmora (Propontis). As we passed the famed fields of Troy, I wondered what would have been their fame were it not for some man's love for myth and folklore.

Landing at the Piraeus I was soon in the world-renowned city of Athens. Renowned for the greatness of its men of ancient times, men whose words and deeds have been, for more than 2,000 years, familiar to all scholars, and

will be to all scholars for tens of centuries to come; renowned also for the ruins of the magnificent buildings erected by the city in its golden era, unrivaled monuments of ancient art. The days spent in Athens were marvelous days for me. I renewed my acquaintance with Homer, Pericles, Sophocles, Euripides, Demosthenes, and many another glorious Greek. I stood at the foot of Mars' hill and in imagination heard Paul speak to the Athenians. Paul whose labors for the establishment of Christianity were inestimable and who (but for church policy) would have received the honor given Peter. I visited the site of Plato's academy and the olive groves where he walked and taught the youths of Athens and Rome, and I wished the nineteenth century could boast of such a teacher. I reconstructed the Parthenon in its matchless beauty and listened to the slender, pale-faced Demosthenes as he stood on the bema pleading with his countrymen to avoid war with Persia.

The Athens of today, aside from the ruins of its ancient gilory, has but slight attraction. Some of the customs are peculiar. I witnessed the funeral of an army officer. A band of music preceded the bearers who carried the dead man in an open coffin, the torso and head raised above the edge of the coffin. I have only once seen a similar thing and that was in Asiatic Russia.

Mr. Rockbill, the American minister to Greece, is a man who reads much and has written some interesting books. We dined with him and his daughter, and later Miss Rockhill presented us with a book which caused me many a hearty laugh, Mr, Doolcy in Pence and War. One cloudy, windy day a long and dusty ride over an uneven, miserable road brought us to the sea-coast and a small boat took us out to the Russian steamer, Tsarcvich, bound for Alexandria. The weather was beautiful and, though the steamer was small, there was scarcely any movement, and the journey across the peerless Mediterranean could be enjoyed by everyone. Among the passengers was an old Russian doctor with whom I became well acquainted and whom I met later on many times both in Egypt and Russia. Early the next morning we were steaming along in sight of Crete.

CHAPTER: 44

Egypt and the Nile (1899)

At four o'clock in the afternoon on the 29th of January, 1899 the steamer was working its way between ships of many nations, toward the quay at Alexandria. I watched our approach to the African shore with immense interest. When the landing was reached, a rabble of long-skirted Arabs; fezzed and turbaned Turks, Greeks, Egyptians, Jews, and representatives of many a land, with great turmoil and screaming, crowded around. There are few places in the world where such a motley throng of men can be seen. The throng was fascinating to look at from a distance but, when I attempted to go ashore, the insistence of the strangely costumed and dirty crowd was so annoying that I decided not to go to a hotel but to keep my stateroom on the steamer till the following day. Then, to see the city, I secured a Syrian dragoman, in baggy trousers and embroidered jacket, and a carriage, and incidentally a donkey and his owner. The dragoman rode the donkey; the owner, who was garbed in a long, blue robe and wore a turban which had once been white, ran on behind his donkey to punch him from time to time. Both donkey and owner kept up with the carriage though it went ahead rapidly.

I visited the site of the famed Alexandrian library, the so-called tomb of Alexander, and a good number of places which the dragoman thought it necessary for a foreigner to see. Modern Alexandria is not interesting, nor do I think that the ancient city ever excelled in beauty. It was a great emporium, whose school and library made it more renowned than aught else. Egypt is, perhaps, the most interesting of all the countries of the world. More than 6,000 years ago when central Europe and America, if inhabited at all, were inhabited by cave dwellers, or still less-developed savages. Egypt had advanced to a high civilization. Her wise men had made astronomical observations and had measured tune. They bad built dams, dug canals, and made reservoirs that none of the water of the sacred Nile should be wasted, and they had erected gigantic buildings in honor of their

gods. These great works required a thorough knowledge of geometry, mechanics, and architecture. This knowledge, which we know those people of six or seven thousand years ago possessed, places between them and their savage ancestors many and many a century, for mental power evolves slowly.

The position of Egypt is unique, not in one, but in every sense. To begin at the very foundation of life in that country we find that the soil is unlike any other on earth. Every acre of fruitful land between the first cataract and the sea has been brought from inner Africa, and each year additions are made to it. Out of this mud, borne down thousands of miles from the great fertile uplands of Abyssinia, by rivers, grows everything needed to feed and clothe man and nourish animals. Out of it also is made the brick from which walls, houses, and buildings for various uses are constructed. Though the soil of this narrow strip of country has always been rich, in the old time it could be utilized only by the unceasing coordinate efforts of a whole population constrained and directed. To direct and constrain was the task of the priests and the Pharaohs. Never have men worked in company so long and successfully at tilling the earth as the Egyptians have, and never has the return been so continuous and abundant from land as in their case. The Nile valley furnished grain to all markets accessible by water; hence, Rome, Greece, and Judea ate the bread of Egypt. On that national tillage was founded the greatness of the country, for from it came the means to execute many works.

In it began that toil, training, and skill indispensable in rearing the monuments and doing those things which have made Egypt famous forever, and preserved to us a knowledge of the language, religion, modes of living, and history of the wonderful people who held the Nile valley. No civilized person who has looked on the pyramid of Gizeh, the temple of Kamak, and the tombs of the Pharaohs in the Theban region, can ever forget them. But in those monuments are preserved tilings of far greater import than they themselves are. In the temples and tombs of Egypt we see on stone and papyrus how that immense work of making speech visible was accomplished, that task of presenting language to the eye instead of the ear, and preserving the spoken word so as to give it to eye or ear afterwards. In other words, we have the history of writing from its earliest beginnings to

the point at which we connect it with the system used now by all civilized nations excepting the Chinese and Japanese.

In those monuments are preserved the history of religion in Egypt, not from the beginning of human endeavor to explain what the world is, and then what we ourselves are, and what we and the world mean together, but from a time far beyond any recorded by man in other places. Egyptians had the genius which turned a narrow strip of Abyssinian mud, and a triangular patch of swamp at the end of it, into the most fruitful land of antiquity. They had also that genius which impels man to look out over the horizon around him, see more than the material problems of life, and gaze into the beyond, gaze intently and never cease gazing till he finds what his mind seeks. It was the possession of these two kinds of genius and the union of the two which made the position of Egypt in history unique and unapproachable.

The greatness of Egypt lay primarily in her ideas, and was achieved through a perfect control over labor by intellect. While this control was exerted, even approximately in accordance with the nation "s historical calling, it was effectual and also unchallenged. But when the exercise of power, with the blandishments and physical pleasures which always attend it, had become dearer to the priesthood and to Pharaohs than aught else on earth, then began the epoch of Egypt's final doom: foreign bondage and national ruin. The beginning of the end came when the intellect of Egypt became dual, and when between the two parts of it, the priests and the Pharaohs, opposition appeared clearly defined and incurable. The native Pharaohs lost power through the priesthood whose real interest it was to support them, but fate found the priests later on and pronounced on them also the doom of extinction. Egypt is a wonderful land to visit. The ruins of Greece and Rome compared with the remnants of ancient civilization in Egypt are as Venus compared with Hercules, or a frail and beautiful woman compared with a man of gigantic size and marvelous strength — and the ruins of Egypt predate those of Greece and Rome by thousands of years.

Between Alexandria and Cairo there are many Arab villages, mud mounds looking like huge, mud baskets turned upside down. In each village a rude minaret marks a little mosque. A few villages are a trifle more advanced; their houses are square, mud boxes with straw roofs. Moving around here

and there are long-skirted men with erstwhile white turbans on their heads. Occasionally a man is seen riding a donkey, his feet and long, blue skirts nearly touching the ground. One would think the man could carry the donkey easier than the donkey the man.

Palm trees make the landscape attractive. In most instances they are date palms. On one side are the Nile and the Libyan hills, on the other the desert. In January the fields along each bank of the river are green and beautiful. Occasionaly there is a cotton factory and a large storehouse, showing that the foreigner is there.

The streets of Cairo are thronged with people from all parts of the world. Among them are Arabs, Persians, Syrians, Armenians, Bedouins, Abyssinians, Copts, Turks, Nubians, and Greeks, each easily distinguished by his dress. There are women wrapped in what looks like a sheet; there are women with a yellow metal, hollow tube reaching from the middle of the forehead to the middle of the nose. Around this tube are rows of more or less sharp points which press into the flesh to remind women of their marriage vows. To the lower part of the tube is fastened a bag-like veil which hides the face, so that only the eyes are seen; over the head and wrapped around the body is a long, black garment.

There are Abyssinian women nearly naked; and women gowned in Paris dresses. Solemn, long-striding camels are there; donkeys adorned with copper coins, bells, ribbons and paint, their saddles bright with velvet and embroidery; unadorned donkeys with backs sore from the burdens they have carried; carriages drawn by swift horses. In front of each carriage, with a long rod held erect, flies a gaily dressed sa'is, strong of limb and graceful. He runs lightly, as though it were a pleasure, and as he runs he calls out to clear the way for the carriage; the water carrier, bending under the weight of the burden he is bearing (a goatskin full of water); swarthy Bedouins are there; donkey-boys and donkey owners; Turkish merchants in rich costume; the brown-skinned Egyptian, proud that he is neither black nor white; laborers, beggars, tourists from every country under the sun. Charles A. Dana once told me that some of the pleasantest hours of his life had been spent sitting on the piazza of Shepherd's hotel in Cario 'and watching the world go by.'

My first visit in Cairo was to the Arab library where I knew there was a large collection of different editions of the Koran. Some of those editions are very old and not to be found elsewhere. Later my Arab guide took me to the mosque of Tulun, erected by Ahmed Ibn Tulun, who in 868 usurped the sovereignty of Egypt and founded a dynasty which endured only thirty-eight years. The arches in that mosque are of much interest to students of architecture, for they show that builders in Egypt used the pointed arch hundreds of years before it was introduced into England. But the Kufic inscriptions interested me. According to Arab tradition that mosque stands on the spot where the ark rested, and where the ram was sacrificed by Abraham.

Weary from the day's labor we went to the Gizeh Palace hotel on the opposite side of the Nile and drank tea with Dr. Polotebneff, my steamer friend. This hotel was on a time the khedive's palace, and the grounds are very beautiful. The following day I drove to the site of the famous city of Heliopolis. called 'On' in the bible, marked now by a single obelisk. The city, and the gardens nearby where Cleopatra planted balsams brought from Judea, have vanished, leaving scarcely a trace. Not far from Heliopolis my guide pointed out the sycamore tree where the Holy family rested after the flight to Egypt. The tree is, perhaps, 300 years old, but it stands, it is said, where another very old tree stood.

A long instructive day was spent in the Gizeh museum, a treasure house for all who are interested in Egyptology. I gazed at the face of Seti I, father of Rameses II, the 'Pharaoh of Oppression'; and studied the fine, sharply cut features of Thothmes III, the conqueror of Assyria, a renowned leader of armies, an Alexander living more than 1,500 years before Christ. It is wonderfully weird to see those bodies of men and women who lived 3,000 years ago and more. It makes threescore years and ten seem as a breath.

February 7th we went to the desert cemetery to see those monuments of human labor, the pyramids — marvelous tombs the ancient Egyptians built. Would monarchs of our day build equally marvelous ones if they could command the labor of a vast multitude of people? Possibly, they might, but the tombs would not be as enduring. What architect would undertake to erect an enormous structure so substantial and faultless that at the end of

more than 6,000 years, but for the destructive hand of man, it would need no repair? To those majestic structures, built on the edge of the desert, 'a thousand years is as a day.' Now that the hand of the human despoiler is arrested, 10,000 years from today those who live in that faraway time will travel thither to gaze at those pyramids as we have done. Very likely they will go in air ships in place of by sea and by rail, but they will go. They will gaze at the Sphinx as we have gazed and wonder as we have wondered what idea was in the sculptor's mind. As a mighty sentinel the Sphinx stands on a rocky eminence at the very rim of the desert. Its eyes fixed somewhere beyond the horizon, watching, waiting for something; who shall say for what! The Sphinx was already of unknown antiquity when Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt. There is a stone in the Bulak museum from which we learn that in the time of Khufu of the Fourth dynasty (4235 B.C.) the Sphinx, 'and its recently discovered temple,' were restored. This proves that it was then of such great age that the existence of the temple had been forgotten.

Though a hundred centuries, or more, may have passed while civilization was evolving from savagery, from the era where we find Egypt building gigantic temples and tombs, Egyptian civilization, which is as though it had always been, predates by thousands of years the Mosaic era of the creation. From the Book of the Dead, and other sources, we know that the wise men of Egypt had thought deeply over 'questions which still occupy the minds of men. Undoubtedly the idea of the one God and the doctrine of immortality and of judgment beyond the tomb were evolved by the priests of ancient Egypt and Assyria and were adopted by Moses, who was reputed to be skilled in all the wisdom of Egypt, or by some man who preceded Moses; a man who was so placed that the secrets of the Egyptian religion were either revealed to him or discovered by him. The inner doctrines were at all times carefully hidden from the uninitiated. The idea of the one God was without doubt of slow growth, but we find it far back in the monumental records of Egypt.

Great knowledge and mental activity were possessed by the men who established the hieroglyphic calendar, and correctly calculated the movements of heavenly bodies. As far in the past as it is possible to know anything of Egypt, it is old; and its priests and wise men are in possession

of the art of writing, a system of hieroglyphics, and the ideographs have passed into the form of phonetics. All of which indicates to us a period of time illimitable.

The other pyramids of that ancient cemetery are much smaller than Cheops and, though marvels, they are completely overshadowed by their magnificent rival. Just before sunset I started for Cairo feeling that I had been nearer the mighty past than ever before. The coloring of the sky was glorious. The palm trees and the green fields — camels and donkeys, and long-robed men in the foreground, and far away — made an Egyptian picture never to be forgotten. Early the following morning we were en route for Memphis and Sakkara.

It is an hour by rail from Cairo to the tiny, whitewashed station of Bedreshen. There are date palms here and there along the road in groups and in groves. The uproar at the station was deafening. There were half a dozen donkeys and donkey-boys for every traveler. The turmoil ceased only when each person had selected a donkey and agreed to pay seventy-five cents for the use of the animal during the day, including the services of the boy. Donkey-boys, with their few words of English, are often very amusing, for many of them are well trained in repartee. My boy was curious to know what country I came from. 'England?' he asked.

'No.'

'Russia?'

'No, America.'

'Oh. Yankee Doodle!'

'Yes, Yankee Doodle,' I admitted. He at once became very solicitous for my welfare. I have an idea that Yankee Doodle and backsheesh are synonymous terms in that boy's mind.

Bedreshen is a collection of mud huts but is made attractive to the eye by the majestic date palms which surround it. A crowd of children, with quite a number 'of larger growth,' followed us out of the hamlet, crying,

'Backsheesh! backsheesh!' The more pennies we threw to them the faster they ran and the louder they shouted, 'Backsheesh! backsheesh!' till at last the donkey-boys come to the rescue and with their sticks drove them away. It is not far to the palm groves. In and near those are the mounds which mark the site of Memphis, that city which excelled all contemporary cities, and, if we give credence to Herodotus, all cities of today. It was a city of temples and palaces. The district which it adorned was called Sekhet-Ra, the 'Field of the Sun.' When Herodotus, the father of history, saw Memphis, 400 years before the Christian era, it had reached and passed the acme of its glory. Not many decades later a rapid decline began, hastened by the growth of Alexandria. Later, stones from its ruined edifices were taken to build up Cairo, and today only a few barren mounds indicate the place where 6,000 years ago the city of Memphis stood. Nearby is a colossal statue of Rameses II, the conqueror and builder, who reigned for sixty-seven years, and whose embalmed body now rests in the hall of the royal mummies in Gizeh museum. The statue was lying on a platform surrounded by walls. I ascended the wooden steps and looked down at the gigantic figure. The face is remarkably fine. I studied it long but I saw in no feature an indication of cruelty. Not far away another colossus is lying on the ground.

Riding over a road, with green fields of cotton on either side, we soon reached the little Arab village of Sakkara, beyond which lies 'Blessed Immortality,' the famous cemetery of Memphis, extending four miles or more along the inner edge of the desert. Fertile land is very precious for the Egyptians and has been since the beginning of life in the Nile valley; for that reason especially the ancient Egyptians buried their dead in the desert and reared their mighty monuments there. Sand, like waves of the ocean, lies between the rim of the valley and that most remarkable of all the mortuary monuments of Egypt, the step-pyramid. A mythological reason is given for desert burial. 'As the sun always disappears behind the western hills, the Egyptians imagined that in the far west lay the entrance to the hidden land; hence, they built their tombs and buried their dead on the edge of the western desert.'

An eminent German Egyptologist (Erman), states that from the time of the old empire to the Christian era from 150,000,000 to 200,000,000 human beings died in upper Egypt alone, and most of them were buried in the

narrow strip of desert which bounds the fertile land for 450 miles. The step-pyramid was without doubt built by Uenephes II, the fourth king of the First dynasty; hence, in all the world it is now the oldest monument reared by human hands. According to Mariette, the great Egyptologist, its years are 6,800. When we find high civilization predating the Mosaic creation by many hundreds of years, and geology is as an open book wherein to learn of the enormous age of the world, it seems passing strange that in the twentieth century there are men who still cling to such a myth as the biblical account of the creation.

We lunched at the house built in 1850 for Mariette when he was excavating the long lost mausoleum of the sacred bulls of Memphis. Mariette states that he was led to the discovery of this remarkable tomb by the words of Strabo of Amas. Strabo, in describing the temple of Serapis, said that it was situated in a place where the sand was so drifted by the wind that the approach to the temple was in danger of being overwhelmed, that the sphinxes on either side of the great avenue were already more or less buried. 'If Strabo had not written those words,' says Mariette, 'it is probable that the Serapeum would still be under the sands of the necropolis of Sakkara.' Mariette's labor was great, but the result was proportionately great. The ruins of the temple and the avenue of sphinxes are again buried under the drifting sands. Should the mausoleum be buried as well, still will his labor not be lost, for the power of the written word is enduring.

We entered a vestibule long, wide, and high, with vaulted roof. It was dark, lighted only by the taper which the guide carried. The air was warm and oppressive. At last we came to a wide corridor, on each side of which were large, vaulted rooms, their floors six feet or more below the level of the corridor. In the center of every room, or recess, stands an immense, granite sarcophagus, and each sarcophagus once held the embalmed and richly decorated body of a bull, a bull which when alive was worshiped in a temple and occupied a palace in Memphis. It is supposed that the early Christians pillaged this mausoleum. The sarcophagi could not be moved, nor could the enormous, granite covers be taken off; but in every case they were pushed a little aside, and the body of the bull pulled out and destroyed for the gold and jewels with which it was adorned. They destroyed the temple but they left as worthless what for science is more precious than

gold or jewels: 500 votive tablets, each recording the name and rank of a distinguished visitor, and giving, with two or three exceptions, the name and year of the reigning Pharaoh. Most of the sarcophagi are polished, but at length we came to a room containing a sarcophagus on which there are hieroglyphics. There are wooden steps down into the chamber, and then a ladder leaning against the side of the enormous monolith of black granite. I climbed that ladder and examined, as well as I could by the light of a taper, the hieroglyphics which are inside. I hope that the time will come when this wonderful subterranean mausoleum will be lighted by electricity, so that those who go there with a desire to study the place will have an opportunity of doing so. It was pleasant to come out of that rock cavern into the wholesome air and the light of day. Afterward I visited the tomb of Ti, a priest of the Fifth dynasty. The tomb is extremely interesting, but my mind was so occupied with the step-pyramid and the Apis mausoleum that I did not fully appreciate its beauty till later.

Returning to Bedreshen we were forced to wait three hours for the train. To while away time we strolled up to the village but turned back quickly, for the dirt and odor were unendurable. The odor was as from an ill-kept pen of those quadrupeds which the Arabs condemn. A crowd of young and old followed us to the station begging for backsheesh. One young girl, with the Egyptian type of face of olden times, followed more stubbornly and begged more insistently than others; once giving did not satisfy her. Upon reaching the hotel, mail was awaiting me; among other letters was one from Henry Cabot Lodge, and one from Secretary John Hay regarding my recent Indian book and the value of my work among aboriginal people — very pleasing letters.

February 12, 1899 we set out for Thebes. We went by rail, for by water it is difficult to get away from tourists who are 'doing the country' and guides who are cramming them with all kinds of yarns. The remnants of an ancient civilization interest me intensely, and I wish to be alone with them, or as nearly so as possible The most remarkable ruins in the world are undoubtedly those of ancient Thebes. Built on both sides of the Nile it must have been a very large city, but its temples and its tombs are all that have withstood, to some degree, the havoc of time, and their immensity is overwhelming. The columns that are still standing remind me of the

gigantic, redwood trees of California. The columns in the great hall are magnificent beyond description, the grandest architectural work ever designed and executed by man. There are 134 of those giants, the 12 central columns being somewhat larger than the others; but each one of the 134 is in itself a marvel, sculptured with royal names, figures of gods and Pharaohs, descriptions of wars, and symbols of the Egyptian religion. I stood in awe before the work of man. The beams which once held the roof of that hall, which is 170 feet in length by 329 in width, are enormous monoliths, extending from pillar to pillar. They are deeply carved and are painted. Far greater than Pharaoh or high priest was the architect who conceived and carried to completion that mighty work. A statue, supposed to be his, is now in the museum at Munich. The inscription on it gives the history, to some extent, of the labor of that remarkable man, Bak-en-Khonsu. In the reign of Seti I of the Nineteenth dynasty, he was a high priest of Anion. Then he became chief architect and received a royal commission; later he superintended the building of many temples and tombs.

But that hall of gigantic pillars, beautifully carved, is only a small part of the vast ruin of Karnak. In the city of old an avenue of colossal sphinxes connected the temple with the temple of Luxor. That avenue was a mile in length, and the sphinxes sat close together on either side— a few remain to our day. A similar avenue extended from the temple to the Nile. Within the temple grounds there were several temples. Massive pylons; forests of statues; obelisks, two of rose granite covered with hieroglyphics, were erected by Hatshepset, sister and wife of Thothmes II, a Pharaoh of the Eighteenth dynasty, after whose death she reigned alone for many years as regent for a young brother and then seven years with that brother. From an inscription on one of the obelisks we learn that it was quarried at Aswan, carved, brought to Thebes, and set up in the short space of seven months.

Hatshepset, who lived more than 1,600 years before Christ, states, as a religious woman of today might if she had built a church or completed some work connected with the worship of God: 'I have done this from love for my divine father Amon. I have entered upon the way in which he conducted me from the beginning. All my acts are according to his mighty spirit. I have not failed in anything which he hath ordained. I was sitting in

my palace, I was thinking of my Creator when my heart prompted me to make for him two obelisks — whose points should reach into the sky. Ye who see my monument in the course of years and converse of what I have done, beware of saying: "I know not, I know not why these things were done." Verily the two great obelisks which My Majesty has wrought, are for my father Amon, to the end that my name should remain established in this temple for ever and ever.'

There is the hall of ancestors; there are many other chambers containing columns. The temple of Mut near an artificial lake is wonderful. I spent a good deal of time studying its curious statues, many of which are broken. I photographed several of them. One is supposed to be that of Tutankhamun, a son-in-law of Amenhotep IV, the Pharaoh who tried to change the religion of Egypt, a son of Amenhotep III and Queen Tai, who is thought to have been a Syrian princess. She reared her son in her own faith and, when he came to the throne, she influenced him to repudiate the religion of his people, a religion which had endured for centuries, and introduce the worship of the Sun, as the one god, he called this god Aten, the 'Sun Disk.' But the change was official only. He tried violence and failed. The priests and people remained steadfast. In the temple of Mut and in other temples the name Amon was erased from many of the inscriptions. Bitterly opposed by the priests he withdrew from Thebes and founded a new capital, 'Horizon of the Sun's Disk,' near the modern Tell-el-Amarna. There he built a temple in honor of Aten. Of all the old gods of Egypt he retained but one, the goddess Mut, the symbol of abstract Truth. The story of the devotion of the Pharaoh, his mother, and his wife to the new faith is interesting. After his death the religion of the heretic disappeared. Tutankhamun, son-in-law and proselyte, succeeded to the throne, but was set aside by Ilaremhab, who put an end to the reformation.

I visited the ruins of Karnak often, and each time with greater pleasure, for each time I drew nearer to the men who lived when Thebes was in its glory. The temple of Luxor, built by Amenhotep III, and Rameses II, whose long reign gave him an opportunity to erect magnificent temples and monuments to glorify the gods and to beautify the country, as well as to make his own name famous for the ages, to be fully appreciated should be seen before Karnak. It would seem as if a considerable time must have elapsed between

the building of those two temples, and during that time something of the gigantic, the awe inspiring in architecture, had been lost.

The night hours of our stay in Luxor were spent at Karnak hotel, which is pleasantly situated near the bank of the Nile. The house, like many Mexican houses, is one-story high and extends across three sides of a large garden. In that garden are orange and lemon trees, beautiful flowers, and stately palms.

There is no pleasure, but much vexation, in moving around in the village of Luxor, for one is beset by beggars, antiquity dealers (in most cases the antiquities which they sell are manufactured locally, donkey-boys, and dirty, sore-eyed Arab children screaming for backsheesh. Every third donkey is Yankee Doodle, or Prince of Wales, and each one is 'the best in Luxor.' 'Won't kick!' 'Very fast!' 'Good donkey, good donkey-boy!' Driven nearly frantic one is inclined to take any kind of a donkey so as to be away at the earliest, but this is a mistake, for, when a day's ride is in prospect, a good donkey is invaluable.

Passing through a gateway at the foot of the hotel garden and descending a few stone steps, we seated ourselves in a boat and ten minutes later were ashore on the opposite bank of the Nile. A donkey ride of a few minutes' duration across green fields brought us to the desert from which rise the Libyan hills. Hills without a particle of soil, hills which look from a distance like enormous billows of sand. We rode for an hour and a half between and around those hills; occasionally there is a high, picturesque bluff, otherwise the ride is monotonous and wearisome. The heat was intense, and even a slight breeze set the sand in motion. Flies bit maliciously; only with a palm leaf switch could they be kept away. We remembered the dirty, sore-eyed Arab children in Luxor and treated each fly as a dire enemy.

I scolded the donkey-boys for giving us lazy animals. They declared that the creatures were dry and could not travel fast. I was thirsty, and, perhaps, the donkeys were really in need of water and traveled as fast as they could, but my desire to escape from the scorching rays of the sun made me think that they scarcely moved. At last I saw two small openings in the sand hills ahead and knew that under the sand were mighty rocks extending deep into

the bowels of the earth, and in those rocks were rooms, corridors, and funereal vaults.

Much has been written about those wonderful tombs Each Pharaoh during his reign labored to prepare a worthy resting place for his body after death, a place where it was to lie until the resurrection. This sepulcher was not made to be seen of men, but was excavated in the rocks of the Libyan bills. Its rooms and passages were made beautiful by sculpture. The events in the life of the Pharaoh were depicted on the walls, as were the different scenes through which he was to pass after death, many of which are written down in the Book of the Dead. The tomb of Seti I, who lived about 1400 B.C., is more interesting than any other yet excavated. It is not only larger and more beautiful in sculpture, but a room called the second hall was for some unknown reason, very likely the death of the Pharaoh, left unfinished, and by this chance the method of Egyptian drawing is explained to us. We find that then, as now, a wall was prepared for bas-reliefs by dividing it into small squares. This was, perhaps, always done when an exact copy was to be made. It is seen that the picture was sketched in with red; then the master artist corrected the drawing with black ink, thus preparing it for the chisel of the sculptor. Other figures are sketched in with bold lines, each line made with a single stroke. Those also were corrected by the master hand. I was impressed by the fact that those artists who lived so many centuries ago understood, as we do today, the benefit derived from division of labor. Then, as now, a model, or sketch, was given to a sculptor or painter. The copy was made, then the touches which gave expression and life were added by the master. The length of that tomb is not less than 470 feet, its depth is considerably more than 180 feet.

In one room of the tomb of Rameses III domestic life and the culinary art are depicted on the walls: the kneading of bread, the cooking of meat, all of the work in a kitchen of ancient Egypt. In another chamber is the celebrated picture representing two blind musicians playing on an instrument not unlike a harp, but far more elaborate in structure. In another room chairs and couches of elegant design exhibit the skill of the cabinetmaker. Not infrequently those ancient people used chairs and couches made of ebony and inlaid with ivory or precious woods, some were upholstered with leopard skin.

Much is to be learned in the tombs of the kings regarding the civilization of Egypt, much which makes a thoughtful man realize that the progress of the centuries which have intervened between 1400 or 1500 B.C. and 1900 A.D. has been snail like indeed, and that if the progress of civilization has been equally slow from the beginning, as it has beyond a doubt, an immense period of time lies between now and then.

Returning from the tombs we visited the temple of Deir-el-Bahari built by Queen Hatshepset at the edge of the western mountains as the funerary temple of herself and family. That queen was an energetic and able woman. Evidently she reigned wisely and well though it seems probable that she obtained power by murdering her husband, who was also her brother. Then, to dishonor him and cause him to be forgotten, she had his name erased from monuments and inscriptions. When Deir-el-Bahari was built, the Pharaohs had already carried their conquests as far as the Blue Nile and the Euphrates. Queen Hatshepset had sent an expedition to investigate the incense country of Punt (South Arabia). It returned with many gifts, and later she caused 'thirty-one growing incense trees' to be brought from Punt. Her sea ships, sixty-five feet in length and provided with thirty rowers, are the only ancient ships of which we have any representation. All these events are depicted on the walls of Deir-el-Bahari; Senimit was the architect, a man of humble origin but a genius. He obtained an education, as it seems, for he held many high offices and was a tutor of the queen's daughter — 'a man of colossal talents.'

Medinet-IIabu, erected by Rameses II and Hameses III, must have been a magnificent building. But, aside from the temple of Karnak and the tombs of the kings, two immense statues of Amenthotep III, which for more than thirty-four centuries have sat guarding the western plain, impressed me most. They have been sitting there so long that the sacred Nile has deposited earth around them, until where it was once sand there is now seven feet of soil. Those gigantic statues seem symbols of majestic tranquillity, sitting with hands on knees waiting for the ages to pass. We know the name of the sculptor who was able to give such wonderful expression to enormous monoliths of sandstone. We have also his own words regarding his labor: 'I have immortalized the name of the king, and no one has equaled me in my work. I have completed two portrait statues of

the king, astonishing for their height and width. They dwarf the temple tower; forty cubits is their measure, cut from the splendid sandstone mountain on either side, the eastern and the western -they will last as long as heaven. A joyful event was it when they were landed at Thebes and raised in their place.' He evidently realized that a God-like gift had been bestowed upon him, that he was not as other men, but joy might have overwhelmed him had he known that for many and many centuries men would come from all parts of the earth and stand in awe before his work.

The last day of my first visit in Thebes I hired a donkey, called Alexander the Great, and went to look once more at the lotus columns of Karnak. Mrs. Curtin rode a donkey whose name was Columbus. Someone had remarked his propensity to wander away and had given him that name. My next trip was to the granite quarries of Aswan and the ruins of Phila; — by rail a day's journey from Luxor, for the train creeps along.

In the neighborhood of Luxor there are sugar cane plantations and occasionally a sugar factory. There are few towns along the way; the villages are built in the sand of the desert. From a distance it is difficult to distinguish a village from the desert itself. The people, who swarm around the little stations, are very dark. The men wear turbans on their heads, and a long, ragged garment wrapped around their body; each woman is arrayed in a dirty, black garment, similar to a shawl, which covers the head and reaches to the ground. Many of the children are in nature's garb, as naked as they came into the world. At one station a little negro boy, his forehead shaven, and thick wool on his 'pole,' as the Slav's call the back of the head, amused me greatly. He was a bright little fellow. His only garment, a dirty, short-sleeved, low-necked shirt would have come to his knees if let down, but he had some treasure in the skirt and held it drawn up tight to his waist. He was anxious for backsheesh and ran from window to window, holding out his hand. We had a luncheon basket with us, and I threw him an egg. He managed to catch it and was so delighted that I gave him another, and then threw out small coins for the pleasure of seeing him hunt around, and, when he had found them, look up with a bright, expectant face.

Most of the day we were in sight of the Nile; at times we traveled along the bank. Cultivation gradually disappeared; the hills came nearer and nearer

the river. In places there were only a few palm trees between the river and the desert. Villages are built among the rocks of the low, sandy hills. In some villages camels were roaming around. The mud huts, the camels, and the desert were of one color.

Night came before we reached Aswan. As the tram pulled into the station, a crowd of donkey-boys surrounded it calling for patrons. I was astonished to find that the only way of getting to the hotel, unless one wished to walk, was to ride on a donkey. An officious hotel clerk selected donkeys for us, and a Nubian took our baggage on his head. The donkey ride by moonlight, in that ancient land with mystery all around, was weird but pleasant.

Arriving at the hotel just in time for a late dinner we were seated at table with a Russian gentleman and his wife. It was agreeable to hear the language again. They were from St. Petersburg, and in a few minutes we were no longer strangers. He knew of me, and I had met a number of his friends. The next morning, from the windows of my room, I saw the island of Elephantine known to me from the days when I was reading every Greek and Latin book I could find, but seen now for the first time. It is a beautiful, green island made even more beautiful by contrast with arid Aswan. There are palm groves and fields of the castor bean, and all around it flows the sacred Nile. In ancient times Abu (Ivory town; Greek Elephantine) was the capital of the province. It was there that the Nubians brought elephant tusks, ebony, and monkeys to exchange for the products of Egypt. Then there was a flourishing town, now there are two small Nubian villages on the island.

Aswan is uninteresting. There are cafes and bazaars. There are Nubians and Abyssinians, Turks and Negroes, and, I should think, representatives from half the tribes of Africa. There are camels and donkeys, and everywhere the sand of the desert, for beyond Aswan the Nubian valley begins which is only from five to nine miles wide in any place, and often sand hills reach the very bank of the river. The Egyptian atmosphere is lost; somehow, one feels that he is in a different country. It is already Nubia. Scantily dressed Nubian boys insist on selling you spears, bows, arrows, bracelets cut from elephant tusks, beads strung on leather, and girdles soaked in castor oil.

Many of the Nubians have bright intelligent faces. From a crowd of young men I selected one and, with the aid of an Arab interpreter, took down a

good many Nubian words, and as much as he knew of several myths. I should have been glad to have worked on the language for a few weeks, but it was late in the season; there would soon be great heat. I spent considerable time among the ruins of Phihe. The island is a rocky hill surrounded by the Nile. The ruins of its noble temples rise from the very bank of the river and cover the entire hill. Much has been written about this sacred island, the reputed burial place of Osiris, the most revered god of Egypt; the place where the resurrected god was adored according to the mysteries of the Egyptian faith -a place of pilgrimage but so holy that no pilgrim could set foot on it without permission. But at last a destructive power appeared, a power which had no veneration for the grand or beautiful, no respect for the handiwork of men with God-given genius, no regard for any myth, but its own. And later came the Turk.

The ruins of Phila are not as massive as those of lower Egypt. The architecture is of a lighter style and shows the influence of Greek art. Two long rows of columns are specially beautiful; the painted portico deserves all the fame that authors and artists have given it, with pen and brush. In one of the high pylons there is a winding staircase. Just before I reached the top of that staircase, I saw my own name — with the addition of an initial H — standing before me deeply carved on the wall of the pylon, H. J. Curtin 1817. It seemed so odd to me that a man of my own name and race had eighty-two years before stood where I was standing that day that I had the name photographed and brought it away on a sensitive plate. We lunched in the great temple, a fallen column serving for a table. It was a glorious day, and many tourists were wandering about in the ruins; among others a large party of personally conducted Germans.

More travelers than usual visited upper Egypt that year, to see Phila, for the rumor was abroad in the world that the dam which the English were building would cause the sacred Nile to undermine the ruins on that beautiful island. After descending a dungeon-like passage to study the Nilometer, I took a boat and went to Beghe island from whence there is a grand view of Philffi.

The famed red granite quarries of Aswan are not very far from the town, but in the heat and the glare from the sun beating down on the sand, the ride, on

a slow donkey, is wearisome. During the trip we enjoyed several fine desert pictures. One, of a large band of ladened camels moving with swift strides across the sand, I gazed at till it vanished on the horizon. Another was a group of young camels standing near a date palm grove with granite hills in the background. The great awkward creatures seemed part and parcel of the desert. I hardly knew when we reached the quarries; the stones are so hidden by the sand.

The Aswan quarries were worked even in the time of the old empire. There is an account of how King Mcrcnre (3703 B.C.), sent Una, a favorite of the late monarch, to obtain that beautiful, red granite to ornament his pyramid. Una employed for the work twelve ships and in his autobiography says that he required but one warship; from that statement we know that at that time the frontier of Nubia was not considered safe. The statue of Kameses II, the largest statue in the world, was cut from one block of Aswan granite. It now lies in fragments in the Rameseum at Thebes.

* The Aswan dam, completed in 1902, has inundated the Island except when water is let out of the sluices of the dam during a couple of months in the year.

In those quarries the process by which the stone masons of the old empire cut out immense monoliths is before our eyes. They chiseled in the rock, holes usually about six inches deep and six inches apart. They drove wooden wedges into those holes ; then, by saturating the wedges, caused them to expand and split the rock. The same method is employed today to some extent. The unfinished obelisk lying in the Aswan quarry is a mystery not to be solved. The under-cutting has never been done; the obelisk is still a part of the rock from which it was being cut when work was suspended. It is as though some all-knowing power, foreseeing that in the centuries to come men would seek to discover the methods used of old, had caused this obelisk to be left as an object lesson. A groove with wedge holes indicates where and how it was to be tapered toward the top. Other chisel holes show where it was to be reduced, and by being left uncut it is explained how the upper part was cut before the lower was separated from the rock. One can imagine reasons for the abandonment of this monolith which was to have been the highest obelisk in the world: the death of the monarch, and the

indifference of his successor; or, perhaps, some dread disease appeared and the laborers scattered never to return; or, maybe, tribes from the desert swept in upon them.

From the quarry we went to the cataract, across a country of sand and granite boulders. Here and there were Nubian villages; the houses were apparently closed. Most, if not all, of the villagers were sitting on the ground, in the sun, gossiping, probably. Certainly they were not at work. From each village at least a dozen naked children pursued us for half a mile, or more, screaming, "Backsheesh! backsheesh!

The so-called cataracts are simply places where for a few miles there are large boulders and small, rocky islands in the river. The passages between those rocks and islands are narrow, rough, and dangerous. We saw a large dahaheah, which two Frenchmen had hired for a trip to the second cataract, start up the river. There was great excitement among the river Arabs, and the Xubians, whose business it was to tow boats through that labyrinth of rocky channels. The work was done by rope and muscle. The rocks were swarming with men. They shouted to one another, scolded, gesticulated, screamed. Ropes were carried from shore to the boat, and from the boat to the nearest island, where they were firmly fastened to the rocks. The men on shore and those on the boat, perhaps in all sixty or seventy, ranged themselves along the ropes. A signal was given, and double hauling began, by means of which the boat advanced slowly. When up one incline, the men rested; then again advanced in the same way. After watching them for an hour or more, we rode to the top of the hill from which there is a fine view: on one side the sand hills of the Libyan desert, on the other the Arabian desert stretches to the horizon. In front is the cataract the Nile studded with rocks and islands. I gazed at the desert and regretted that I could not go to the Sudan and to Fashoda. But time was limited, and the railroad, although it extended a long way beyond Aswan, was not open farther for travelers. It could only be used for transporting soldiers to terrify the French, if possible.

The next morning, just before dawn, donkeys were ready. A ride of half an hour's duration brought us to the station where in the chill of early morning we waited for a train which was more than an hour late. At three in the

afternoon we were back at Luxor, in our rooms at the Karnak hotel, where a welcome awaited us from our Canadian friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wallis, travelers like ourselves. The following day I again visited the ruins of Karnak and passed some hours in the temple of Mut, where I succeeded in getting fine photographs of the statues which interested me most. By invitation we spent the evening at the Mission school, with the principal and his wife. Their home was in Ohio, but they had lived ten years in Luxor and had many things to tell regarding the customs of the Arabs, Egyptians, and Nubians. Girls among the natives marry very young. A girl of fifteen is considered too old to marry. Often they are mothers when but ten years of age. The mother of the girl usually selects the bridegroom. Perhaps the girl sees her future husband for the first time only a few hours before her marriage. A large number of the children die, for they receive no care, are neglected in every way. An Arab has as many wives as he pleases; nevertheless, he seldom has more than one at a time. When he tires of the woman he is living with, he simply declares that he has divorced her. A laborer in Luxor rarely receives more than from ten to fifteen cents a day, but on that he can support a family of five persons. Life, among the lower classes in Egypt, is cheerless and wretched. In company with a missionary's wife Alma visited several of the native homes. The first was a mud house with only one room roofed over. Three women were sitting on the floor; aside from two chairs there was no furniture whatever in the house. A lamb was there, and also a dozen or more hens. In one corner was a mud oven. In another very dirty house there were two rooms, one without a roof, the other roofed with sugar-cane straw. A woman sat on the floor sifting wheat for bread; two female friends, who had called, were sitting near her. Each had a young child.

Flies were swarming everywhere. The missionary pointed out a stupid, lazy-looking man of about thirty-five years of age, who the next day was to marry a girl of thirteen. He was buying an Arab dress, for the bridegroom must furnish the bride's outfit. The missionary had made a strenuous, but unavailing, effort to prevent this marriage, for the groom's father was a leper.

One more day at Thebes; one more visit to the tombs of the kings; one more glorious sunset on the Nile, clouds as red as fire, clouds as yellow as gold; a

majestic river, calm and beautiful, and in that river the reflection of clouds and palm trees. There is a peculiarity about desert coloring at sunrise and sunset that cannot be seen elsewhere in the world. The last day of February we returned to Cairo, making the journey from Luxor in the night. A night to be remembered, for, toward morning, we actually suffered from cold. On going to the American legation, I found not only many letters awaiting us but a copy of Creation Myths of Primitive America, an old friend in a new dress and with new surroundings — a work accomplished is dear to the heart.

Returning from a call on Dr. Polotebneff, who was still at the Gizeh hotel across the Nile, we met a clergyman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Payge. There was a steep path leading from the road to the boat lauding. As we stood on deck waiting for the boat to start, we saw an old gentleman carefully helping down the hill a woman who looked younger and stronger than he did. The moment she stepped on to the boat she exclaimed: 'Oh, dear! I can hardly move!' Taking it for granted that a white person must of course speak English, she turned to me, and said: 'Monday I went to the top of the Great Pyramid and I have not rightly had the use of my legs since.'

Thus the conversation began and it was kept up till we reached Cairo, for after crossing the river we took the train back to the city. Their home was in Chicago where for many years Mr. Payge had been in charge of a church. He was seventy-five years of age and very feeble. Mrs. Payge was seventy. It was amusing to listen to their account of the trip to the top of the pyramid. Mr. Payge insisted on making the ascent, and she decided to accompany him, for she could not go back to Chicago and, when asked if she had been to the top of the pyramid, tell her husband's parishioners that her courage had failed. She made the ascent as others make it, two natives pulling her up each step, while two supported and pushed her from behind. But coming down she was terrified; each time she sprang forward for the guides in front of a step to catch her, she thought that she would land at the foot of the pyramid. It is a difficult feat for even a young person to accomplish. I was astonished that people of their age should be so unwise as to tax their strength in such a way. Later I met them in the Holy Land and I felt that it was doubtful if Mr. Payge lived to return to America. He had lost flesh and strength but he was as enthusiastic as ever. A few days later I

met a vivacious American lady; she was in trouble. The friend who had traveled with her in the Orient had refused to go to the Holy Land, asserting that her religious ideals would vanish if she heard drivers and donkey-boys shouting, 'This way for Jericho!'

As I was about to leave Cairo, I discovered Mr. Watson, the man to whom I recited in Latin when at Carroll college preparing for Harvard. Egypt had been his home for more than thirty years. We greeted each other with pleasure and talked long of the men whom we knew in the old time, and of the changes which have taken place in Wisconsin. March 5th I went to Ismailin and later to Port Said; a very monotonous journey — desert all the way. I have never had such an experience as at Port Said: the carriers and hackmen behaved like wild men; snatched at our hand bags, caught hold of our clothes, screamed in a dozen different languages, seemed ready to tear us to pieces. I congratulated myself when at last we were in a carriage; but my congratulations were premature. The man drove at a gallop, turning corners with such speed that I thought we should be thrown out and killed. I shouted at him, but it was useless; he paid no heed whatever. I was thankful beyond words when we came to the water's edge. Again a turmoil and struggle which ended only when we were stowed away in a boat. On reaching the steamer I could not secure a berth. Mrs. Curtin shared a stateroom with three Finnish ladies who spoke Russian, and I camped on the wall sofa in the dining room. The accommodations of the steamer were wretched. For hours the waves ran high, but toward morning the wind went down, and the sea became calm and smooth. There were many Americans on the steamer, among others Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson of Michigan City, Indiana, who with their son William, were returning from a journey around the world. They came into our lives that beautiful morning and today are valued friends. There were eight American priests on board, jovial men who enjoyed traveling.

CHAPTER: 45

Visit to the Holy Land

About noon we were in sight of the low, sandy coast of Palestine. From the cape on which Jaffa is built a reef of rocks stretches into the sea. The so-called 'harbor,' which is not a harbor at all, is so studded with rocks that steamers cannot reach shore. Half a mile from land passengers are lowered into boats, which rowers, with difficulty, guide to the landing place. In stormy weather even that method is impossible, and the steamer proceeds directly to Haifa. Jaffa, built on a hill, is picturesque from the sea, and is made attractive by its vineyards and orchards, for on the coast of Palestine the pomegranate, olive, orange, lemon, banana, plum, and apricot grow to perfection. Travelers often spend a day in Jaffa, for they are interested in its biblical history. It was, and still is, the seaport of Jerusalem. There Solomon (1030 B.C.) received the celebrated cedars sent from Mount Lebanon for the building of his temple. It was there that Jonah was swallowed by the whale. The house of Simon, the tanner, is still shown to the credulous traveler.

Jaffa has fought many a battle. It has been in the possession of the Crusaders, the Phoenicians, the Romans, the Jews, and the Saracens. In 1196 the town was stormed, and the garrison slaughtered by Saif-ed-din, brother of Saladin. The journey of thirty-three miles from Jaffa to Jerusalem is wonderfully interesting. We cross the Plain of Sharon and the brook where David found the stones to sling at Goliath and, after a ride of about twelve miles, were among the barren hills of Judea. In places there are high cliffs on both sides; on some of the hilltops are the ruins of fortresses and towns. There were not windows enough in the car to accommodate the passengers. We were approaching the Holy City, and each object was of intense interest. There were clergymen and students on the train, men who pointed out and described each place that we passed. At last we issued from the hills, and before us lay Jerusalem. We saw the walls and the gates of the city; the beautiful mosque of Omar, and the Mount of Olives, and had a

magnificent general view of the most venerated city of the world; but a city which, without its biblical and historical associations and the halo which myth has woven around it, would be one of the least attractive in the world.

Mr. Hutchinson had secured rooms at the Olivet, an English boarding house, and he urged me to go there before going to a hotel. I was fortunate; — the house was full, but a large and pleasant apartment was found in the Mission building across the way.

Our first walk was through the Damascus gate to the old town where, in the narrow streets, no carriages are allowed. We did not go far, for the sun had set, and, judging by the people who passed and the beggars who followed us, I felt that a stranger might not be safe after dark in that part of the city. The weather was perfect, the mornings and evenings were in fact chilly. Our rooms were about eight minutes' walk from the Jaffa gate, just the right distance away from the city.

The morning after our arrival we set out, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson and a guide, to get a general idea of the city, calling first at the American consulate, where letters were awaiting me and a cablegram from Little, Brown in regard to publishing In Vain. Then we went to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Although I do not think that the church stands where the crucifixion took place, for that spot in the center of the city could never have been on a hill outside the old walls, still the church is of deep interest, for millions believe it to be the identical place and believe that the tomb which is shown is the one where Jesus was laid. The street is very narrow. Near the entrance of the church is a small space where vendors of rosaries and religious symbols ply their trade. The exterior of the building is extremely plain; it has no architectural beauty whatever. Just beyond the threshold stand Moslem policemen to keep Christians from quarreling. The first object of interest is the Stone of Unction on which the body of Jesus was anointed for burial. Around that slab a large number of pilgrims had assembled that morning. Many were sobbing, not a few were crying aloud. I noticed that they were Russian peasants. For those people, church history is wonderfully present.

Near the Stone of Unction is the spot where Mary, the mother of Jesus, stood while her son's body was being anointed for burial. From there we

went directly to the chapel of the Scpulcher. The space in front of the chapel was thronged with people. In advance of us many were standing in line, and the line extended far behind us. Each person in that line was impatient for his turn to come to cross the sacred threshold; many were weeping as bitterly as though they were about to look, for the last time, upon the body of one very dear to them. The chapel is divided into two rooms: the first, and larger, represents the spot where the angel appeared to Mary, and contains the stone that the angel rolled away from the sepulcher; the second is only 6 feet wide by 7 long. In that small, marble-lined room is the tomb of the rich man where the body of Jesus was buried. On a platform, 6 feet long and 2 feet wide, is a marble slab which covers the place where His body lay. The air was very oppressive, for in that tiny room, from the ceiling — which I could reach with my hand — forty-three golden lamps are always burning. Thirteen of those lamps belong to the Greeks, thirteen to the Latins, thirteen to the Armenians, and four to the Copts. There was but a moment to spend in the chapel, or at the tomb, for other persons were pressing forward. We had brought many rosaries for, if placed even one second on the marble slab over the tomb, the blessing is thought to be infinitely greater than any blessing by priest or Pope. Our rosaries were to be given to Catholic friends in America — we had just time to place them on the slab and take them up again.

In the church are many chapels and altars, designating places connected with the crucifixion and with the finding of the true cross. There is a chapel of the Apparition, where Jesus appeared to Mary after his resurrection; a chapel of the Parted Raiment, over the spot where the garments of Jesus were divided among the Roman soldiers; a chapel where Jesus was crowned with thorns; another where he was nailed to the cross. In the chapel of Crucifixion one can see the Rock of Calvary, with the rent made in it by the earthquake which occurred at the time of the execution. There is the chapel of St. Helena marking the spot where Helena, the aged mother of the Emperor Constantine, prayed while under her guidance men sought for the true cross. Descending fifteen steps the cave is reached where the cross was found after having been buried, or lost sight of, for more than three centuries. But, more marvelous than aught else, we have under the roof of that church the grave of Adam! the first man created by God.

Those chapels and altars, too numerous to mention, belong to the different churches and to brandies of those churches: the Greek, the Latin, the Abyssinian, the Armenian — the grave of Adam belongs to the Greek church. The division causes so many fierce disputes that, strange as it may seem, the constant presence in the church of an impartial Moslem guard to check quarreling and fighting is an absolute necessity. No Jew is allowed to cross the threshold of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

From the church we went to the hill which Gordon, the English scholar, soldier, and traveler, pointed out as the hill where, in all probability, the crucifixion took place. It is a long, rocky mound, or hillock, a short distance beyond the Damascus gate. On one side in the rocky foundation of the mound is the cave where the prophet Jeremiah is said to have written his 'Lamentations.' Just across the highway are the quarries of King Solomon, where immense blocks of limestone were cut for the temple. On the height of the mound there is at present a Moslem cemetery. Almost at the foot of the hill, on the side toward the city, there is a stony space overgrown with bush and bramble, and in the low cliff on one side is what is now called the 'Garden tomb' or 'Gordon's calvary.' The tomb cut in the rock is small: one room with a very low partition. On each side of one of the divisions made by this partition there is a low bench or platform of rock; perhaps, intended for the resting place of a body, for on one there is a stone pillow, the other is unfinished. A number of the scholars of England, men who have spent much time and labor in the study of Judea, are convinced that that is the very sepulcher in which the body of Jesus was placed after the crucifixion.

The hill, from the configuration of the cliff on the side of the grotto of Jeremiah, might have been called 'Golgotha'— the 'Place of the Skull'— for two immense holes in the cliff — cave entrances — not far apart, might suggest the eye sockets of a skull. At all events that hill is the only place in Jerusalem which answers to the description given in the bible.

The most beautiful building in Jerusalem, and one which has few rivals in the world, is the mosque of Omar, or the 'Dome of the Rock,' so-called, because it was built to protect the rock of the covenant — on the very summit of Mount Moriah — for it was there that the ark of the covenant rested. It was on that hill, which evidently had long been a place for

sacrificial offerings, that Abraham offered up the ram in place of his son Isaac; it was there that Solomon built his magnificent temple. For more than a thousand years the Jews venerated the spot; for another thousand years it has been held sacred by the followers of Mohammed. That wonderful, living rock which has been revered for twenty centuries is 56 feet long, 40 feet in width, and rises 8 feet above the level of the floor of the mosque. The mosque is an octagon 155 feet in diameter. The dome, of elegant proportions and great beauty, is 96 feet in height.

The Jews' 'wailing place' is on the west side of the harem enclosure. It is a wall built of huge blocks of stone a few of which are beveled. The Jews are confident that these beveled stones once formed a part of the wall enclosing Solomon's temple; hence, the more devout go there each Friday afternoon to wail over the loss of their temple and their city. It is a curious sight to see men and women standing with their faces to a wall, sobbing and weeping. Among the wailers there is occasionally one who has a copy of the old testament and is reading passages from it; there are others who with little sticks are pushing into the crevices between the stones prayers written on tiny pieces of paper. A narrow dirty street and passage leads to this part of the wall.

I was at the wailing place twice. The second time an old man who at first had his face to the wall and was praying turned and looked at me. Then, approaching, asked who I was; when I gave him my name, he recognized it, saying that he had heard his son, who was a writer, speak of me. I asked the son's name and was astonished to find that I was speaking with the father of Zangwill, the author of The Ghetto and other Jewish novels. He was a pleasant old man. After a short conversation, he told me where his home was and asked us to call, and we did so a few days later. I went through several narrow streets and then turned into a street occupied wholly by Jews; there were small shops on each side. I entered the rear yard of a house, ascended an outside staircase to the second story, and there in a small room, containing little aside from a bed, I found Zangwill's father. He gave me a pleasant greeting and showed me Jewish books now out of print. He spoke of his home in England and of his family, stating that much against their wishes he had come to Jerusalem to await his death as he thought every devout Jew should do if it were possible. The Jews consider

that it is a fortunate thing to die in Jerusalem and be buried on the southern slope of the valley of Jehoshaphat, for there Gabriel will appear to blow has trumpet and waken the dead.

As the house where the old man lived was near two of the principal synagogues, I visited them. They were very dirty, and the air was oppressive. In the second synagogue I met a Pole, a student who told me he was living in 'the colony' for the purpose of learning English; his tutor was an English Jew. When I spoke of the locality as being dirty and unsanitary, he invited me to the house where he was boarding, stating that it was as clean as any house in Poland. Out of curiosity I went. The owner is a Spanish Jew, the son of a rich banker. The house was, in fact, scrupulously clean. From the Jewish colony it is but a short walk to the tower of David, one of the oldest and strongest towers of the walls of Jerusalem. From the top of the tower there is a fine view of the city and the country around.

A day or two later we went to Bethlehem. The weather was superb, and the ride was enjoyable. The highway crosses the valley of Ilinnom and passes near the hill of Evil Counsel; the tomb of Rachel, a small structure with a whitewashed dome, marks the spot where Benjamin was born and his mother died. Nearby is the place where Judas hanged himself; the country house of Caiaphas, the high priest; the well where the wise men, stooping to draw water, saw the star and followed till it stood over where the young Child was. In the distance is the place whence Saul went out to search for the asses gone astray on the hills. The field was pointed out where sowers refused to give Jesus of the peas and beans which they were planting, and he turned the peas and beans to stones. As we passed, boys rushed after the carriage begging us to buy some of those very stones, which they said they had just found in the field.'

Bethlehem is picturesquely situated on the east and northeast side of the ridge of a hill running east and west. On the north and on the south of the hill there is a deep valley. The low, flat-roofed houses and the gray olive trees so blend with the Jura limestone of the hill that at a distance the only building which stands out distinctly is the Church of Nativity, the oldest Christian church in the world. As we approached the city where David was made king of Israel, we were assailed by a mob of beggars and vendors of

olive wood, rosaries of ivory, crosses, and trinkets of various kinds. They were so disagreeably persistent that without spending any time in the town we went to the church, leaving our tormentors behind to victimize other travelers. The edifice is not unusually high, but it occupies a very large space of ground. There, as in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, Mohammedan soldiers are stationed to keep peace between Christians, for certain parts of the building belong respectively to the Greek church, the Latin, and the Armenian. Each church fears encroachment and is quick to guard its rights. Descending a flight of steps and going through a narrow passage we reached the grotto of Nativity which 1,900 years ago was, perhaps, a cave used as a stable. It is now lined with marble, and a silver star marks the place where the manger stood. Lamps, which are ever kept burning, illuminate the grotto and the altar. Near the grotto of Nativity is the tomb of St. Jerome, who died in 420, and the room, or rather cave, where while enduring hardship and privation, he made his name immortal by translating the books of the old testament into Latin. The imagination of the early fathers and, perhaps, tradition, connected each event which could have possibly occurred at the birth and childhood of Jesus with some particular spot. Hence, we are shown the place where the ass was tethered; the Milk grotto where Mary nursed the young child; the fountain where she washed its clothes; and the place where the three wise men knelt. Upon leaving the church we went to the edge of the town and, looking from the hill into the valley below, saw the fields where Ruth, the widow of Mahlon, to gain the favor of Boaz, the rich kinsman of her husband, gleaned after his reapers. She became his wife, 'and Boaz begat Obed. and Obed begat Jesse, and Jesse begat David,' King of Israel.

March 1st I finished the preface to In Fain, for by early rising, though I devoted a good deal of time to sight-seeing, I found a few hours each day for writing. The following morning, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, we started for one of the most interesting trips it is possible to make, though, owing to barren hills, dusty roads, and great heat, it is wearisome and at times monotonous — the trip to Jericho, the Jordan, and the Dead sea. Bethany, the first place we pass, is a wretched, little hamlet on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives, a mile and three quarters from Jerusalem. There we halted long enough to visit the house of Mary and Martha, and that of Simon the Leper, as well as the tomb of Lazarus, though

we did so with great discomfort. The children and youth there are wild. Their demands for backsheesh could not be satisfied; the more we gave, the more persistently they followed us. On the hill opposite the hamlet Martha met Jesus and told him of Lazarus' death. A large convent has been built on the spot where that meeting took place. Not far away is the well of the Apostles.

After winding around barren hills for an hour or more, we reached a roadside inn, supposed to stand where once stood the inn to which the Good Samaritan brought the wounded man and ministered unto him. We passed the deep ravine where Elijah dwelt by the brook Cheritb, and was fed by the ravens. Near the end of that ravine we leave the Judean hills and enter the valley of the Jordan, a valley which is from seven to twelve miles wide and extends from the source of the Jordan, the only big river in Palestine, to the Dead sea. A short distance from the roadside we saw a hundred men, or more, moving around swiftly. We could not imagine what was taking place. Mr. Hutchinson suggested that we had come upon a crowd of whirling dervishes. On making inquiries we discovered that those men were employed by government to destroy the locusts that had recently appeared in vast numbers in that locality.

We reached the Jordan hotel in Jericho at midday, just in time for luncheon. The hotel was crowded with travelers. A large party, personally conducted, was a few minutes in advance of us; another party had been to the Jordan and had stopped at Jericho for luncheon. Tents had been erected to accommodate those for whom there was no room in the hotel. Three or four small hotels, a Russian hospice, a Mohammedan mosque, and a group of Bedouin huts compose modern Jericho, and back by the hills a few huts mark the site of ancient Jericho, a city which for 2,000 years was celebrated for its magnificence and wealth. It is impossible to understand how there could have been a great and flourishing city in that narrow arid valley. But we are told that the walls of the city were so broad that houses were built on them; that it was world renowned for its palaces, gardens, and palm groves. So beautiful was it in Roman times that Antony thought it a fitting present for Cleopatra, his fastidious mistress. In the vast amphitheater of Jericho the news of Herod's death was announced to an assembled multitude. Today, on

the site of that erstwhile great city, there is nothing except a Mohammedan tower and the huts of a score or more of ragged Bedouins and Arabs.

At two o'clock we started for the Jordan and the Dead sea, a long, slow ride across an arid, undulating plain. Seen from a distance, the Dead Sea looks like a small lake with low hills on one side. A blue haze is on the hills; the water of the lake as beautifully blue, restful for eyes weary of gazing at sandy expanses. But the truth of the words:

The distance lends enchantment to the view, and robes the mountain in its azure hut, is fully illustrated there. I think that in the whole world there are few places, if any, so dreary and desolate as the Dead Sea and the Jordan. The sea fills the deepest known depression on the surface of the earth. It is seven times saltier than the ocean. On its sterile shores only dead things are found: locusts which have touched the bitter water, fish which have been borne by the Jordan into this death-dealing sea. No living thing is ever found in its waters or is washed ashore by its waves. The low hills, which, seen from a distance, are tinted with blue, are sandy, rocky ridges — nothing more. The atmosphere, even in early spring, is oppressively hot and debilitating.

The place is pointed out where Lot's wife was turned to salt, and the transformation no longer seems a miracle. It is undoubtedly a myth survival, for in primitive times many a myth must have originated in that region. We picked up a few dead, salt-preserved locusts for a souvenir and with pleasure left the place of desolation. Disappointment awaited us at the Jordan. That river of such great biblical interest is not a majestic river, but a stream from thirty to forty feet in width. Nor are its waters clear and beautiful. On the contrary, as the river nears its dreary destination it is dark with mud. The pool where Jesus was baptized of John is some distance from the Dead Sea; willows and bushes growing along the bank hide the whole river, except the pool. The opposite bank, the boundary of the Promised Land, is formed by a line of rock, a few feet in height, that looks like layers of sand.

To the pool thousands of pilgrims go each year to be baptized or immersed in its waters. In most cases it is an event to which they have been looking forward for years and will remember till death. Russian pilgrims bring a

white robe to wear when they enter that sacred pool; they take it back to their native land and, when death comes, it is used for their shroud. It is an interesting sight to see a group of Russians approach the stream where Jesus was baptized; they walk slowly and solemnly across the sandy plain chanting beautiful anthems. The aged ride on horses or donkeys, or drag along with the aid of a staff. Old and young seem radiantly happy. There, or near there, Elijah smote the waters and crossed on dry land and not far from the bank he went up by a whirlwind to heaven. On that side of the river the arid plain gradually rises till it comes to the foothills of the mountains of Moab some nine miles away.

It was evening when we reached the hotel in Jericho. Our dinner was served in a tent, by lamplight. In the morning we obtained photographs of the village and the Mount of Temptation, not far away, and later returned to Jerusalem. The long ride seemed short, for we were speaking of the places we had seen, the knowledge we had gained since the morning of the previous day, and of the vast indescribable difference between imagination and reality.

March 12 a cold wave swept over Jerusalem. A fire made our apartment comfortable, and we sat at home all day at work on Knights of the Cross. In the evening an old, Scotch woman from Aberdeen invited us to Howard's hotel to listen to Sir Charles Wilson's lecture on Jerusalem, a lecture well written and well delivered. The next day I visited the 'American colony,' an institution where many nations are represented. It is called 'American' because its founder, Mrs. Stafford, was a Chicago woman. In the colony about 120 people live as in one large family. I found them pleasant, intelligent, and very useful people. One member of the colony, a young man from Kentucky, did some excellent photographic work for me, work which I could not get done elsewhere in Jerusalem. I was told that the members of this peculiar institution were exceedingly kind to the poor of all religions, Mohammedan as well as Christian.

Guests at the Olivet came and went. Few travelers remain in Jerusalem more than a week. One day we were pleasantly surprised to see sitting at the opposite side of the dinner table our Cairo acquaintances, Mr. and Mrs. Payge. He looked tired and worn but was planning farther journeys. I was at

work and did not hurry sight-seeing. Our rooms were very pleasant. From the windows on one side we could see the Mount of Olives, the Russian tower, and a portion of the city; from those on the other side the Garden tomb and the hill.

March 24 I witnessed an interesting ceremony. In company with the Russian consul and 280 peasants, I went to the Greek church of the Patriarch of Jerusalem to be present at 'the washing of feet.' At seven o'clock in the morning we were on the hill occupied by the Russian church, and the hospice which has been built to house the peasants, free of charge, during their stay in Jerusalem. There was a large assembly of peasants from all parts of the Russian empire. I spoke with many of them. Some were from Moscow and the north; others were from the foothills of the Caucasus. Meeting two aged women I asked one where her home was and, when she answered: 'In the government of Kostroma,' the other said: 'We have flown together, like birds, from every part of the Russian land. We have come at the call of the Lord.'

Not a small part of my enjoyment that day came from the fact that I was able to converse with those devout men and women in their own language, and learn their individual reasons for starting on such a long, and for them, difficult and perilous pilgrimage. I found that in many cases the journey was the result of a vow made when some loved child, or parent, was very ill: 'When my mother was sick unto death, I promised God that, if he would spare her life, I would come to Jerusalem and pray before His tomb'; 'When I thought my child was dying, I told God that, if he would let her live, I would make a pilgrimage to Holy Jerusalem, lie on the ground as a cross, and thank Him.' Many of the aged had come to dress in their shroud and enter the Jordan where Jesus was baptized, that at the resurrection they might appear in a robe washed white by the waters of the sacred river.

From the hill to the Greek church it was one continued conflict with beggars. Such apparently wretched human beings I have never seen; rags, nakedness, filth of clothes, of face, and of hands. Many were lying prostrate in the middle of the road, holding up tin dishes and calling out in Russian, learned for those occasions. 'For the sake of Christ! Others pushed into the procession, screaming, crying, and imploring. They were Arabs and

Bedouins, natives of the country, professional beggars. I got separated from the consul and the Montenegrin guard, for they were trying to keep order in the procession and hurry it forward as rapidly as possible, for Russian peasants think that it is a sin to refuse alms to God's poor, and they are slow to comprehend that a person who asks in the name of Christ is a deceiver. They failed to see that when they had passed a man lying in the road, apparently helpless, he sprang up and ran forward to beg again. It was a thing to be lived through. The wretched crowd followed to the very entrance of the church grounds. Inside of the court, matting and carpeting had been spread on the ground, and there were benches where the pilgrims could rest. When they were seated, servants came with baskets from which they gave each man and woman a large handful of raisins, then each was given a cup of wine, and later a cup of coffee.

I was conducted to a room and given a seat by a window looking into the court. There were several guests in the room, among others a Moscow banker, and I found that he knew a number of my friends in Moscow and St. Petersburg. After the pilgrims had rested for a time, they were conducted to two large rooms with benches along the walls. The first room was for men, the second for women. I was given a seat which commanded a view of both rooms. The men removed their boots and stockings; or, if instead of wearing stockings, they had their feet "wrapped in cloth, they unwrapped them. A priest entered followed by a man bearing a large bowl and pitcher; he had also soap and towels. The priest knelt by the pilgrim nearest the door and took his feet in his hands. Water was poured from the pitcher onto the pilgrim's feet, the priest rubbed soap on them, washed them with his hands, wiped them dry, then putting his lips near them made the motion of kissing. That ceremony he repeated over the feet of each male pilgrim. Then a flask of rose water was brought and a little of the water poured on the hands of each man, and with it he wet his face. In place of the washing of feet the women had water poured on their hands and later rose water with which they wet their faces.

During this ceremony priests and choristers were singing. At the conclusion the priest spoke a few words of counsel and asked a blessing. Then the pilgrims went to the church for mass. From mass they were to go to the Church of the Holy Sepulchcr where all, who had sufficient strength, were

to remain until the following morning. I went to the patriarch who received me very cordially. Confect and wine were brought. A spoonful of the confect must be taken, then the spoon put in a glass of water which is on the tray. The wine cannot be refused. That ceremony over, Turkish coffee was served.

The patriarch, though a well read man, knew only his own language, Greek. In speaking about the condition of the Greek and Catholic churches, he said that they could unite were it not for the Pope. If the Pope was simply the most distinguished official in the church, a man who did not try to usurp supreme worldly and divine authority, the Greek and Catholic churches could become one and work together for the advancement of Christianity. He spoke long and interestingly about the peculiar condition of Christian churches in Mohammedan countries, especially in Palestine.

A few days later arrangements were made for me to witness the ceremonies of the Jewish Passover. When we went to the house of the Palestine by whom I was to be received as a guest, he did not wish me to remain. He had supposed that I was a Jew, not a Gentile; hence, we went to the home of a German Jew, who received us cordially. We were given seats in a large dining room. The family of my host were seated around a table on which there were plates full of large wafers of unleavened bread. The lamb of the Passover was represented by a bone on a platter in the center of the table. First a glass of wine was served to each member of the family and to us as guests. Then the master of the house began, in a chanting voice, to read the Chaldee regulations for the Passover. Every ceremony was in commemoration of the flight from Egypt. Slices of cucumber and a bowl of salt water were passed. A piece of the cucumber was to be taken on a fork, dipped into the bowl, then taken in the fingers and eaten. That represented the 'herbs of the earth. The bitter herbs were represented by pieces of horseradish; a concoction of spices represented the bricks. After all present had partaken of those dishes, unleavened bread was passed around, the master of the house still reading. The ceremony was very instructive.

The 25th of March I began work on Sport in Somaliland and finished it on the 30th. It was not an easy task for the Polish manuscript lacked finish, was hurriedly written. In company with Mr. and Mrs. Payge we visited a

Mohammedan school of 300 pupils. Of the twelve teachers five were from the American colony. Mohammedan children are not handsome. I did not see one attractive face, but they were as far advanced in their studies as American children of their ages would be.

From the Moslem school we went to the Convent of Zion, a French Catholic institution, occupying the site of Herod's house. While excavating for the foundation of the building, the hall of judgment was discovered, the room where Jesus was condemned. Fifteen feet under earth and rubbish, pavement stones, so large and solid that they will endure for the ages, were unearthed. On some of the stones games were marked out, a fact 'which proved beyond a doubt' that that was the hall of judgment, for in the scriptures it is stated that the soldiers were playing games. There is also an arch, and the two stone seats where the judges sat.

About this time an incident occurred which led to my obtaining many facts relative to the American colony. Mr. Payge, when calling on the American consul, chanced to speak of the colony. The consul told him that it was made up of a wretched lot of free lovers, persons beneath the respect of any man or woman. Mr. Payge was angry. He and his wife had spent considerable time at the colony; they had found its members friendly, intelligent, and evidently highly esteemed by the native people. He thought it unchristian for an American to thus assail Americans in a foreign land. A clergyman himself, he was incensed that the consul, a clergyman, should make such a statement unless he was able to appear in a court of justice and prove its truth. In spite of rain he and his wife went directly to the colony and made arrangements to remain there till they left Jerusalem. One evening we called on them, and were told in detail why some of the so-called religious Americans in Palestine attacked the colony. It was stated that the man at the head of the board of missions had an opportunity to sell the American cemetery, where the dead of the colony were buried, to the German Catholics, who, naturally, were anxious to get that piece of land on Mount Zion. The man, wanting to obtain funds, sold it. Knowing that the colony would refuse to give up the cemetery, that they would appeal to government, and there was a Mohammedan law forbidding the sale of a cemetery, he had the graves opened in the night and the bodies removed to the English cemetery. The colony knew nothing about the removal till it

was over. When they discovered that the graves of their children and of others near and dear to them had been desecrated, the bodies taken up, packed into boxes thirty inches long, to do which they were broken and dismembered with pickaxes by a so-called missionary who was present to oversee the wicked work, they were in despair. They sent a complaint to Washington. Nothing was done; they were few in number, and the Protestants were many.

I talked with the Russian consul about that evil deed, and he confirmed many of the statements made by the colony. He had assisted a Russian subject, a member of the colony, in searching for his dead after the secret removal. What money would have induced real Christians to sell a piece of land on Mount Zion? Had they believed in what they preached that spot would have been held sacred, beyond barter. Later the members of the colony gave me, in writing, a full account of this desecration and of the persecution which they had suffered at the hands of 'missionaries' and consuls, who needed the influence of the home church.

The last week of March and the first two weeks of April rain fell frequently. The mornings and evenings were so chilly that a fire was necessary. Notwithstanding this, several of the missionaries, ladies, who had been at the Olivet house, camped on the Mount of Olives for Easter. During the weeks spent in Jerusalem we met many pleasant persons: a Quaker member of the English parliament, a scholar, as well as a politician; Mr. Nies of Brookline, a gentleman who was studying Arabic preparatory to making extensive excavations in Palestine; Tristram Ellis, an English artist; Miss Tench, an authoress, whose home was in Ceylon; Miss Hope from London, a lady greatly interested in the Garden tomb; Miss Davidson, deaconess of the Scotch church in Edinburgh; Miss Martin, a bright American girl graduated from Wellesley; Mrs. Brown and daughters from Glasgow; and others.

One evening at the supper table I listened to an amusing discussion between Mrs. Brown and Miss Hope. Miss Hope stated that the Prophet Jeremiah and his followers went to Ireland and that probably the Irish were descended from them. Mrs. Brown, knowing that the Scotch and Irish are of the same origin, resented the idea, was angry that anyone should suggest

that it was possible that the Irish and Scotch were descended from Jews. She asked for proof that the prophet was ever in Ireland. An English woman who was listening to the conversation, said: 'I am afraid people are rather peculiar in their beliefs. Jesus was a Jew, born of a Jewish mother. It is stated in the bible that Jews are God's chosen people. All the Scotch and the English missionaries in Palestine are working for Jews, yet there is not one person among them who would not be angry and resentful if it were hinted that even in remote times, their ancestors had a drop of Jewish blood.'

One of the physicians of Jerusalem was a Pole, but he was a German subject and proud of being so; he apparently disliked his own country and countrymen. I had never before met a Pole who, no matter where he was born, was not at heart a Pole.

When bright weather came again, we spent a day on the Mount of Olives, which is on the eastern side of Jerusalem. The mount is not more than 300 feet higher than the temple area inside the city, but the deep narrow ravine of the Kidron makes it seem much higher. It is something over a mile in length. From the summit, looking toward the east, is seen a country of low, barren hills; in the distance, the Dead Sea and the Jordan, and beyond them the mountains of Moab. On the west is the walled city separated from the mount by the valley of the Kidron, often called the valley of Jehoshaphat. On the city side of the ravine are cemeteries — many graves and many tombs.

There is no place in Palestine so associated with events in the life of Jesus as the Mount of Olives, and fortunately there is no doubt of its authenticity. In form it must be today as it has been for thousands of years, but 1,900 years ago it was fertile, and on it there were palm trees and olive groves. There are a few olive groves yet, but palm trees have disappeared. On the summit of the mount is the Church of Ascension, the Russian tower, and a few other buildings. Near the tower lived a Russian priest, a kindly old man, who had duties connected with the Russian pilgrims who visited the lull.

Wishing to get a view of the city and surrounding country from the top of the tower, I sent to the American colony for their photographer, 'Brother Elijah' a Jew from India. Meanwhile, we drank tea with the priest, and he

told me many interesting things regarding the pilgrims and life in Jerusalem. After getting the photographs, we went to the Garden of Gethsemane on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives, not far above the valley of Kidron. Possibly, the walled-in area, ornamented with walks and flowers, and cared for by a Franciscan monk, is the real garden to which Jesus went so often. It does not matter, for we know the garden must have been nearby. Not far from Gethsemane is a beautiful, though small, Russian church.

As we drove around the hill on our way to the Olivet, I saw a man plowing with two heifers — as described in the bible — and another man plowing with a cow and a donkey. The plow was a very primitive implement. It is pleasant to know that there are places in the world where the wheels of progress turn slowly. Mount Zion, which rises just above the market place of the city, does not harmonize with the Mount of Zion created by imagination. There are a number of churches on the hill. The largest, the Church of St. James, belongs to the Armenians. In the church are three large stones, 'the stones which Jesus stood on when he was baptized in the Jordan.' The Syrians have a church on Mount Zion. We were shown the room in which the Last Supper was eaten and not far away the tomb of David.

One beautiful morning in April we drove to Am Kerem, the birthplace of John the Baptist, five miles from Jerusalem. I invited Pan Antoshevski, a Pole, to go with us, and also Mr. Frazer, a clergyman from Brazil, Indiana. The ride was enjoyable. In the days of Mary and Elizabeth the country over which we passed was 'the hill country.' It is still the hill country. A large Catholic church occupies the site of Elizabeth's house, the house where Mary, the bride, came to visit her cousin and talk with her of the joy of approaching motherhood. The priests in charge of the church are Spaniards. I had a letter of introduction, and they received us cordially. From the church we went to a Catholic monastery not far away. The priests there were Poles, and we were entertained with pleasant conversation, food, and drink. Afterward we went to the hill opposite, on the side of which a certain number of religious Russian women have established a settlement. Their whitewashed cottages, almost hidden by a wealth of vines and flowers, make the place attractive. Calling at one of the houses, I asked in Russian

the privilege of photographing the Catholic building from the garden nearby. The mistress of the house was at once very friendly, and later she invited us into her little cottage for a cup of coffee.

On the way down the hill we came to a small arbor where tea was being served from a Russian samovar. Three or four bright-eyed, rugged-looking Bulgarian pilgrims (women) were sitting near. To find from what part of Bulgaria they came, I invited them to have a glass of tea with us; they were pleased and at once became talkative. Their home, I found, was not far from the Shipka pass. While we were in the arbor, I met a Russian peasant from Tomsk, Siberia, and a Cossack from Poltava.

That evening the Russian consul invited us to go with him the following day to witness the ceremony of the Mohammedans starting for the tomb of Moses to observe the feast of the Nebi Musa (the Prophet Moses). To have the tomb more convenient for those pilgrimages the Moslems have moved it from Mount Nebo to a hill midway between the Dead sea and Jerusalem. In the morning we drove to the valley of Tehoshaphat and went into the garden of the Franciscan monastery, where we had a fine view of the hill opposite. Perhaps 30,000 spectators, mostly Arabs and Jews, had assembled outside the walls of the city and along the road leading into the valley. The procession was not large but it was tremendously active. There was dancing, sword practice, firing of pistols, screaming and shouting. As the procession spread over the road, people scattered before it, for the men appeared to be dangerously insane. All this was done to show religious fervor and enthusiasm.

When the procession had passed and most of the spectators had followed it, we went to the Garden of Gethsemane where the caretaker, an old monk, pointed out the descendant of the tree under which Jesus stood when betrayed. He gave us flowers, small and very red, which he called 'Drops of Blood.' Afterward we visited the Russian church above the garden.

Our next journey was to Hebron. Contemporary with Sodom and Gomorrah it is one of the oldest, still existing, towns in the world. Abraham upon his return from Egypt, nearly 4,000 years ago, made Hebron his home. There he died, and his body was placed in the cave which, when Sarah died, he had purchased of Ephron the Hittite to serve as a family sepulcher. In that

cave, later on, was placed the body of Isaac, Abraham's son, and also that of Jacob, his grandson. Jacob died in Egypt, and his body was embalmed after the manner of the Egyptians; hence, undoubtedly, it is today as when brought to Hebron.

But the sepulcher of Abraham is covered by a Mohammedan mosque which no Christian is permitted to enter, for the tomb of the 'Friend of God' is held sacred by the Moslems. There is no country in the world where the effects of religious fanaticism can be seen so plainly as in Palestine; Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans believe in God, but no Christian, or Jew, without an order from the sultan, can stand by the tomb of Abraham; no Jew can cross the threshold of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. To prevent bloody battles among the followers of Jesus in their most revered sanctuaries, a Moslem guard must ever be on watch.

Hebron is picturesquely situated in a narrow valley between the Judcan hills. In the vicinity there are many fig trees and vineyards. It was April. The hills were green and dotted with beautiful wild flowers; the dark red Jerusalem poppy was in blossom. The 'country round about Hebron is more productive than any other part of Palestine though even there there is much worthless land. The streets of the town are so narrow that many are gloomy and dark. Near the mosque, in an open square, there is an ancient reservoir constructed of immense blocks of hewn stone. The reservoir was built either during the first seven years of David's reign, when Hebron was his capital, or earlier. For in the bible it is stated that King David had the assassins of Ish-bosheth, the son of Saul, slain and their hands and feet hung over the pool of Hebron. As there is no other reservoir, or ruin of a reservoir, in Hebron or in the vicinity, archeologists are positive that this is the identical pool mentioned in the 'Book of Samuel.' At present the population of the city numbers about 15,000. There are a few hundred Jews, and a score, perhaps, of Christian families; the rest of the population are fanatical Muslims, often unfriendly and rude to strangers.

As we entered the town, boys began to throw stones at us, but an old man who was sitting at the edge of the pool stopped them quickly, and gave me permission to use a kodak. Half an hour's walk brought us to an old gnarled tree — Abraham's oak. Nearby is a Russian hospice in charge of a Greek

woman. The heat was intense, and the walk back to the town wearisome. I asked my Arab driver, who had been obliging enough to act as guide, if there was any place where we could get a cup of tea. 'Yes, there is an English boarding house.' The boarding house was the Christian alliance mission building, with a Scotchman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Murray, in charge. Why the alliance should maintain an establishment in Hebron, where they can make no converts, is a mystery to me. At first it seemed as though wayfarers were not welcome. But later, something opened their hearts, possibly my knowledge of Scotland and the Keltic language, for though at first there was 'nothing in the house to eat or drink,' a cup of tea, a couple of eggs, and bread and butter came from somewhere. We were grateful, and I wished to pay for food and trouble. This I could not do but I could give what I liked 'for the cause.' We were refreshed, and I was willing to give.

I wished to see Jericho again, so the afternoon following my return from Hebron we started with three horses and with a driver with whom I could talk, for he spoke Arabic. I was to spend the night at the Good Samaritan's inn and go early in the morning to the monastery of St. George in the canyon of the Cherith, and thence to Jericho. For some reason the driver had been unwilling to start in the afternoon. He insisted that darkness would overtake us. When we were on the road, in spite of the heat, he drove so rapidly that I was alarmed lest the horses should give out. We reached the place an hour before sunset. There were no beds in this, so-called, 'inn.' When night came our blankets were arrayed on benches, and we tried to sleep, but it was impossible. We were on the road again by six in the morning. When we came to the path leading into the canyon, I told our driver to go slowly to the end of the ravine and wait for us there. The descent, a thousand feet, is very precipitous; hence, the path winds around making the walk long. There seemed to be no air in motion. We were nearly exhausted when we reached the opposite side of the river.

In the monastery everything was in disorder, carpenters were at work on repairs. The monks, however, received us hospitably. Tea was served, and we were invited to remain a day or two and give them an opportunity to show us the caves and other interesting places in the canyon. When I could not do so, fearing that I might get astray and make the walk longer than

necessary, they sent a man to conduct us to the end of the gorge. We were soon weary. The hot rays of the sun beat down upon us all the way. The canyon is narrow and rocky. At places, high up in the face of the almost perpendicular cliff, there are caves, or deep holes. Ladders, fastened to the rock, lead to those caves where monks live, sometimes for months.

When at last we came to the end of the gorge, our carriage was not there. In the terrible heat and dust we walked on and on, thinking whenever the road was hidden from view, that just around the turn we would see the carriage. In this way, suffering greatly, we dragged on until we reached Jericho, a distance of four miles. Neither the carriage nor the driver were at the hotel, and I was about to send a man to search for them when the driver appeared with the report that the third horse was dead — had died on the road. This seemed incredible. I asked where he left the body. He had rolled it over into the canyon. I talked with the proprietor of the hotel, and he said that possibly the man told the truth, for horses in Jerusalem were always on the verge of death from starvation, and it frequently happened that one died on the road to Jericho.

The journey back to Jerusalem was difficult for two horses. At the Apostle's fountain I was afraid one of them would die. I walked the greater part of the way, notwithstanding that the driver wanted to give everyone whom we met 'a lift.' Once he invited a strong, burly negro to ride. I objected firmly, but it made no difference. Only when Mrs. Curtin and I got out of the carriage, and I said that we would walk into Jerusalem, did the negro get down from the box. The driver asserted that the carriage was his, and the horses were his; if he wished to kill them, he had the right to do so. He was angry and ugly. I threatened him with the law which protected foreigners though in my heart I had small faith in that law. At last he drove on leaving the negro behind.

The next morning I sent for the owner of the horses to reproach him for keeping such a heartless brute in his employ and to hear what he had to say regarding the dead horse. To my astonishment he met me with a smile and began at once to tell what a trick the driver had played on me — the third horse had reached the stable. When we left the carriage, the driver went on till he met a friend who was going to Bethlehem. The third horse was

unharnessed, and the friend, in place of making the journey on foot, made it on horseback. The driver, thinking that I would insist on seeing the dead horse he was going to tell me about, decided not to wait at the canyon but to tell me the story in Jericho. Though in strong words I told the owner that nothing could be gained, but much lost, by treachery and lying. I think in his heart he commended the cunning of his employee.

April 26th, with the Russian consul, the Russian ambassador to Rome, and a number of Russian ladies and gentlemen we witnessed the washing of feet which always takes place the Thursday before Easter in the court, or open space, in front of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Our party was conducted by three Hungarian guards, dressed in the elaborately embroidered costume of their country. We had seats on the roof of a building opposite the entrance to the church. A carpeted platform stood in the space below; there was an elevated chair at one end and benches on the sides. The archimandrite of the Greek church, in rich vestments, ascended the platform, followed by twelve bishops, representing the twelve apostles. The archimandrite occupied the chair, the bishops, six on a side, sat on the benches. A Greek service was read by a priest. Then the archimandrite laid aside his robe and crown and girded himself with a towel. An attendant brought a basin, towels, and an ewer with water and, as he poured from the ewer onto the naked feet of an apostle, the archimandrite washed and wiped them. The ceremony was long but interesting. The whole space, and every roof and window commanding a view, was crowded — even the belfry and the window sills of the church. Wherever it was possible for a man to hold on, a man was there.

In the evening we were at a reception given by the Russian consul. Many well known people were present: the Russian ambassador to Rome, Admiral Skrydoff; Prince Sheremetyeff from the Caucasus; BobrofF, consul at Beirut; Yakovleff, a Russian from Moscow, whom I knew in the old time; Koyander, the consul general and diplomatic agent at Cairo; Sir Charles Wilson; the Spanish consul; and most of the foreign consuls present in Jerusalem. It was a very enjoyable evening.

CHAPTER: 46

Sojourn in Wales and Ireland

We left Jerusalem May 2nd bearing with us the good wishes of the many friends who were at the station to see us off.

In the hotel at Jaffa I noticed a peculiar thing: the rooms instead of being numbered are named Dan, Samuel, etc. The novelty of this amused us immensely. Our steamer, the Senegal, remained one day in Port Said; a second day was spent in Alexandria, giving us an opportunity to see more of the city than we saw when on the way to Cairo. At the beginning of the Christian era Alexandria was one of the largest cities of the world. Forty B.C. it was the home of Cleopatra, the peerless queen of Egypt, whose beauty held captive the great conquerors of that day. It was for centuries the seat of Grecian learning. The scholars and philosophers of its Serapeum were renowned in Rome and Athens. Today it is simply a commercial town. But I think the time will come when again it will be a great city, for it is the entrance to Africa, the gateway to Egypt.

The steamer was several hours over four days making the trip from Alexandria to Marseille. It was a restful journey away from donkeys, camels, Arabs, and beggars. It is agreeable to see and know the Holy Land but it is good to get away from it. The deceit and treachery of the Arabs and Bedouins, the misery of the lower class, many of whom carry around on their backs an incredible amount of dirt and rags, is depressing.

The cabin passengers on the steamer were Scotch and English missionaries returning from different points in the East; a pasha with his wife and nine children; two young men on their way home from the Sudan; Miss Hope, granddaughter of the Earl of Westmeath; Mrs. Batchclor, the wife of a judge in Cairo; and Mrs. Hussy, a descendant of Bryan O'Rhue. Mrs. Hussy was a social person; she knew Ireland perfectly. In speaking about the superstitions of Ireland and Scotland, she related a curious incident. Two funeral processions, one bearing an old man to his grave, the other a young

man of twenty, were coming toward the same crossroad from different directions. When in sight of each other, they began to run. Each procession made the greatest effort possible to reach the crossroad first, but they arrived at the same moment. Then a battle ensued to decide which should be the first to put down the coffin containing their dead and kneeling say a prayer around it. That would decide which procession would reach the churchyard first. When asked why they were quarreling at such a time, the chief mourner in the procession carrying the old man, said: 'To get to the churchyard first. How could my father be a water-carrier for a boy of twenty?' The superstition is that, if two funerals meet at the churchyard gate, the man in the last coffin carried in will in purgatory be the servant of the man in the first coffin.

At luncheon one day I heard my friend, Andrew D. White, highly complimented by Mrs. Batchelor. Her words were: 'Andrew D. White is a first-class man. I am sorry that Europeans meet so many of our second and third rate Americans.' Her daughter remarked that first-class Americans remained at home. As Mr. White is quite a traveler and has lived many years abroad, the remark did not seem specially apropos.

We spent three days in Marseille. The journey from Marseille to Paris is through a hilly country, but the hills are terraced and planted with grapevines. Several of the 'hill towns' are wonderfully picturesque. For many miles the sea is in sight on one side and distant mountains on the other side. We were in Lyons on the Rhone and then in Paris. I stopped at the Continental. Count Pototski called, and I gave him the finished manuscript of Sports in Somaliland and received $900. In London Sarah Bernhardt was playing Hamlet. Her Hamlet would be perfect had she a more masculine voice.

Four weeks later we went to Cardiff. For years I had been interested in the Welsh language but I had never had an opportunity of hearing it spoken in its own country. I chose Cardiff as the first place to visit in Wales, for Jones, a Welsh member of the British parliament told me that I would find there more persons who spoke their own language than I would find in any other city in Wales. Cardiff once possessed a fortified castle with embattled walls, moat, and ramparts. In 1648 the fortress was besieged and captured by

Oliver Cromwell in person. Today the moat is filled, but the castle stands as a part of the mansion of the Marquis of Bute.

Nothing in a literary way could be done on the first day, for there was a circus in town. I found, however, that for my purpose that circus was the best thing possible. I saw all the people for miles around and I listened to the Welsh language spoken by old men and young. Mr. Jones had given me a letter to the director of the Baptist college, a man whom he described as an enthusiastic Welshman. I found him a peculiar man, a man who preferred to speak English and who, to my thinking, did not 'enthuse' much over his country or his language The following day I visited Llandaff, where there is a large school for young ladies and also what is called the Cathedral school, a school for boys. The village is two miles from Cardiff; there are many attractive homes along the way, some of which are covered from ground to roof with ivy, and each home has a name: Oak Villa' or 'Ivydale,' etc. The name is over the door or on the gatepost. The custom is universal in Cardiff.

Professor Jones, who is connected with the Cardiff college, invited us to dine with him. At his house I met Professor Ryse of Oxford university. He was on his way to Ireland to study ogham inscriptions. He is a man who has a hobby, but it is a hobby in which all scholars should be interested. I also met Professor Powell of Penarth, a man so deeply in earnest that he spends no time striking the air with empty words. He has boundless love for his country and its language. I passed a long to be remembered' day with him at his pleasant home, four miles from Cardiff.

In spite of pressing literary work Professor Powell was each day in teaching his son the Welsh language. I was at work on Knights of the Cross and Indian Myths. I like to work early in the morning, but in England and Wales it was impossible to get to work before nine o'clock. Great Britain is a slow country! John Bull needs constant punching in the ribs; he is always half asleep.

July 1st I began to translate The Argonauts, a novel both entertaining and instructive, for it describes life in Poland. Eliza Orzeszko writes because she cannot help writing; her works, contained in forty volumes, touch on the most vital subjects in the world around her. She tells the truth precisely as she sees it.

I couldn't get a Sunday newspaper. The English are too religious to read a newspaper on Sunday morning! But their religion does not prevent their making every effort to quarrel with countries whose land or mines they covet. At this time they were seeking an excuse for taking possession of the gold and diamond mines of the Transvaal. The peace conference seemed about to end without having accomplished anything. July 4th the weather was beautiful, and we celebrated the day by going to Caerphilly to see the ruins of what was once a magnificent fortress. Immense towers and a few of the side walls are still standing. The ruins cover some thirty acres of land. The following day we journeyed to the old town of Chester, where for hundreds of years Roman legions lived, for Chester was a Roman stronghold. Aside from ruins there are in Chester famous specimens of ancient Roman architecture. The museum is rich in sculpture and stones on which are depicted scenes in the life of the Roman residents there during the first century of the Christian era. We made the circuit of the city, walking on the walls. On my return to the hotel. I found a telegram from Sir Edward Russell inviting me to dine with him the following day. I accepted the invitation and had a delightful evening at the Reform club in Liverpool where seven gentlemen had been asked to meet me. Returning to Chester we went three days later to Bangor and afterward to Carnarvon, which is in the most picturesque part of North Wales, among the foothills of the Snowdon range. In Carnarvon and Snowdon a large majority of the people speak Welsh. In no other part of Wales are the people as patriotic and so determined to keep their language alive. The town, the castle, and the walls were built in 1283 by Edward I to secure his subjection of Wales.

July 12th we crossed the Irish channel. A fierce wind was blowing, and the sea was rough. I was glad when we reached land and somewhat later the Imperial hotel in Dublin and were sheltered from the storm. The following day I went to Crambly to see Professor O'Looney. He greeted me with joy. He had just been reading, for the third time, my books on Irish folklore. He said the myths were told as if an old man were telling them a hundred years ago, an old, Gaelic storyteller. The other men, who had gathered Gaelic myth tales, had thought it necessary to dress them up, to add here, and take away there, but he found my myths true to original Gaelic thought. I considered this a high compliment from O'Looney, a great Gaelic scholar.

While crossing the channel, I caught a severe cold. The second day of my stay in Dublin it was difficult for me to speak above a whisper. After calling on one more friend, McSweeney, of the Irish academy, I started for Cork. On reaching the Victoria we felt sure of a warm welcome, but we found that Mrs. Wilson had sold the hotel and gone to Dublin. My cold had grown so much worse that I called a doctor with the result that I was in bed for more than two weeks, threatened, as he said, with pneumonia. I was not too ill to enjoy reading, however. I had never read Walter Besant's novels, so Alma procured them, and, to make time pass more quickly, read to me from morning till evening each day.

August 4th I was well enough to go to Cahirciveen. The journey is monotonous until within ten or twelve miles of the town, when the road winds around the base of a mountain just above Dingle bay and the scenery is fine.

Cahirciveen had not improved. Fitzgerald's hotel looked dingy and smelled musty. The food was impossible. I was still weak, sitting up only part of the day; I needed nourishing food. As it could not be had at the hotel, I sent for Mr. Healy, an old acquaintance, and he procured rooms in a pleasant house and hired a woman to cook for us. We moved into our new quarters and were very comfortable, for Jane, the cook, was a treasure. I began work on The Argonauts which had had a long rest. I was up early mornings and worked until tired, then worked lying on the couch, Mrs. Curtin recording as I translated. I took down a few stories from old men and read considerable Gaelic.

It was pleasant to be in Cahirciveen, for there were men there who spoke their own language. I tried to establish a school prize for the pupils speaking the best Gaelic, but the conditions were unfavorable, for the inhabitants were not sufficiently scholarly, or far-seeing enough to understand what a knowledge of their own language would mean for them. Many thought, as did a young woman with whom I talked: 'We could only speak it in Ireland, and it is too common in itself.' The days passed pleasantly, but I was not getting strong; I decided to go to London.

I could not leave southern Ireland without seeing my friends at Ventry strand and Dingle, and spending a few hours in Tralee. It was late in the

evening when the train reached Dingle, but Maurice Fitzgerald was at the station to meet us although he was six miles away from home. The years had not changed him; his Irish-English was as droll as ever. The next morning a number of the citizens of Dingle dropped in to thank me for the effort I had made to save the myths and traditions of County Kerry. I was glad to know that they appreciated my work. I talked with the canon about school prizes for Gaelic, but he was not enthusiastic.

The following day Fitzgerald came with his side-car and took us to Ventry where we had the pleasure of greeting 'the Misses,' his wife. Then we went to Dunquin for he was anxious that I should see his new farm near the edge of the sea. The road to Dunquin is around the side of a tremendous sea cliff called Slea head. We had a fine view of Blasket island and the Skellig rocks. Lower down, on the mainland, Maurice pointed out the spot where Fin Mac Cool herded his sheep and where the cows went out to the sea every night. Some writers assert that there have never been such persons on earth as Fin Mac Cool and his men, others consider them real characters in Irish history. If Fin and his men are historical personages, deeds of myth heroes, ancient gods of Gaelic mythology, have been attributed to them or they have been substituted for heroes who were in the tales previously. Maurice also pointed out the place where his own father, by giving away his dinner, got rid of a ghost that had torn down a stone wall year after year.

Although Fitzgerald has a large and prosperous farm with herds of horses and cattle, his brother, who is in charge, lives in the old way. As we entered the house, the family was sitting around a deal table on which was at least half a bushel of recently boiled potatoes from which all were eating with apparent relish.

Upon our return to Ventry strand, we lunched in the room where many of my Irish myths were told six years before and where Pan Michael was translated. Mr. Lynch, an old man who had related several of those myths 'was there before us.' Fitzgerald had sent a messenger to tell him 'we were in it.' Lynch had kept in his mind all the myths told him by his grandparents. He had repeated them to me with pleasure, realizing that if not written down from his own lips they would perish, for even his children, to whom he had told them a great many times, could not repeat them entire.

He gave me the great Glas Gainach myth. I had taken the myths at the right moment, for now the old man was broken physically and mentally. It was sad to see him and note the change six years had wrought. Among others who came was Duvan, the blind man. When they gathered around to see us off, I was glad that I had made the effort to come and greet these good friends once more.

From Dingle we went to Dublin, stopping with Mrs. Wilson, who was keeping a family hotel there. Professor O'Looney visited us. I was greatly interested in a collection of myths which he had translated from ancient Gaelic manuscripts, and the story of the Dun Cow from the same source. At the Irish academy, where my friend McSweeney still held sway, I met Professor Robinson of Harvard, who was copying Irish manuscripts. I was glad to find that those remarkable manuscripts had at last roused the interest of scholars. Inquiring for Professor Henry I discovered that after twenty-five years of service he had resigned; that his salary had not been continued. The board had given him a small lump sum, the grudging reward that matter usually gives mind.

Crossing the Irish channel I again caught cold and had to remain indoors for several days. This, however, did not trouble me greatly as I had an abundance of work to do, writing and translating. I was bothered by the irregularity with which Sienkiewicz produced Knights of the Cross. I got weary of having on hand a work which dragged so. I determined to go to Warsaw and discover when the story was likely to end. The first thing was to have passports put in order; the second to go to the bible house on Ames's corner and buy bibles in different negro and Indian languages, so as to have work for the road and for leisure moments.

CHAPTER: 47

An Interview with Tolstoi

We left London September 1899. As usual the English channel was rough. We crossed in an hour and twenty minutes, but that was an hour too long for most of the passengers. Early the following morning we were in Cologne. The Emperor William is seen everywhere in Germany. He is at the railroad station; he is on the train; he carries your trunk; he sits on the driver's box; he sells tickets and newspapers; he is in all places, his mustaches turned heavenward. I watched one of these repetitions while waiting for a train. The man was young; his mustache was black, beautifully waxed and twisted, the points reaching to the neighborhood of his eyes. Every few minutes he took a glass from his pocket, gazed at himself, twisted first one prong of his mustache, then the other, and put the glass in his pocket, to repeat the process almost immediately. The Germans are plain-looking enough, but William's style of wearing the hair which grows on the upper lip makes them hideous.

It was harvest time, and the fields were covered either with newly mown grass or with stacks of grain. It was Sunday but, nevertheless, men, women, and children were occupied in the hay or potato fields. September 25th we were in Warsaw. Sienkicwicz was visiting the battlefield of Tannenberg, which he was to describe in Knights of the Cross, but he was expected home in a few days. While waiting, I began work on Glowacki's (Prus) novel Faron, which I had laid aside. In three hours I translated seventeen pages and during that time Dr. Beniu called. From Tannenberg Sienkiewicz went to Posen. I was anxious for his return for Oct. 7, I was to sail for New York; the only way I could conquer uneasiness was by work on Faron. Wolff, Glowacki's publisher, was enthusiastic over his books. In Wolff's opinion he is a deeper thinker than Sienkiewicz. The Argonauts appeared in Polish serially, hence I translated it bit by bit. When it ended abruptly, as it seemed to me, I was disappointed, was sorry that I had translated it.

October 1st I translated fifty-two pages of Faron (The Pharaoh and the Priest). The following day Sienkiewicz arrived; our meeting was wonderfully pleasant. He intended to finish Knights of the Cross in fifteen more weekly portions. That completed, he wanted to write a novel in which Kosciuszko would be the chief character. He gave me a short poem 'Olymphus,' which he had written for his mother-in-law.

Oct. 5, 1899 we were in Liondon; the 7th we sailed for New York on the Lueania (cabin 87). It was my twentieth trip across the ocean and it was, with one exception, the calmest I had ever made. For several days the ocean was as smooth as a river; though late in the season, the weather was bright and warm. We landed the 14th. That evening J. G. Blaine Jr., called; he was at that time a newspaper reporter. Three days later we were at Bristol, Vermont, where we spent Christmas and New Year's 1900. Early in March I was in Washington where I called on all my old friends, among others Senator Davis of Minnesota, Senator Morgan of Alabama, and John Hay then secretary of state. Later Hay wrote to me and also sent me an official document bearing the seal of the state department. In both the letter and the document he requested all countries to pay the bearer the honor and favor that would be shown by the American government to a person of distinction coming to them from a foreign country. It was very nice of Hay to do this; I felt pleased and grateful.

March 28th we left New York on the Teutonic. An hour or so before sailing Richard Gilder and his sister came on board to say goodbye; Dodd of Dodd, Mead was also there to say goodbye to us and to Beatrice Ilarraden, author of Ships That Pass in the Night, a frail little woman with welcoming eyes and a mind from which nothing escapes that is worth treasuring. Dodd introduced her, and she proved a wonderfully agreeable traveling companion. Pierpont Morgan was one of the passengers. April 5th we were in London. Everyone was anxious to talk about war in the Transvaal.

London seemed to me, that is, the part of it from Oxford street to the Strand, more depressed than I had ever seen it. There were more evidences of drink and suffering, of want and deterioration. Everyone, even the employees of the Charing Cross hotel, seemed intensely interested in South Africa. The old man in charge of the 'lift' (elevator) was supremely

indignant over an attempt in Brussels to assassinate the Prince of Wales. The Swiss and German servants in the hotel were bitterly opposed to the English. The English were not as aggressive as they were when I was in London a few months earlier. Williams of Williams, Norgate (publishers), said it was the most difficult war England had ever had. I regret America's indifference. The Boers were defending republics which they founded in the wilderness, they were defending a sacred right, the right of self-government, the exercise of which has made us the nation which we are today.

The British fell upon the Boers because they thought they had sufficient physical strength to slaughter the people and sufficient authority among men to defame the republics and present themselves to the world as benefactors of mankind and apostles of civilization. No American should have opposed the Boers, for their principle is the principle on which we stand; it is the reason and cause of our existence.

Great Britain is, and always has been, the greatest foe on earth of democracy, the greatest foe of self-government by the people, and is our most dangerous enemy. We are strong but we have reason to be always on our guard against a power that aims at world empire. There is not in human history such a cynical disregard of justice as that exhibited by the British government in its dealings with South Africa. No government has ever shown so conclusively that it cares not for honor and is utterly indifferent to its own promises. The British won Natal from the Boers after they had trekked to that country, by turning the Zulus against them; that was one of the tricks of Great Britain in South Africa, and with the seizure of Boer lands, despite provisions of the treaty made with them, caused the second trek or removal from Natal to the lands beyond. I would advise all who wish some clear insight into this history to read Fifty Years of Ike History of the Republic in South Africa, 1795-1845, by J. G. Voigt.

We crossed to Flushing. On the Hanover train was a lady who was greatly excited over the war. She had been in England where she said everybody was praying for the destruction of the Boers. She wished with all her heart the Boers would blow up their diamond mines; then England would leave the country as the French left Moscow.

There is a charm about Warsaw, even when the weather is gloomy, as it was at this time. The situation is fine. There are no high hills, but the low land on the north of the Vistula and the high land on the south of it give diversity and picturesqueness. Sienkiewicz was in Paris. Wolff, his publisher, was annoyed by his irregularity in writing. For two months he had not sent any manuscript. It injured the paper that was bringing out the story. First he went bear-hunting, then he went to Paris. I visited Giowaeki. He was not writing, for his eyes troubled him. When I asked him for his photograph for Pharaoh and the Priest, he laughingly told me to get the photograph of the best looking man I could find and say that it was 'Boleslav Prus.' It would be a great deal better than having one of him. The more intimately I became acquainted with Giowaeki the more highly I appreciated his character. He is a serious, earnest man; no word of his is ever written simply for effect, it has a deep meaning.

I found that the Poles sympathized with the Boers, but they would be with England if Russia gave that country an ultimatum, as was rumored at that time. The news of interference was too good to be true. The English were permitted to go on till by force of overwhelming numbers they conquered the Boers and seized their country — meaning diamond mines. There is little justice in the world when, so-called. 'Christian countries' stand aside and allow such a crime, such a degrading sin.

Sienkiewicz came home April 14th. He received me as he would a brother. Knights of the Cross was finished; he gave me 120 pages of foolscap closely written, so I could translate it before it appeared in Polish. How glad I was to get that manuscript can be known only by a person who has had a task, over which he had no control, dragging along for three years. Dr. Benni received me with open arms. He was interested in getting a substantial present for Sienkiewicz, something that would be a pleasure for him if he lived to old age, for he does not know how to take care of money. He does not spend on himself, but he gives lavishly. When Pan Michael was published, some unknown person sent Sienkiewicz 15,000 rubles in appreciation of his work. Sienkiewicz, in place of putting aside the money, gave it, in memory of his wife, to an institution in Cracow. The good doctor was annoyed.

Easter was gloomy; from time to time the sun broke through the clouds, but vanished almost immediately. I was at work, and our happiness did not depend upon atmospheric conditions. About this time I received a cablegram from Miss Gilder. In spite of Sienkiewicz having given the right of dramatizing Quo Vadis to me alone, he had also given it to Wilson Barrett. On the strength of Sienkiewicz' statement, Miss Gilder had dramatized the book. When I asked Sienkiewicz why he had done this, he said he had entirely forgotten his promise; he would write to Barrett at once and, explaining the position, ask him to withdraw. Of course, it was too late, Barrett refused to withdraw. This 'forgetfulness' was embarrassing. I was sorry for Miss Gilder. Sienkiewicz' act raised a doubt in my mind regarding other contracts — and events proved that I had reason for doubt. But many things must be forgiven a man whose mind does not run in a business groove.

On the 17th Sienkiewicz and I had our photograph taken together. The following day Glowacki called and signed exclusive rights for Faron. An hour after he left a beautiful bouquet of roses and hyacinths came 'From Prus to Madame Curtin.' At a dinner given to me by Sienkiewicz the conversation was mainly about Russia. The Poles hate Russia. The women are more outspoken and venomous than the men. They will not study the Russian language. Sienkiewicz' daughter was not learning it. Boys must learn it if they have a university education; but girls, educated at home, have their choice. They study French and German, sometimes Italian, but not Russian.

On the 18th I sent Little, Brown and company the last chapter of Knights of the Cross and also my introduction to the book. When I mailed it, I said, 'Thank God!' The relief was great. The work had often interfered with my plans. At this time our consul at Warsaw was a Polish Jew, a old fellow, who spoke English with difficulty. When the United States government finds itself too poor to support an American citizen as consul at a foreign post, it would be far wiser to abolish the post. I was deeply mortified by the position in Warsaw. This ancient capital of Poland contains about 500,000 people and one third of them are Jews. As a general thing they are energetic and successful. I have met very learned men among them. They are

progressive too, or as much so as faithful adherence to their religion will permit.

May 13th Sienkiewicz signed a contract giving me the exclusive right to dramatize, or cause to be dramatized, all the books of the trilogy and whatever books he may write in future. During my stay in Warsaw I spent a good deal of time with him. He is always cordial, even affectionate, with me. But many of his countrymen accuse him of being cold and proud, and complain that he holds himself aloof from everyone, lives by himself, never associates with his people. They are extremely proud of him as an author, but do not like him as a man.

May 23rd, 1900 we crossed the river and went to the railroad station. The ride in the early morning air and sunshine was delightful. The peace of the landscape is restful. Our first stop was Grodno to call on Orzeszko, the author of The Argonaut. Grodno is a provincial town, scattered and extremely untidy. Orzeszko has a pleasant, little home near a large grove of pine trees. Our next stop was at Vilna. We went to the hotel nearest the station, for it was late in the evening. In the morning we drove to 'The Hill' which is the historic part of the town, the fortress. Later we called on the wife of Dr. Dmochowski, who welcomed us with great cordiality. After luncheon we visited the cathedral, the oldest church in the old capital of Lithuania, where paganism flourished and where it got its deathblow. The church was built on the ruins of a pagan temple. Mrs. Dmochowski found the sexton and had all the relics and treasures opened up for us. At the top of a long flight of stairs is a room filled with Gobelin tapestry, magnificent specimens, 'saved from the Russians by stating that they belonged to the church when in reality they belonged to the king.' Among the treasures of the church is a vestment made by Queen Yedviga of Poland. In a small room on the ground floor was what interested me more than Gobelin tapestry, or church vestments, the place where the pagan Lithuanians sustained the 'sacred fire.' The room is small; there are three fireplaces in it, but on a stone platform is the spot where the holy of holies, the sacred fire, always burned. A crucifix now stands on the platform. In a small chapel of the cathedral is an altar supported by an eagle with a crown on its head, the symbol of the Polish state; it is remarkable as representing religion

dominating state. There is also a small painting of the Virgin and Child, which once belonged to Prince Vitold.

From the cathedral we went to the church which Napoleon said he would like to take entire to Paris. He must have said it to flatter the Poles, for the church is in no way remarkable. We dined with the Dmochowskis and made the acquaintance of many pleasant persons whom they had invited to meet us. The following day we went to St. Mary's church to see the kettledrum taken from the Turks at Vienna, by Sobieski. In Vilna Vitold had his stronghold and there Jagellon went to marry Yedviga, queen of Poland. This marriage in its results was, perhaps, the most important marriage ever made. It united Lithuania and Poland.

Again we were in St. Petersburg and at Grand hotel d'Europe. At the legation I met Peirce, the secretary, and Charlemagne Tower, the ambassador. I visited General Kornaroff; and keeping a promise given in Karnak on the Nile called on the Maletskis, and later on Dr. Polotebneff, my Cairo friend, an old-time Russian. Six years had brought a few changes. Near the admiralty there was a beautiful park in process of construction in what had been an open space. Among the busts which make the park interesting I was specially attracted by that of Gogol, the author of Taras Bidba; and that of the poet Lermontof. Potaneff, a member of the geological society, came to see me. Many years ago, for political reasons, he was sent in the chain gang to Siberia. He wrote articles which attracted a great deal of attention and collected and published folk tales. His literary talent gained him his liberty. His folk tales of Siberia, though fragmentary, were the first to be collected and opened the way for other collections. Potaneffs conversation was very instructive for me, for it was mainly about life in Siberia.

At a dinner given by the secretary of legation, Peirce. I met Josiah Quincy and wife of Boston. It was just the season for dinners and evening entertainments; daylight lasted till ten in the evening, then came twilight. At three o'clock in the morning the sun was shining again. I visited Pobedonostsev, procurator of the holy synod. (His name means Bearer of Victory.) I found him looking no older than he did six years earlier. He greeted me with affection and said that, although I did not write often, he

always kept track of me, that he had read all of my books as well as my translations, that he preferred to read Sienkiewiez' books in my translations, that they were smoother than in Polish. Our conversation was about the Boer war and the attitude America had taken, also about a war which seemed imminent in China. We had no word of praise for McKinley and Roberts, Irishmen striving to uplift and support a power which has oppressed Ireland for centuries; or for Americans who forget how their forefathers struggled to free themselves from the oppression of England.

Professor Radloff, a Turkish scholar, who has done a great deal for science by discovering and deciphering inscriptions on old Turkish stones found in Siberia, proved a very pleasant acquaintance. I have made a study of the Turkish language, and we are interested along the same line of research. I spent a most delightful day with him at his country home.

Princess Suvorof-Kozloff came to us accompanied by her daughter, who was older than the princess was when I first saw her. Madame Kozloff had changed beyond recognition. From a stately, fine-looking, young woman with all the social world at her feet she had changed to a corpulent, old woman, with 'convictions' which she maintained beyond all reason. She had recently been in Tashkent and had found it very beautiful. 'like a jewel.' She had many things to tell about her journey and the people of Tashkent. Later I dined at her house and met her husband, a peculiar man with peculiar ideas; he had written a pamphlet on Mongolia and had other pamphlets in view. In speaking of the negro race he assured me that at the moment of birth negro children are white, but they -grow black immediately. He spoke of the Cairo museum and his interest in Egyptology. The princess dislikes museums. 'They are places where people go and profess to admire and to know all about things regarding the origin of which they are utterly ignorant.' She admired Bismarck. 'He was not obliged to take care of Russia. He saw what they should do and thought they were fools for not doing it.'

I called on Prince Hilkoff, minister of railways, and he returned my call almost immediately. I was pleased by his statement that he used a pocket kodak in place of a notebook. He sent me a fine map of Russia and later an

order to railway officials to help me in any way they could during my journey, for I had decided that I would see Siberia and circle the world.

I called on Ignatiev, who spoke very freely about the English and Armenian trouble. He assured me that England caused it all and told how he answered Lord Salisbury at a dinner given by the sultan. When Salisbury, in bad French, was repeating Ignatiev's name, Ignatiev asked in English why he used it so often. Salisbury answered that he was explaining to the sultan how the Russians had reporters everywhere. Ignatiev said: 'You are well informed, but there is this difference, the English have paid spies, my men are serving for their religion and their country.' Another time there was an assertion that women could be bought. Salisbury did not believe it. Ignatiev sent a man out; he bought a woman and brought her in. Lady Salisbury was horrified.

Ignatiev sneered at the English and the policy of nations that follow in her lead; said that such nations were sowing trouble for their descendants to harvest.

He stated that Wallace went to Princes islands to make some arrangement with the people there. Horen, bishop of Pera, and Xrmian of Erzerum wrote to Ignatiev about this, and he laid the matter before Giers, who did not think it worth while to notice the intrigue. The Turkish government had agreed to have no armed men in Armenia but regular troops. The English stepped in and explained to the Turks that they ought to have a great Kurdish force like the Russian Cossacks; they would have in the Kurds a splendid cavalry. The Turks were pleased. They acted on the suggestion and armed the Kurds, or a very large number of them.

Then Wallace explained to the Armenians that the Russians did not care for Christians; they only cared for Slavs; that the Armenians had no friend but the English; that the Armenians must rise against Turkey, and England would aid them. When the Armenians hesitated at this and said that many of their people would be massacred, they were told that some must die, of course, that could not be avoided; but England would aid the people in their struggle to free themselves from oppression. At last the Armenians put themselves in the hands of the English, and England at Berlin made a

separate treaty with Turkey about Armenia. In what way they benefited Armenia is well known.

Ignatiev told me how he changed customs in Turkey. How ambassadors had to alight from their carriages outside the court; he drove in and told others to follow, which they did, though afraid of the consequences. After that it was the thing to do. Once, when he was going to the sultan to dine, or have an interview, and a band outside played a Polish tune, he told his driver to turn back, which he did. When officials came to him saying, the sultan was waiting, he said; 'Let him wait, I shall not go to him while that band is there.' The band was sent away. Ignatiev said that England had proposed to the emperor to occupy Peking; he had advised him not to do so. for then England would occupy Shanghai. I spoke to Ignatiev about China. He thought the true policy of Russia was to protect the integrity of China.

I made up my mind to see Mongolia and China and study into conditions there and to go at once. There were rumors of uprisings in the empire, and Russian troops were being rapidly transported to the Far East. I visited Witte, minister of finance. He received me with joy, for he remembered me as a friend of the family when he was still a student. I told him of my intended journey, and he volunteered to give me letters to every governor in Siberia whose government I would be in the least likely to visit, and said: 'If you need assistance in any way, telegraph to me at once. A few days later he sent me nineteen letters to governors and officials in Siberia.

In speaking of the East, Witte said that he was not in favor of taking Port Arthur. He was in favor of keeping away from China and also keeping others away. That his policy was not to take a foot of Chinese territory or let anyone else take a foot. Russia should be the defender of Chinese independence. Count Muravief had a different policy, and it resulted in the renting of Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan. I asked Witte if it were too late to adhere to his policy under the new conditions since Port Arthur was not taken but simply rented. He said that he was afraid it was. The result of renting Port Arthur was that the Germans had gotten into the country and the English also; that their staying would force Russia to remain: that Russia's going to Port Arthur gave the English and the Germans the excuse for doing a similar thing. I remarked that to carry out such a wise policy as

the defense of China's integrity might require more wisdom on the part of China than exists in the country really. Witte agreed to this. Like all Russians whom I met at this time, Witte was greatly opposed to the course England was taking in the Transvaal. He inquired what Bryan's chances were of becoming president and said that he thought him a far better American than McKinley.

I am more impressed than ever with the conviction that sometime Russia and America will be the great powers of the world. I am in a better condition to get near the Slav people than most men are, for I speak all of the Slav languages: Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Serbian, and Bulgarian. I have been through Russia lengthwise and crosswise and know Asiatic Russia well. The soul of the world that speaks English is in America. The Americans have the mind to conceive and the physical force to make themselves the English-speaking people. The world that extends from the Adriatic eastward to the Pacific ocean is Slav now by race, and seems likely to be Slav politically in the future not so very remote. The Slav question is the greatest political question in Europe since the rise of the Roman empire.

The social and personal relations between America and the British empire are cordial; we like the people, but we are distinct political personalities. The American idea is different from the English. The United States of America aims to be in politics what Christianity is in religion. Christianity made all men equal before God; the United States has made all men equal before the law.

Each day seemed to bring war nearer. Konstantin Pobedonostsev, procurator of the holy synod, was opposed to occupying China or any part of it. When I spoke with him about my journey to Siberia, he said that he would like to give me a letter to the bishop of Tomsk and one to the bishop of Irkutsk, and an open letter to all the clergy of Siberia. In this way he would secure me a cordial reception by the church. The following evening he sent me the letters and a large number of books. Among them was one of Marie Corchi's, translated by Madame Pobedonostsev.

June 12th 1900, I said good-bye to Pobedonostsev and to many other friends in St. Petersburg. We arrived in Moscow June 13. It was Thursday; every place was taken in the Siberian train leaving Saturday. The 'train de

luxe' left Moscow for Irkutsk once each week. We must wait. I was disappointed but, determined to make the best of my time. I sent a man to Tolstoi's city residence to learn if he were there. He was not, he was at Yasnaya Polyana his summer home near Tula. I decided to visit him there. At eight o'clock that evening we went to the station to start for Tula, which is 180 miles south of Moscow. Every place on the express was engaged; we must, unless we waited many hours, go on the local at midnight.

The next morning we were in Tula, which is an uninteresting and untidy town. The streets are wide and made of cobblestones, terrible to ride over. The best samovars in the world are manufactured in Tula. There is a population of 110,000, and peasants are greatly in evidence. I arranged for horses to take us to Yasnaya Polyana. The 'elder' came, a tall, dirty-faced peasant, to make the 'contract'; he said it was fifteen versts. We started off with three horses abreast — a Russian outfit for a long ride — and a driver whose clothes had done service for twenty-five years at least. After driving a short distance, one of the three horses began to go lame. When I scolded and said the elder had promised three strong horses, the driver said the horse was in the habit of over-reaching and often walked lame. On the way back to Tula he told me with great satisfaction, that he had found a nail sticking into the horse's foot half an inch. When the nail was out, the habit of over-reaching vanished. The country is rolling but not hilly. Not far from Tula we passed a number of summer cottages, built, as it were, in a forest near the highway. A few miles farther on was the large estate of Leventensoff, the house built in a ravine and almost hidden by trees.

When within half a mile of Yasnaya Polyana, we turned and drove through fields to the house, which is so surrounded by trees that it cannot be seen till one is within a few rods of it. It is a long, low, white house. The entrance, a small porch, leading into a narrow hallway, is on what one would naturally think was the back of the house. On one side of the building there is a wide porch with canvas curtains. A young man, who was at work nearby, came to the carriage, invited us to enter the house, and took my card to Tolstoi. The man was Dietrichs, brother-in-law of Count Tolstoi's son. We were conducted to a small room, perhaps 18x20. In the room was a couch in front of which was a small, round table with a red, cotton cover, on the table was ink and also writing paper. Spots of ink decorated the cloth and were here

and there on the unpainted, uncarpeted floor. There were a number of ordinary, wooden chairs in the room and three narrow bookcases. In a niche over the couch was a bust of Tolstoi's brother. Above the niche was a photograph of Dickens, and a number of family photographs, cabinet size; also one of Tolstoi, Ostrovski, Turgenev, and other writers, all dead except Tolstoi.

Dietrichs entertained us till the count appeared. He had been on the Caucasus and knew friends of mine, so time passed quickly. He spoke Persian, Turkish, and Arabic as well as German and French. We were served tea. Then the old man came, a person of medium size, with long, flowing white beard and mustache; his hair iron gray, and thin on top of his head; a broad, high forehead, gray eyes; his face and neck very thin; nose large and rather flat at the nostrils. There are red veins on the ball of the nose and around it on his cheeks. One not knowing Tolstoi's habits might think he had been a winebibber. His eyebrows are heavy; they are iron gray, and some hairs are long and hang over the eyelids. I Lave seen many an old Russian peasant who looked as intellectual as Count Tolstoi, but the wonderful brain is there. He had on a peasant's frock belted around the waist; his trousers were much worn. He wore a round, light felt cap; his shoes were ripped. His first question was: 'What language are we to use?'

I said: 'Any that you prefer.'

His answer was: 'I speak English fairly well, and, of course, I speak French, but I always prefer to speak my own language when possible.' He began speaking the Russian language and used it the entire day. Several times he complimented me on my 'unlimited' use of his mother tongue, saying that I spoke without 'foreign accent' and as freely as he did; that it was a delight entirely new for him to hear his own language spoken so correctly and fluently by a man not of Russian birth or origin. After a time he asked me to walk in the grounds with him, saying that he enjoyed talking in the open air. The grounds were extensive, and the trees were magnificent; many of them were planted by the count's maternal great-grandfather.

We spoke of many things. Tolstoi is a willing and a free talker. He dislikes England, said that the English wished to push down everyone's throat what they called civilization, but their civilization was in reality the barbarism of

the middle ages. Stead had written to him saying that he was obliged to give up agitation against war. Tolstoi looked on the African war as a terrible crime. He thought that America could have prevented the war though it would have been difficult to stop it when it was once begun, as interference might have brought a universal conflagration. He said that in a letter he had recently received from a Russian friend who lived in England the statement was made that according to English ideas the English are the first people on earth, the British are second quality, for Scotch and Irish are included; the white race outside are third rate, a common lot! As to other races, black or yellow, they are simply extra kumanum, things from which to make profit, nothing more. Tolstoi thinks that England is in a moral impasse.

He said of Professor Harper, who had recently visited him: 'The man is unable to grasp any of the higher ideas of life; he only realizes the fact that he is connected with an institution which has some millions, and he has a $10,000 salary.' Evidently Harper made an unpleasant impression on Tolstoi, who cares nothing for money but everything for ideas.

Tolstoi takes a profound interest in America; he says that he owes more to the thought of great American writers: Channing, Theodore Parker, Emerson Garrison, Lowell, Thoreau, and others than to any other source. He spoke both with reverence and affection of these men. Channing was the founder of Unitarianism, and was, he said, 'a man lofty both in intellect and in moral perception.' He was most enthusiastic, however, concerning Thoreau, and spoke of Walden pond with some such feeling as an ardent student of ancient Greece might have for the Scamander or the Iiissus. When I told him that during my student life at Harvard I had passed some vacation days at Concord, had conversed a good deal with Thoreau and dined at his house with him and his sister, he said: 'How much I should like to see that man and talk with him. I wonder that Americans do not think more of Thoreau, do not make more of him, and also do not make more of those other great countrymen of theirs, who lived and thought before that war. You speak of Shakespeare as a great man, and Dante, and Goethe, but your men were greater than any of those, clearer thinkers, truer thinkers.'

He asked particularly about Bryan, wished to learn if he was Socialist. I said that I thought that Bryan was desirous of doing all that was practically

possible on behalf of people who labored and produced, that he was in favor of all that was reasonable in Socialism.

'I am an enemy of reasonable Socialism,' said he. 'It makes slavery possible and prolongs it.'

'Then you are in favor of Socialism absolute?' asked I.

'Yes,' said he, 'in all its negative sides — reasonable, or practical Socialism; that is, mild palliative measures, make the present position endurable. The present position of people, of workers, the world over is that of slavery. Practical improvement means such amelioration as will make workers reconciled to their slavery. I am opposed to it.'

For Henry George his admiration is immense. 'His idea on land' said he, 'is the true one, he wanted to force it. It is a wonder to me that he made no deeper impression on American thought and action. He was the greatest thinker since that group before the war, which I have mentioned. He appeared apart and alone and his ideas will not go without result. I put before the world all the idiocies and injustices of the present position but give no plan. Let people see where they are and let them find their way out themselves. 'Tolstoi is an enemy of nationality, of patriotism, 'for it stands in the way of universal love, or freedom. The Czechs (Hungarians) wish to raise up a counter tyranny. Their own patriotism against the German.'

Tolstoi's position is exactly that of the Nihilists, minus action. Tolstoi's opponents may say, however, that he incites to action, or, in any case, that the indirect result will, or may be, action. 'I consider patriotism,' said he, 'in its usual character as the great enemy of justice and progress, and this character I find in the English saying: "Our country right or wrong, but still our country." That thought brought him to the African position again. Chamberlain he looks on as a dangerous man, a criminal. Rhodes also. 'They,' he said, 'pushed England into the African business and now the English crowd, who not only gain nothing, but are sinking themselves, support the injustice. They are anxious, not only for English victory, but are determined that injustice shall be performed to the uttermost after victory is gained.'

He spoke of Gorki. Said that it was a phenomenal thing that he, from the very humblest beginnings, had brought himself into the literary field and had preserved his own intellectual independence, had told truly and dramatically his own experience, and that of various outcasts, thieves, beggars, etc. He was in danger from the over praise, almost worship, given him by a certain class, and from the correspondingly over severe attacks of critics. In a couple of stories he had permitted himself reflections, reasoning which should have been omitted. 'But he is a remarkable man.' On my mentioning the difference between moral and physical fall, taking the illustration from the case of a man who falls from a high house and is killed — everyone sees that. Men who fall morally and are benumbed in soul, lose moral sensitiveness and may fall again and lose more; but some of those who fall will recollect themselves and reform. So that in this sense one might say that the whole history of the race could be called, 'The fall and redemption of man.' Tolstoi's reply was that he disliked, even hated, the word redemption, ransom which was not needed by an infinite being. I gave the illustration of the good and evil in man, that when the evil commits offense only the good can give the remedy, can redeem the evil. That explanation he accepted and said that he thought that all men would come to their senses sometime and gain or regain their true moral position.

Of Sienkiewicz his opinion is not high, except in his Without Dogma. I suppose if he told the truth it is the Catholic character of the books he objects to, and Sienkiewicz is neither a Socialist nor a Nihilist. My own opinion of Tolstoi is that he is narrow, incisive, unfair; he is every inch a fanatic. He declares that his purpose is to show people the impossibility and injustice of their position. That he wishes to pull down is shown by his statement that he cannot endure reasonable or halfway Socialism. We walked and talked till called to dinner, at two o'clock. When he asked me which avenue I would take to get to the house. I took the wrong one, for the house could not be seen.

Dinner was brought to the enclosed porch. Two men, in ordinary dress, served the meal. The countess was not at home; a daughter-in-law took her place. Tolstoi is a strict vegetarian; hence, there were courses of which he did not partake. He told us that it was only recently and because of old age that he had begun to use cream and butter. The Russian church has

published an edict forbidding the count to be buried in holy ground or have any of the ceremonies of the church performed over his body. He showed us the edict in Russian, published in England. He laughed at it, and said: 'This does not affect me in the least. I separated myself from the church twenty-five years ago.'

His daughter-in-law asked what church I belonged to. When I replied: 'To no church,' she said: 'What freedom, and what comfort in such freedom. It is terrible to be bound to a church, either Greek, Catholic, or Protestant. I dislike most of all the English church.* When I remarked that Kief, her birthplace, was beautiful for its churches, she said: 'Yes, but there is so much evil done in those churches that one who knows of it cannot like Kief.' This young woman's sister is the wife of Chertkoff, who is editing Tolstoi's books in England. Chertkoff is an exile; when I asked why he was an exile, his sister-in-law, said: 'Because he likes Tolstoi too well. that is the only reason. Twenty-five years ago he was a great favorite in St. Petersburg society. He was in the horse guards, and the emperor was fond of him.

Tolstoi gave me a fine portrait of himself writing his name on it and the date of the day 'that we met and learned to know each other.' Toward evening we said good-bye, probably never to meet again. We left Tula June 18.

CHAPTER: 48

A World Tour Begun

I was glad to get back to 'Mother Moscow.' We dined with Yakunchikof, an old friend. His son, who had recently been in the United States, told two stories to describe the alertness of the street boys of New York. One day while 'Boots' was polishing Yakunchikof's shoes, he asked. 'Are you a Russian?'

'Yes.'

'Are the people in Russia satisfied with the tsar?'

When told, 'Very well,' the boy said that he was glad that they were, that he was not going to follow 'shining' long and when he got out of the business and got rich be would visit Russia. He wanted to see Moscow. Another 'Boots' said that, if McKinley were elected, it would be as bad in America as in Russia. When asked how it was bad in Russia, he said: 'You folks over there can't call your tsar a damned fool as we can our president if he is one.' Yakunchikof's daughter and her husband, an artist, were at the dinner. He had recently finished a remarkable Egyptian picture. The reception given us in that elegant home was very gratifying.

On our return to the hotel we were made happy by receipt of home letters, a good harbinger for our journey. At 9:00 p.m. Saturday, June 23, 1900 — a beautiful evening — friends were at the station with gifts and good wishes, and thus began our journey to Siberia. Sunday was a glorious day, bright and warm — green valleys, magnificent reflection of hills and distant mountains in the quiet waters of the river. From Moscow to the Ural foothills there is little change: the variant of level and rolling land, peasant villages, thatched houses, a white church with domes, and a few large towns. A rich, black soil, and numberless grain fields. At Samara not much could be seen, but the trend of the city is attractive, it being on a hillside. Beyond Samara, till the influence of the Ural mountains is seen, there is no

essential difference between the trans-Volga and the rest of Russia: level, sloping, rolling land, various distributions of forest make the Russian landscape; grass and rye play a great part; rye, as a rule, rather thin, and grass not heavy.

The Ural mountains differ from any mountains I have ever seen. The whole region, barring the rocks, seems good for cultivation. The mountains are not high; they are well timbered and beautiful. The Ural country charmed me. When the mountains are passed, there is a level country which is attractive in its way. It is composed of open country and groves, mainly of birch. These groves are so disposed that they look exactly as though planted. The whole region is like a succession of fine estates. From moment to moment one expects to see a grand mansion, but it never materializes. Occasionally there is a village, but not often. Lakes are rather frequent, and there is considerable water in the country. Often we enjoyed a beautiful waterscape. Hills, trees, and distant mountains reflected with wonderful clearness in the placid water of a lake or pond.

Wednesday evening we reached Omsk, a city of 54,000 inhabitants, the home of the governor-general of the steppe country and the bishop of the Russian-Siberian church. The city was founded in 1716 as a fortress from which to dominate the Kirghiz, who made frequent attacks on the Russian population. Beyond Omsk we often passed trains going east and trains going west crowded with peasants. At a station where one of the trains going west halted I talked with several of the passengers. They had come to Siberia the preceding April with the intention of settling in the country but had found land too costly. The places they wanted they could not get; the places they could get they wouldn't have; hence, they were going back to their homes in Kuropean Russia. There must have been wretched mismanagement somewhere for peasants to return to Hussia when all Siberia is, as it were, unpopulated. At a small station there were crowds of peasant women of all ages. I asked the reason and found that three days earlier the troops of Siberia had been called out; the husbands, sons, and lovers of these women were registering preparatory to starting for 'the war,' which had broken out in China. The women looked sad and troubled, many had small children with them.

I wished to visit Tomsk; hence, at Taiga I left the 'train de luxe' There was quite a wait, and I thought it best to eat something. I made the attempt but found the food impossible. In the station I noticed a man whose face seemed familiar. His hair was heavy and reached his shoulders. He wore a long, loosely-fitting, gray coat and a wide-rimmed, soft felt hat. On the branch train I described the man to the conductor and asked who he was. He said: 'Count Dolgoruki, descendant of a famous family.' In the old time in Moscow I knew the count; he was then rich and respected. The conductor said that the count sold his uncle's palace in Moscow to an American and appropriated the money. There was a trial, and even the emperor could not save the count. He was deprived of civil rights and his title, and sent to Siberia. The once elegant man now looks like an eccentric vagabond, but his appearance belies him, for he is not a vagabond, he is an advocate and has a home in Tomsk.

From Taiga to Tomsk there is a primitive forest (taiga) and the short journey is interesting. The train stopped in front of a large building in a beautiful grove of white birch; the station in Tomsk. I had to decide which of two, unknown to me, hotels I would patronize. At the station in Taijja. I had noticed a fat man who appeared to be fond of talking and of eating. He was on the train to Tomsk and introduced himself to me as the director of the Tomsk university; he recommended the Hotel Russia; a priest recommended the Europe. I decided we would be more likely to get good food at the hotel the fat man recommended, so went to the Russia. The rooms were dirty, the corridors were dirty, and the servants were dirty. I took No. 1, a parlor and sleeping room; both were unventilated and musty. In our 'parlor' was a chair of native manufacture, a curiosity. The back of the chair was in the shape of the yoke of a Siberian cart. Around it, in deeply cut letters, was the statement: 'The slower you go, the farther you will get.' As an ornament for the back of the chair, attached to it and extending straight out from it, were two wooden mittens, the thumb of one had been broken off; the arms of the chair were two wooden axes.

Tomsk is a town of extremes. It was June; the heat was almost unendurable, and dust from the many unpaved streets added to the discomfort. But what a change would come in a few weeks! Tom river which runs through the town is frozen just half the year. In winter the temperature is most of the time

around 40° below zero. I presented to the governor Witte's letter of introduction and found him a pleasant man, but new in Tomsk. I called on the bishop; he was at Tobolsk. Then I drove back to the hotel thankful to get shelter from the scorching rays of the sun. Carriage hire in Tomsk is fifteen cents an hour! A large number of houses in the city are of unpainted logs, but each has many windows, and the [window] frames are painted white. There was a time when Moscow had similar architecture. There are twenty-three Russian churches in Tomsk, two synagogues, a mosque, and a Catholic church. I visited a small church founded by Boris Godunof soon after the death of Ivan the Terrible.

July 1st was an intensely hot day made still more uncomfortable by smoke from distant taiga fires. There was great excitement in the city. Crowds, on foot and in carts, were hurrying to the railroad station. The men, wearing red or yellow shirts outside dark trousers, and a vest with red sleeves, looked untidy and unkempt, but rugged and healthy. They were off for war in China. There were crowds on all the streets, and a continual stream of carts, loaded to the overflow with men, women, and children, all moving in the direction of the station. A group of three specially attracted my attention: a young man dressed in tan trousers and red shirt; on his left a man whose auburn hair was turning gray, evidently his father; on his right was a young woman, undoubtedly his wife. An arm was around the neck of each, and each had an arm around the young man's body. And thus they walked on, the young man singing, the woman crying bitterly. In one wagon there was a woman crying aloud and wringing her hands. A man, apparently indifferent to all that was passing, stood at the side of the wagon. I asked him: 'Is your brother one of the soldiers?'

'Yes.'

'Is the woman in the wagon his wife?'

'No, she is my wife. That woman coming is his wife." I looked at her; she was dry-eyed and stern. She was willing that her husband should go, willing that he should suffer. Before me was a living picture of domestic misery.

We saw all the grief caused by parting, for peasants do not hide their feelings; grief so conquers them that they cry aloud, wail, moan, and

sometimes scream in their hopeless agony. I saw a woman draw her husband down onto the plank walk, throw her arms around his head, kiss him frantically, crying as if her heart would break. He was equally overcome. It was a sad sight. If only the men who make war had to go to the front and fight, it would be a consolation, but those who cause such sorrow sit at home in ease and comfort. I decided to go to the station. It was a long drive and the dust was fearful. The nearer I got the greater was the crowd of people on foot, in carts, and on droshkies. Many of the men had packs, or something in an old grain bag, on their backs; some had bundles and an iron teakettle, or a teapot in their hands. With each young man there were several women and old men. Through the grass along the side of the road long lines of men on foot passed, followed by women and children.

At the station men and women were standing around in groups. I watched one group. A man of perhaps thirty-five was taking leave of a large family. His wife drew him down, put her arms around him, rocked his head and cried aloud. He was also crying. But time was hastening. At last he struggled up, raised his wife; another man supported her and the soldier took leave of his father and mother, then of her father and mother. All kissed him many times, and both men and women cried aloud. He kissed several persons of about his own age, probably brothers and sisters. Then his wife seized him again. He put both arms around her neck and kissed her while she was sobbing and trying to tell him things. The train bell rang; the whole crowd around him fell to crying aloud. He had to go! With quick kisses he was off.

In another group half a dozen people were clinging to one man; all were talking and crying. A young man, after parting with others, caught up his little boy, three or four years of age, and crying aloud pressed the child to his bosom in such a frenzy of grief that his friends took the little one away from him. In another group a woman and several children clung to a middle-aged man as if their last tie to earth was about to break. There were hundreds of these groups. The bell rang again! The soldiers rushed to entrain. There seemed to be no order. The men got into any car they chose. There was screaming and calling. Each soldier had some particular friend whom he wanted in the car he was in. One shouted to another, pulled another along with him. Each soldier screamed a parting message to the

friends he was leaving. Some had been drinking; all were intensely excited. One man got into a car to kiss his brother once more and had a fierce struggle to get out again. It was a pitiful sight. From each family the best man was going. Harvest was coming on, his help was needed. Seven thousand soldiers had been called for in and around Tomsk. Each soldier is paid sixteen copecks a day which is about about eight cents.

Tomsk is a city of 70,000 inhabitants. There are 3,000 Poles, mostly exiles. I talked with a number; in each case the man said that he preferred Asiatic to European Russia. Life wasn't such a struggle. In Tomsk and Tobolsk the necessities of life were easier to procure than in any large city in European Russia. Meat was five copecks a pound, milk three copecks a quart, etc. Bread was cheap. Many Tartars are seen on the streets of Tomsk; tall, finely built men. By their dress they are at once distinguished from Russians. They are cleaner than the Russian peasants. I had a long conversation with a Tartar fruit-seller. He said: 'The Russians call us Tartars, but we call ourselves Mohammedans.' He told me that convicts, who had served out their time in many cases became tramps; they lived around in the woods and out-of-the-way places and the inhabitants of villages were afraid of them, for they often committed murder. Sometimes officials sent fifteen or twenty liberated convicts to a certain village to live under police surveillance. They escape and wander around. When captured and asked where they belong, they give the name of a place far away. They are sent there, and then it is discovered that they have not told the truth. In this way the bad class of ex-convicts cause endless trouble.

My 'fat friend' went with me to see the grave of a man whom many people, especially peasants, think was Alexander I, though 'officially' that emperor died in Sevastopol. The tomb is in the old monastery grounds connected with the church founded by Boris Godunof. At the head of the grave is a large wooden cross. On the picket fence which surrounds the grave there are many wreaths of artificial flowers. An old woman showed xis the one-room house where 'the man the police called Theodore Kusmitsch' lived. He had slept on a low stove. She pointed out a chair in which he had cut A. I. When the man was dying, he took the communion himself, a privilege which only the emperor has. A Pole, who was with us, said: 'In Sevastopol

in 1861 many thought that the emperor did not die, that another man was taken to represent Alexander I. God only knows. It is a strange thing.'

Tomsk is the educational center of west Siberia. The university is situated near the center of the city. I called on the professor of botany and went with him to see plants and trees of which he is very proud. In one small enclosure he had a number of slender maple trees; in another apple trees trained to grow as vines so they can be covered in winter. He showed me an indigenous plant that he asserted would cure scurvy in a few days. The university, opened in 1889, has a private endowment fund of $2,500,000. There are many students, and the institution is in every way prosperous.

The train is supposed to leave Tomsk at six o'clock in the morning. One must get to the station, but there seems to be no reason why the train should start. The weighing of baggage is a curiosity — small scales, no hurry. To get a receipt written for one trunk consumed fifteen minutes by my watch. We reached Taigrf, sixty miles from Tomsk, at midday. The Irkutsk train was waiting. From Taiga to Irkutsk is a two day ride. The scenery is somewhat monotonous; occasionally a dense forest of pine, cedar, birch and fir (white birch forms a large proportion of the immense forests of Siberia); then broad, open spaces with here and there a village of log cabins, either near-by or in the distance; again groves of trees that look as though planted by the hand of man. I enjoyed these groves greatly.

At eight o'clock Saturday morning we were at Krasnoyarsk, a city with a population of 50,000. The environs are beautiful. Right there is the magnificent Yenisei, one of the longest rivers in Asia; a river that rises in Mongolia and flows more than 2,500 miles before it reaches the Arctic ocean. Just beyond the river are the wooded hills, and peaks and mountains of the Kaissounski [Kuznetski Ala-tau] range. Some of the peaks look like fortresses or the ruins of primitive castles. All the forenoon we were in a hilly country, the hills covered with evergreen trees. From time to time we passed a small village. Toward evening the hills disappeared and again broad plains, with here and there groves of pines and other indigenous trees. There was no undergrowth, and the trees were tall and straight. The air was cool and agreeable. There were many and beautiful, wild flowers. In all the villages we passed through Saturday and Sunday the men, women and

children had their faces protected by a thin black veil. When passengers left the train to buy the milk the boys and women were selling at the little stations, they had to fight a swarm of gnats or tiny flies.

Toward evening Saturday the scenery was more varied; there were ravines, and slopes; beautiful trees standing out against the sky. We passed two or three villages of thatched-roofed houses. The soil looked good, but there was scarcely any cultivation. In each village there was a green-domed Russian church. The wooded hills are like those of New England. We stopped often. but the stations were simply the uniform Siberian building where work connected with trains is done; one small room for refreshments, a table with glasses and bottles, and near-by a counter where dried fish, fish eggs, and bread can be obtained, and tea. Only a few of the passengers patronized these counters, for the train table was good.

Sunday the air was warmer. From early morning we had a forest on either side, pine and larch. The stations seemed to be in clearings. It is like northern California, except the hills are lower, and there is a wider stretch of level land between them. At midday we came to an open plain with plowed fields and halted at Yku station. Behind the small station house are a few low. wooden houses. Near the track was a long table where women were selling bottles of milk. A train passed, peasants from Tomsk going to Irkutsk to be mustered into service. Beyond Yku is Nijni-Udinsk on the river XJda; then comes Tuloune and, for the first time after leaving Tomsk, carriages were waiting at the station. Monday July 9th at three o'clock in the afternoon we were in sight of the Angara, beyond which loomed up the domes and spires of Irkutsk.

The city, as seen from the train which was nearing it swiftly, was imposing, not only because of its size and its many large churches, but also because the train approaches in such a direction that the front and one side of the city are presented together, as was the case with Grecian temples, the approaches to which were arranged toward the angle between the facade and one side of the structure. Right in front of Irkutsk is the Angara, a deep, clear and swift river which flows out of Lake Baikal, the largest and most beautiful body of fresh water in Asia. As the train nears the city, the side view decreases. The grade of the road is descending; hence, the view

becomes narrower and. when the station is reached, we are on the river bank. The Angara is before us, that beautifully blue and mighty river gliding past irresistibly, smooth and silent. It is said that the Angara never freezes till Christmas and freezes then, in one night, to the bottom.

There is no city on earth which has such a river in front of it as has Irkutsk: blue, very deep, and moving with a speed that gives the idea of resistless power. As we drove through the city, the words of a poet came to mind:

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view. And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

The town is rambling, composed in great part of single story houses, most of which have never been painted. The streets are wide and many of them are unpaved.

CHAPTER: 49

Siberia, Japan, and China

Friday, September 21st, 1900 we set out by train from Irkutsk for Vladivostok.' Early Saturday we were at Lake Baikal. The steamer was a long time loading, but at 1:00 p.m. we were on the opposite side of the lake. Both banks are hilly; along the west bank there are many small Buriat villages. There was no dining car on the train; hence, we had to depend upon getting food at the stations. Sunday we passed through a hilly, wooded country. Monday afternoon we reached Chita, quite a large place on a hillside. Several passengers, very pleasant Russian officers, who had traveled with us from Irkutsk, left the train at Chita to connect with the road going to Port Arthur, among others a very kindly, courteous man who had served thirty-three years; in two years he would be retired on full pay, but perhaps government would save the pension for he had been ordered to China.

Tuesday the 25th we reached the end of the railroad. The trans-Siberian road was at this time unfinished. At the station we got coffee without cream or milk, paying twenty-five copecks a glass. Then we took carts — there were no carriages — and set out for the Shilka. With us were all the passengers from the train, a large number of whom were soldiers. Rain was falling in torrents. Fortunately, the cart ride was not long.

** The interval between the date of our Arrival In Irkutsk, the middle of July, until we left Irkutsk, the middle of September, was employed by Mr. Curtin in a notable expedition among the Buriats around Lake Baikal. The account of that expedition was published, under Alma's editorship, in A Journey in Southern Siberia (Boston, 1909).

When we reached the ferry, we walked up a gangway two planks wide and three lengths of plank long — an unsafe walk over deep water — then up a sloping platform on which carts and loads of hay were already crowding. At last it was announced that the boat was aground, could not be pushed off.

Then came unloading of hay carts. Officers, astonished at such management, looked around for the captain of the ferry; he was asleep. When they wakened him, he said that he had not slept for two months. After a while we were off and were soon across, for the Shilka is not wide.

When we were ashore, two officers and a little captain whom we had traveled with from Irkutsk pushed the crowd aside to let the passengers through. Alma got in advance of me; an officer found her shelter in a nearby house, then came to find me. When, in company with the little captain and a couple of officers bound for China, I reached the house, I remarked that our clothing was wet and we would, perhaps, bring dampness into the house, the owner did not contradict me, so we left him to his wealth and selfishness, and plodded on in the rain. We went directly to the steamer that was to take us down the Amur. On deck there were already hundreds of soldiers with packs and guns. The steamer was greatly overloaded, but just as it was to start an order came for a large number of the soldiers to return to their homes. A shout of joy rent the air when this order was read and at once there was immense excitement. It was a pleasure to see how the men's faces lighted up with gladness. In a moment, as it were, they gathered up their belongings and were gone. On shore they were without shelter of any kind, and rain was falling steadily; but they did not mind that, they were going home. They stood in the rain two hours before they were mustered and marched off.

The steamer was delayed taking on freight. It was three o'clock Wednesday afternoon before we were off. At six o'clock we 'tied up' for the night at a place where wood was taken on. Shoremen had built a fire on the high bank and another at the water's edge, and by the light of those fires they loaded wood onto the steamer.

A sailor got intoxicated, and, in the darkness, he came onto the plank that led from the steamer to the bank and began to abuse the captain. At last he called the captain 'the son of a dog.' The captain rushed onto the plank and gave the sailor such a blow that he was stunned and fell off into the river. We thought that he would drown, but the captain sent men to drag him out. That night we suffered with cold; the beds were without blankets or pillows. The captain changed my room for a warmer one near the dining room. The

food was scant and poor. The owner of the line of steamers down the Amur held a monopoly of the river.

Here and there along the bank of the river are small villages. There are frequent bends in the river. We passed many barges loaded with soldiers and horses. Ivan Androvich Zabarovski, our little captain, was very friendly, as were all the officers who were passengers on the steamer. Friday the weather was bright but foggy. While we were eating luncheon, our steamer passed from the Shilka into the Amur. Not far from the junction of the rivers we stopped at Pokrovka, a small village. Along the bank there was a good deal of activity in barge building. At Pokrovka the captain of the steamer received orders to return with the soldiers on board but, as he had not taken them, the order was of no importance. The afternoon was spent in waiting for a barge which the steamer was to tow. Our little captain took a boat, and we went with him 'to China,' that is to the opposite side of the Amur. There were Russian soldiers stationed along the bank.

That evening, while we were at supper, there was a revolt. Five lighted caudles were on the table, and six others were in sockets around the room. A servant came in and began to extinguish the candles on the table. The officers sent the servant away and lighted the candles. The manager came to reason with them, but they would not listen to his reasons; he was driven away. A general demand was made for more meat; one small piece had been served to each person. At seven o'clock Saturday evening we anchored at a little Cossack town, Djlinda. The journey thus far had been wearisome. The officers, who were without rooms, slept on deck and in corridors. They were cold, they could not sleep, so passed time talking and telling stories; hence, we got no sleep, or very little.

Sunday Sept. 30th a telegram came ordering the steamer to wait for a barge. The captain waited till midday; no barge appeared so he went on. At Albazin, an ancient Cossack town, we stopped to take on wood. The banks on both sides of the river are in most places low and timbered; there are promontories and islands, but on the whole the scenery is monotonous. The officers had a great deal of sport with Gregory, the table waiter, a stupid, stubborn fellow. The woman in charge of the dining room pulled his ears; the call boy pushed him around. When asked why he did so, he answered:

'How not beat him when he deserves it?' Gregory was twenty; the call boy fourteen. One of our traveling companions was a priest from Nazareth; we spoke Syrian together. There was a colonel among the passengers. His wife had a parrot which she brought into the dining room as soon as she was up in the morning. Popishka could talk plainly and was a source of amusement for us all.

Early in the morning Oct. 1st we passed a steamer that was lodged on the sands of the river bottom. Our captain turned back and got news, but then went on, for it was not permitted to stop to aid steamers that were merely grounded. At midday we came to the village of Chernyaeff, named for the hero of Tashkent. On the high bank above the river several hundred Chinamen were waiting for the steamer. They were returning from work in the interior. The captain told them that for two rubles each he would land them at Blagovyeshchensk. They agreed to pay one fifty and filed onto the steamer. They crowded the upper deck and squatted in front of cabin doors. The officers went to the captain with a complaint. He was insolent; said he was occupied — when he got time he would see about it. The officers went on shore to complain to the commandant.

The bell sounded. The captain made this move to hurry the officers back to the steamer. Directly the second bell sounded. The officers assembled on the ridge of the high bank and waited for the commandant who was long in coming. The third call, and still they stood on the bank. It was a trial of authority between the officers and the captain, who was a peasant and a brute. One of the officers called to him not to go; if he did, he would have to return. The gangplank was taken in, and the steamer withdrew some rods as if going. Still the officers stood on the ridge.

We were anxious spectators. I assured Alma that the captain would not venture to leave but I did not feel sure of this. At last the commandant came. He ordered the captain to come back and put down the gangplank. When that was done, he came on board with the officers. Then two complaints were written. While that was going on in the dining room, the captain's assistant was on deck trying to prove to those who would listen that there were ship regulations posted up forbidding passengers to interfere with the management of the steamer. When the complaints were in writing,

the commandant read one of them to the captain. He was frightened. He went to the officers and begged them to forgive him and not to send the complaint to St. Petersburg. They listened and would have withheld the complaint, but he ended his prayer by saying to the colonel: 'If you are a decent man, you will let this go by.' The colonel was angry in a minute. He ordered the commandant to finish the document and send it to headquarters. The assistant said the captain was ignorant, he did not know that he was saying the wrong thing. The Chinamen were sent away from the cabin doors. The commandant went ashore, and the steamer started. The officers were triumphant. It had been an exciting day, for early in the morning there had been a revolt in the kitchen. Gregory refused to serve the breakfast; the call boy cursed the cook and his wife, and all was chaos for a while.

Tuesday was cloudy; the steamer moved slowly, for it was towing a large barge. Some of the officers thought that it was careless to sleep with 500 Chinamen on board; that a guard should be established. There were two women on the steamer besides the colonel's wife and Mrs. Curtin. Tuesday Alma was the only one of the four to appear at table. The other women had been insulted. They had overheard two or three of the young officers saying improper things, and speaking of them as the 'three graces.' We missed Popishka; the poor bird spent the day on a stack of boxes in one of the passages.

We arrived at Blagovyeshchensk about dusk October 3rd. The commandant of the town came on board, and we found that the hotels were crowded. Then the burning question was would the steamer continue on down the river or would it be ordered back. The captain of the steamer had no voice in the matter; it was all in the hands of General Niedermiller, who was in charge of the transportation of troops. There was great uneasiness and excitement. News came that the steamer would go on, and an hour later it was stated that it had been ordered back. I was afraid that we might have to remain a week or more in Blagovyeshchensk. Thursday the question was still undecided. I determined to take the letter given me by the governor-general of Irkutsk and go to General Niedermiller and see what could be done. I found him an agreeable person. He said that everything should be done for me, and also that the steamer would go down the river. I hurried back with this gratifying news; the passengers were elated.

An hour later the commandant came on board. He has just left Niedermiller, who told him that the steamer would go back. I went again to the general. He said that unforeseen things had occurred to make it necessary for the steamer to turn back, but I should have a room on another steamer going the next day. The steamer would take on a party of Red Cross people and myself and wife, but he was afraid the officers would have to wait for a second boat. He gave me a note to the captain of the Kiahta, and I went at once to the boat. An officer of the Red Cross asked if I were an American. Said there was no place for me, that his people had occupied the whole steamer. I went directly to Niedermiller, who ordered his carriage and went to the steamer with me. There he discovered that it was false. That the steamer we had come down the river on drew more water than the Kiahta, also that it was false that every place had been taken. He went to our steamer which was already unloading, preparatory to turning back. He ordered a cessation of the work and went on board to talk with the captain. Then he announced that the Red Cross people would go down the river on our steamer and that I should retain my room. Then I asked him not to make a 'full orphan' of me by taking all of my friends away. After a long discussion and many plans the officers, by signing a document stating that they were satisfied to sleep on deck, were permitted to go on. They shook hands with me and thanked me most heartily, for they recognized that I had kept our steamer. I was the hero of the hour.

The officers were happy, for they dreaded a long wait in Blagovyeshchensk. That evening we went to the theater. The play was The One-Legged Bridegroom. It was a surprise for me to find so good a theater building in a town of the size of Blagovyeshchensk. It is better than buildings of that kind are in many large western cities. Evidently the people are fond of theater-going, otherwise such a building would not be profitable. It was about midnight when we got back to the steamer. The following morning (Oct. 5, 1900) there was wind and rain. The officers were huddled together on deck, under a canvas tent, trying to keep warm. The commandant came on board and arranged for the accommodation of two generals. The Red Cross women must he somewhat crowded. He measured off the dining room to see how many could sleep on the floor. The women said: 'We don't want this, and we don't want that' till the commandant's patience was at an end, and he said: 'If your mission is one of kindness, you can do as others

do, put up with many inconveniences.' Later he said to the officers: 'These women were on their way to a place where there are already three nurses to one sick soldier. Now they cannot go there, they want to go to Vladivostok where also they are not needed.'

They were so rude and troublesome about securing their own comfort that the officers blamed the commandant for not saying: 'You have at your disposal just so much room on the steamer, make the best of it or go ashore. Blagovyeshchensk is crowded with people waiting to go down the river. Many of them will be forced to wait till the river is frozen over, and the ice strong enough to drive on, and then go with a wagon, for navigation will close within a week or ten days. You are going where you are not needed; room is made for you, and you are thinking only of personal comfort.'

There were eighteen of the Red Cross women and six men—three women for one man. The Russian government should have provided one man for two women. Buriat fashion. As it was, the eighteen appeared to be in love with one man, a tall, rather good-looking, young fellow. It was cold; they warmed up with wine. Genral Niedermiller had a photograph taken to show the condition officers of the Russian army were placed in on deck by the advent of Red Cross people. The Red Cross people were much put out by the delay. I found that the women were a branch of the Mother of God — something, in Moscow. But they acted as though they were the daughters of Satan. They were sent under the auspices of some grand duchess. Russia is, indeed, in a wretched condition when the name of a grand duchess can turn such a gang of ignorant peasants loose to usurp the rights of men who are giving their lives for the service of their country. Those conceited peasant women were deliberately causing sickness, and possibly death, by putting officers, several of them old men, to the necessity of sleeping on deck and staying there continuously enduring the cold and the bitter wind. I have traveled in many countries but never have I been cognizant of so disgraceful an affair. There are many things which need the strong hand of power and justice in Russia: village officials are insolent; railroad officials are insolent. A conductor is often so much above his work, in his own estimation, that he scarcely deigns to collect tickets; he gives as little information as possible. Ticket agents often act as if it were an insult to ask them for tickets. Hotel servants are your superiors till you are ready to

leave, then they are servile — they are anxious about tips. Only a high official, known by his uniform, gets any attention from a railroad servant.

Coming down the river to Blagovyeshehensk there had been as many officers as there were later; they had slept in the dining room, but it had been open all day for the comfort of everyone. The Red Cross creatures. eighteen in number, objected to having anyone use the dining room for any purpose. After their advent, the officers and the ladies, officers' wives, old as well as young, sat outside shivering, absolutely suffering from cold and dampness while these ignorant peasant women (wearing a red cross on their arms) and their men occupied the only comfortable place on the steamer. The officers, fine men, were on deck exposed to cold and rain. These women richly deserved life exile. It is bad for the world to permit such persons to marry and bear children.

It was afternoon before we were off, and at sundown the steamer was lodged on a sand-bar. The steamer drew four feet of water; the river at that place was only four feet deep. The steamer was overloaded: besides the ordinary freight there were sixty tons for the Red Cross people. The engine worked hard but could not move the boat. Sailors went ashore, attached a cable to a tree, and after a great deal of work we were off, but before we got around the point of a near-by island we were stranded again. This time night overtook us. Twenty-four hours passed before, with every effort possible, the steamer was out of the sand. There was snow on the ground, and the nights were as cold as are November nights in New England.

Oct. 6th the sun was shining, but the wind was bitterly cold, the so-called 'sisters' were in evidence wrapped in long, fur-lined coats. It seemed that to have the saloon 'absolutely to themselves,' meant for themselves and their men. A pleasure party traveling at government expense at a critical time when hundreds of officers were struggling to get down the river before navigation closed! At different places the steamer stopped for hours while wood was loaded on for fuel. The officers told me that there was a saying: 'Whoever has not seen the Amur has not seen misery' and this was true in their case; they saw misery for the first time. They looked forward to the end of the journey as of old the Jews looked forward to the Promised Land. The little captain in speaking of Renan, author of the Life of Christ, said:

'When the Pope was asked if he thought that Renan would be saved, answered: "He is so convinced of the truth of untruth, that perhaps his faith will save him."

October 8th there was a cold rain. The officers, wrapped in burkaa, sat the day out in the rain. 'The light of the harem' as the officers called her, a hatchet-faced female, who looked as though she had gone through a long process of souring and had come out a success, walked around apparently well satisfied that she and her peasants were ignored by everyone on board. For 300 versts the banks had been low. Near Radde they were rolling, and on the Chinese side were high hills. At Radde sixty soldiers were landed to spend the winter. In the hills back of the town there is a gold mine. At six landings, fifteen versts apart, soldiers were landed, and also flour and salt fish in large quantity. At a place where on a high bank there were two houses and a cock of hay, fishermen had just captured a very large sturgeon. It must have weighed 800 pounds. They anchored it to a boat to keep it alive. Opposite this place, on the Chinese side of the river, there had been quite a large town, Pin Su. When the Boxer war broke out, the sons of the Orient burned their town and left that part of the country; only ruins remained. Russian soldiers, stationed there to guard the river, had built a dozen or more mud houses and garrisoned the place. We landed there a number of soldiers and supplies for those already there. All the passengers went ashore, and many returned with huge turnips pulled in the Chinese gardens, and ears of corn, the first I had seen in many months. The Chinamen forgot to destroy their gardens.

The meals on the steamer, poor from the first, grew continually worse. Gregory 'struck' and walked around the deck wrapped in a burka. He said the cook who had promised him a ruble a day refused to pay it. During the night of October 10th there was a terrific hailstorm. Some of the officers took refuge with the stoker on the lower deck. The commander of a squad of soldiers left, so his cabin was vacant, but in place of offering it to the old officers, two of the 'sisters' moved in at once. That afternoon we passed the mouth of the Sungari river. Oct. 11th was a very cold day. The officers were suffering from cold, and to make their condition worse, for two or three days the steamer had not stopped where they could buy even bread; their provisions were exhausted. About eight o'clock in the evening the steamer

stopped. Two fires were built on the bank, and by their light wood was loaded onto the steamer.

Oct. 12th was a dismal day, but it was the last day to be spent on the Amur. About four o'clock in the afternoon Khabarovsk was in sight. Everyone on the steamer was delighted. Those who had come directly from Moscow had been traveling thirty-two days. Starting from Irkutsk, under the conditions existing on the steamer, many of those days had been unhappy ones.

The approach to Khabarovsk is fine. A high bluff covered with buildings makes an imposing picture. On the highest point of the bluff, 150 feet above the river bank, is an immense monument erected in honor of Count Muravief. There he stands (in bronze) overlooking the river which by his brain he won for Russia. It was sunset when the steamer reached the landing place. The red clouds of evening threw a wonderful glow over the landscape and the river. The steamer could not get as near the bank as it had at smaller places. Planks were lashed together, and a long gangway made. Waiting at the landing were a dozen or more one-horse carts. No one came to meet the Red Cross people though they had put on their best clothes, evidently in anticipation of a reception.

One of the officers hurried ashore and hired the carts to take the baggage to the railroad station which was three and a half versts away. It was almost dark when we climbed into a cart and set out for the station. We went up a long hill, around the end of a bluff, and up another hill onto a ridge with a valley on each side. Then, in the growing darkness, down a very steep hill, holding onto each other, bracing our feet against the side of the cart, expecting every minute to be landed in the mud. Our driver, Ananias the son of Simon, was a boy fourteen years of age. The road the whole way was a sea of mud. When at last we reached the station, we were told there was no train till morning. The waiting room and restaurant were closed. We had not been there long when the officers came; they had been obliged to walk. Each one had fallen several times; they were angry that such a state of things should exist in a large city. They were still angrier when they found there was nothing to eat and nowhere to sleep. They sent for the station master. He came and opened the waiting room and restaurant, and we soon had plenty of food. He offered me the use of a room in his little house; I

gladly accepted. When we got there, he built a fire and made us as comfortable as possible. I had found one good man among Russian officials.

The tickets from Khabarovsk to Vladivostok were seventeen rubles each. It was a cold, rainy day, but the train was restful after the steamer, and there was a dining car. The country we passed through seemed almost uninhabited; there were birch trees everywhere. An officer loaned me a paper four weeks old, but it was a treat.

Saturday morning, Oct. 13th we were in a hilly country. The country between the Amur and the Pacific is monotonous. Nikolsk is the only large place on the road. Around the station were crowds of Chinamen and Koreans. I had not seen Koreans before, and their peculiar dress amused me: loose, baggy trousers — in the long ago they had been white coats of the same color, a cloth over the head and tied under the chin, on top of the cloth either a black, straw European hat, or a light, soft, felt hat. An artistic dress. While eating luncheon, we passed along an inlet of the sea and came in sight of Vladivostok which looks as though built, not on seven hills, but on twenty-seven. I went to the Okaen hotel, a large, badly kept place where the charges were higher than at the best hotel in St. Petersburg, and the sanitary conditions as primitive as in the city of Mexico. Though the table was poor, our room was elegant in white satin quilts, inlaid articles of furniture, and red velvet upholstery. I was glad that the Moji steamer did not start till the 17th. We were weary; the long journey had been a severe trial of strength. The town is picturesque in location, but there was so much building going on and so many streets under repair that it gave one an impression of great disorder and discomfort. I was surprised to find such a multitude of Orientals in a Russian city. Chinamen, who I was told received twenty-five copecks a day (12 1/2 cents), are servants in hotels, water-carriers, wood-cutters, shopkeepers, and road-makers. Chinese women on the streets looked as if they had walked off of tea chests.

When I went to the steamboat office to procure tickets for the continuation of our journey, I found that from that part of the town the view out over the water was very attractive. I wanted a photograph from an upper window of an adjoining building. I asked permission and, when it was granted, turned

to speak with Mrs. Curtin. A gentleman, standing near, said: 'You are speaking my language.' He was from Philadelphia. When I gave him my card, he glanced at it and asked: 'Are you the man who speaks so many languages?' Directly he was my friend. We sat down and had a long conversation about American affairs and about Russia. When we returned to the hotel, we held quite a reception. All the officers who had made the journey down the Amur with us called. They were going to Port Arthur and expected to go from there to Moscow, as they had learned that the army was to disband.

The following day there was a report that the Kertofi, the steamer I had engaged passage on, was not going to Moji. I went to the Russian agent and found the report was true. I discovered, by chance, that an English steamer had arrived with a cargo of flour from Oregon and was going to Moji. I saw the captain, and he said there were a dozen rooms for each passenger. I secured tickets and rejoiced that the opportunity had come to get away from Vladivostok. There was great uncertainty about everything. One day there was a report that Russia was about to blockade Chinese ports. Another day it was reported that the Russian army, raised for China, was to be disbanded immediately. At the steamboat offices the officials did not know whether steamers were going out tomorrow, or next week, or at all. While walking around, I found that there was an excellent market in the city in spite of the fact that the food in the hotels and restaurants was vile. I decided that the hotel and restaurant keepers, anxious to get rich in a few weeks, bought garbage to feed their guests.

The American agent, Mr. Greener, was from New York City, a Harvard graduate with negro blood. I went with him to the university library where there are many Oriental books. The professor in charge is a celebrated Mongol scholar. I met him and his brother, author of a book on Manchuria, who had just come from Peking where he was with his wife and child during the siege. According to his statement, the Chinese are cowards: 'They can fire, but cannot aim. At the time of the uprising there were only 600 white men in the agencies and they held out against a million. Eight Russian and American soldiers held a gate against a thousand attackers.'

Our steamer left port at five o'clock in the afternoon, Oct. 20th, 1900. All the Russian officers, the old colonel with them, came to say good-bye; each kissed me three times at parting. The professor and his wife came to see his brother and wife off for Odessa; they were going by Hong Kong. Captain Bowles of the Tartar was a very agreeable man. There were thirteen cabin passengers.

Monday Oct. 22nd we were at anchor in the harbor of Moji, a bay with picturesque hills in the distance and several small villages in the foreground. In Moji the treaty between China and Russia and Japan was signed. The steamer was to remain in port two days to coal. A great barge loaded with coal was awaiting the steamer's arrival, and immediately Japanese began work; the men were naked save a breechclout. The coal was transferred from the barge to the steamer in baskets not much deeper than trays. A line of men was formed on the barge and up the stairs, and the baskets were handed from one man to another with great rapidity. Women on the barge dug up the coal and filled the baskets. There were many junks and white-sailed vessels around us. The scene was very interesting.

• Moji is thoroughly a Japanese town; I was told that there were only six foreigners resident there, men in a shipping office belonging to a Scotch firm. The open fronts of buildings gave me an opportunity to see what was going on in the shops. I hired a jinrikisha and had my first ride drawn by a man instead of a horse. I enjoyed the novelty of it; the sensation was delightful. We went through all parts of the town. My horse had on short trousers and a short jacket made of cloth like blue jeans; straw sandals, and a head covering that looks like a huge bowl, bottom upwards.

Oct. 23rd. After spending a night in a Japanese hotel, leaving our shoes at an outside door near the entrance, never expecting to see them again, and sleeping on matting, we went out to the steamer that was to take us through the Inland sea. The captain was an Englishman who had been thirty years on this same route. The chief engineer was McCormick, a New York man, who had lived many years in Japan. The scenery as the steamer moves out of the bay into the sea is fine; mountains on both sides; then by degrees the sea widens out till only distant mountains are seen; again it narrows, and we sail in and out between islands. The hills, even very steep ones, are terraced,

and in ravines there are little cabins. Then out at sea are rocks and hills standing alone, the water dotted with white sails. The passengers were a mixture of nationalities: a Chinese merchant dressed in silk robes; an old Chinaman with a tiny Japanese wife, several French ladies, a man from Holland, and a large number of Japanese. Just when the scenery was most attractive, a moonless night settled down over the sea and mountains. Early in the morning the steamer anchored outside Kobe. At six o'clock we were wakened to have a doctor come into our stateroom to see if we were in good health; then hotel men came.

We went to the Oriental hotel. From our room we looked onto a jinrikisha stand — men with their two-wheeled carriages waiting for patrons. I hired two for the day. My first call was at the American consulate to get home letters. The first copy of the New York World I opened contained a notice of the death of John Hudson, the first man whom I became acquainted with at Harvard and a man with whom I had held close friendship since college days. A noble man. Everything in Japan is curious when seen for the first time: the thatch-covered houses, the jinrikishas, and more than all else the people themselves, little people in main. Occasionally a fairly good-sized man is seen, but all of the women are small. The Japanese dress is exactly fitted for the little people who wear it. The click of their sandals, though in time it becomes rather nerve-racking, seems a necessary part of the whole. The novelty amuses one. We miss the hats and bonnets of the West. Japanese women are so proud of their hair and hairdressing that rich and poor alike go bareheaded. Little children are dressed like grown-up people, except that their garments are made of bright, flowered material; and little children carry babies on their backs. The whole seems like some strange, fantastic dream.

From Kobe to Yokohama the scenery is attractive, rice fields everywhere. In some fields men and women were beating out rice; in other places they were preparing fresh fields. In places the plants were just coming out of the ground. Irrigation is so extensive that the country looks like a swamp with green lines drawn across it. There are tea fields, terraced hills, and distant mountains. There are no fences and rarely a hedge. I saw no horses at work, all of the hauling seems to be done by men. At most stations jinriktshas were waiting. The first-class cars are like the cars of the narrow gauge

railway in Ireland. There are no dining room cars, and there is no station where lunch is served, otherwise than in little boxes which boys bring around to sell. They also sell an earthen pot of tea with an earthen cup to drink it from. There is about one sip of tea in the tiny pot. I took a generous hamper from the hotel in Kobe, otherwise we would have been very hungry before reaching Yokohama. Early in the morning we were in sight of Fujiyama, the holy mountain of Japan. It rises up out of the plain, is disconnected with other mountains. It is not as beautiful as our Mount Shasta. Only in ravines near the summit was snow to be seen.

At 9:00 a.m. we were in Yokohama at Hotel de Geneve kept by Monsieur Dobois, a hotel recommended by Americans whom I met in Palestine. As soon as we had satisfied hunger, I got a jinrikisha and went through the town. The large foreign section is like any European city: modern buildings, banks, hotels, and private homes, but the Japanese part of the city is novel and, though it is not as interesting, or as clean as Kobe, one sees unusual things at every turn. After a trip through the business section, our 'rikisha man took us to a Shinto temple from which there is a fine view of the city and bay, and then to a large nursery, and to the public gardens. One feels badly to see trees trained out of their natural shape, and altogether stunted in growth; but the little people like little trees. I was greatly pleased with a horse that talked and reasoned, and told me where I wanted to go. I immediately began to practice speaking Japanese. We enjoyed the shops. The clerks seem to delight in exhibiting their wares and are not disgruntled if you do not buy.

The trip to Tokio, one hour by train from Yokohama, is interesting: villages, rice fields, and vineyards pass in review. At the Metropole I secured No. 1, a large room with an outlook on the bay. Across canals and through Japanese streets without end I went to the American embassy. I did not find Tokio as attractive as either Kobe or Yokohama. At dinner that day we met Rear Admiral Beardsler and wife, elderly persons. Mrs. Beardly entertained us with yarns about Washington people: the Blaines, Logans, and others; told us 'society secrets.' Later I visited the great Buddha temple in Shiba park; the mortuary shrine of the Shoguns. The grounds are extensive, and there are several temples of wood, but wonderfully carved. The temples are not old for they are often renewed. The immense stone lanterns reminded

me of things Egyptian. After looking at those grotesque marvels of Japanese art, we went to the burial place of the forty-seven Ronins. Incense was burning before each tombstone. In front of the tombstone of the leader and of his son, persons had placed their visiting cards. I put my card in the rack before the leader's tomb. Some naval students conducted us to the building where images of the Ronins are set up.

Tokio university grounds are extensive, and some of the buildings are rather good-looking, but those I went into were ramshackly enough. Kikuchi, a man educated at Cambridge, England, was at that time president of the university. I told him I wanted to know something about the ancient religion of the country. He said that he knew very little about Shinto, but he would introduce me to the professor of anthropology. He did so. I found the ignorance of the man amusing. He showed me little images that had recently been found at some depth underground. He seemed surprised when I told him that, after burying alive the servants and horses of a dead emperor was done away with, these images were used in their place. The university was disappointing, a poor imitation.

Nov. 3rd we returned to Yokohama. I had contracted a cold and was forced to remain indoors for several days, but I improved time reading Chinese with a Chinese scholar whom I had been fortunate enough to find. As soon as my cold was better, we went to Nikko. the 'City of Temples.' the most splendid temples in Japan. Though the village is less than 100 miles from Yokohama, it was necessary to change cars three times. Near the end of the journey the scenery is fine. There are mountains in the distance, and near-by are long avenues of cypresses. One avenue is said to be twenty miles in length. Large and old, the trees are very imposing. The village of Nikko is one long street of low shops and houses. At the end of the street and on an elevation is the Kanaya hotel. Cold weather is not taken into account by Japanese builders, and Nikko is not always warm. I had a fire built in our room. The waitresses reminded me of soldiers with knapsacks on their backs. The only thing to do in Nikko is to visit the temples across the river, among the cypresses on a hill. The trees give majesty and grandeur to the place; tall, white-trunked trees standing en masse somehow recalled Dante's hell. The fantastic working out of an idea born in the brain of man sinks to

insignificance in the silent majesty of giant trees. I saw nothing in Japan as imposing as those beautiful trees on the hill in Nikko.

The avenue of Buddhas on the Nikko side of the river called vividly to mind the avenue of sphinxes in Thebes, and was more interesting for me than were the temples. I found the atmosphere of Nikko too chilly and, after a few days' sojourn and a second and third visit to the beautiful trees on the hill, we returned to Yokohama. The short journey consumed six hours and was most wearisome. Two English women were our traveling companions; they were very inquisitive. When in answer to some question I stated that we had recently crossed Siberia, they assured me that Russia was a terrible country and its people were brutes. As they had never been in Russia, knew no language but their own, and drew their conclusions from newspaper facts, their statements should have amused me. But crass, assertive ignorance always annoys me; I became interested in a book but could not avoid hearing their conversation. I was glad when we reached the station and left the wise ones behind.

I sent for my Chinese teacher and settled down for a few days' hard work. Whenever I went to the consulate for letters, I met Scidmore, our assistant consul, brother of Eliza Kuhamah Scidmore, the writer, a very agreeable and witty man. His facetious remarks amused me greatly. Speaking of trouble in China he stated that the only way to assure peace and quiet there was to kill every man, woman, and child. That we could do it now, but if we waited till the men armed and drilled, the country would be unconquerable.

If some reformer were to examine American methods and politics, I think he would advocate as drastic a measure for correcting them as Mr. Scidmore does for correcting the politics of China. I have recently read Flaws published in 1885 by George S. Cline, Des Moines, Iowa (author unknown), a description of official swindle and stupidity in high places. I am told that many of the characters are well known in Iowa.

The 17th of November it was raining heavily and the wind was blowing. The weather was so disagreeable that it was difficult to get rikisha men to go with us to the pier, from which the steamer was to start for Shanghai. Cold rain blew in our faces and the short ride was very uncomfortable; when we got to the pier, there was no way but to walk, 'rikisha men were

not allowed on the pier. The pier is wide, but waves were washing up over the sides. The wind nearly took one's breath away. In spite of rain Mrs. Curtin was several times forced to stop and rest long enough to catch

breath. I trudged along with a camera under my overcoat trying to keep it dry. Men brought our hand baggage and assisted Mrs. Curtin. When at last on board. We found that the steamer was not heated. Upon inquiry I was told that it would he heated later on, but this proved untrue. About 10:00 a.m. the steamer left the pier. For a time we went along smoothly, but two hours after sailing the steamer began to roll, then a terrible crash came. The table was laid for luncheon: a sudden lurch sent plates, glasses, and bottles to the far end of the room. A typhoon was on in earnest! Wind howled fearfully; the steamer creaked as if wrenching apart. The roar of the wind and waves was frightful! Our stateroom was on deck. A wave dashed the window open and swept into the room. Every loose article went sailing away, first to one side of the cabin and then to the other: only with risk of limb, or even life, could one have stooped down to gather them up. With the help of sailors I got the window fastened. The dining room chairs were wrenched loose and went back and forth. All I could do was to hold firmly to the couch by the entrance to our stateroom where I was sitting when the storm began. Mrs. Curtin was in her berth and clinging to it desperately. The storm raged for six hours. The bridge of the steamer was torn away; the iron railing at the rear end of the steamer was twisted and torn off. A gentleman, who was in the smoking room when the storm began, remained there three hours, then attempted to get to his stateroom. He stepped outside, but the next moment was brought back by two sailors. He would have been swept into the sea had not sailors been at hand. Mrs. Wilkinson, a lady from Kobe, happened to be standing in her stateroom on deck when the first lurch came. She caught hold of the upper berth; water came into her room. She screamed repeatedly, but no one heard her. After standing for a long time, she managed, with the greatest difficulty and danger, to get into the lower berth and lie down, holding onto the side with all the strength in her body to keep from being thrown out.

I was much alarmed for I noticed that many little things were defective like the fastenings of windows, bolts, etc., and I feared that if there was carelessness in little things, more important ones might have also been

neglected. Not till eight o'clock in the evening, when the storm had abated, was there any thought of eating. Then it was found that the kitchen was full of water, and only canned food was available, all other food was water-soaked.

Sunday morning we were in quiet water, but we went slowly, for the freight had shifted during the storm and one side of the steamer was deeper in the water than the other. That day I made the acquaintance of an Englishman from Burma and got many interesting bits of information about Burma and its native peoples. In speaking of Rudyard Kipling he was eloquent over From Sea to Sea.

When the steamer dropped anchor at Kobe, it was already dark; unloading went on during the night and at nine o'clock the next morning we were on the way again. The steamer was in front of Moji and would have proceeded, but for some unknown reason an important lighthouse was dark, and the many islands made it dangerous to go on; hence, we reached Nagasaki several hours late, but it resulted in our getting a grand view of the harbor, which is notably fine, made so by islands. One island, which looks like a wooded hill, is not only beautiful, but is historic as well. It is stated that some 300 years ago Japan ridded itself of Catholic missionaries by throwing them from this hill into the sea. There are also long islands with a slight elevation at one or both ends, and on those elevations two or three tall trees stand up against the sky, wonderfully picturesque!

There were many transports and warships in the harbor: Russian, German, American, and English. On the journey we became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Bredon, and from them I had a detailed account of the Peking massacre. Mrs. Bredon is the daughter of Thomas Crane Banks of San Francisco. Mr. Bredon was at this time deputy inspector of Chinese maritime customs; he is an intelligent, wide-awake man. He said Sir Claude McDonald, the English ambassador to China, became very unpopular. Up to the day that the burning of buildings began in Peking he ridiculed the idea of an uprising or of foreigners being in any danger whatever. A young Englishman, who was in the siege, remarked to me that if the siege had lasted a week longer. Sir Claude would have been shot by his own people, and that he 'well deserved to be.' I enjoy when traveling to listen to the

remarks made by fellow travelers. I recall a remark made by a young woman at our table which caused considerable laughter. She did not like the Japanese — said they reminded her of 'flies on toast.'

The Yellow sea was rough, so for most of the passengers the voyage was uncomfortable. A pilot, a fat Dutchman, was one of the cabin passengers. He had been forty years in the East and unlike western pilots, who, as far as I have known them, are unobtrusive persons, he was pompous. Another anomaly on board was an Irishman, comical and witty, but I fear a fraud. He circulated a pamphlet setting forth the conditions of joining a company in control of a wonderful tin mine, a curious piece of writing.

Nov. 22nd the steamer anchored in the Yangtze-kiang river, one of the great rivers of the world. The water of the river is a peculiar mud color, but yellowish mud; it looks thick. In fact the river empties no end of mud, into the sea. The steamer was thirteen miles out when it anchored, and doctors came on board to find out if any of the passengers were suffering from plague, for there was an epidemic of plague in Kobe and Osaka. We had to assemble in the dining room and be counted so the officials might be sure that no one was hiding. For our last luncheon on board we were treated to an Irish stew flavored with caraway seed. A small steamer came out to take the passengers to Shanghai. A young Greek with whom I had conversed in his own language insisted on giving me a silver cigarette case which was a part of the loot of Peking. My unwillingness to receive a present of that kind made quite a diversion for the passengers, none of whom understood a word we were saying. At last I took the case. The young man was on his, way to Colombo.

On landing we went to the Astor house and were fortunate enough to get a room with a glass enclosed balcony which gave us a view of the street and the river. The part of the city adjacent to the hotel is wholly European. The only unusual objects were Chinamen drawing people along on wheelbarrows, a peculiar Chinese mode of conveyance. The following morning I went to the Russo-Chinese bank to meet the manager. I had made his acquaintance on the train from Moscow to Irkutsk. On returning to the hotel I met Captain Krown, whose uncle I had known many years.

The Chinese part of Shanghai is a revelation of squalor and rags. It is reached by going through a foreign section where there are good streets, fine houses, and beautiful grounds. There is a nearer way, but our jinrikisha men wanted us to see the Chinese part first. The streets of Chinatown are like narrow lanes and so crowded with traffic and human beings as to make them almost impassable. Some of the faces I saw reminded me of the goblins heard about in childhood. I should think that such a dirty, crowded place would be a menace to the whole city. From time to time I tried to hold my breath and not inhale the foul air. Still the 'city' was far more interesting to us than the European section of Shanghai. Jinrikishas cannot go inside; 'chairs,' as their little boxes are called, are used, carried by two men. As these chairs are in constant use by the natives, one dreads to get into them. Not a white man is to be seen in the city.

Later I called on Robert Little, editor of the North China News, and talked over newspaper conditions in China. Sunday we went out to Mr. Bredon's beautiful home near Bubbling Well, for tiffin, as luncheon is called by foreigners in China. Mr. Bredon gave me much useful information regarding customs in China. I wished to go to Peking but, owing to the disturbed condition of the country, it was considered unwise; so after a few days' stay in Shanghai, we returned to Japan.

An amusing group of missionaries came on board the steamer to see some friend off. Three of the men had shaven heads and wore pigtails, one of the women had on the Chinese dress. I was ashamed of the men; they were either Americans or Englishmen — I trust they were English. It struck me as carrying deception to an absurd length — gaining souls by fraud. Of course the pigtail was adopted to fool the Chinese into believing that the missionary was converted to Chinese customs, that he was Chinese in every respect but religion. I think the Chinese at heart must despise such things. It began to rain heavily; the cargo could not be put on, and we had to wait twenty-four hours before raising anchor. Hamilton Sharp, professor of English literature at Tokio, was one of the passengers. He professed profound admiration for Americans, called them 'our cousins.' Thought America would have come out badly if England had not kept the Russians and Germans off during the Spanish war!

Thanksgiving morning of 1900 we were at anchor in the Yangtze-kiang river; just at luncheon time they raised anchor and steamed off. Great preparations were made for dinner. The stewardess, steward, and purser were Americans. The captain was an Irishman by the name of Going. American and Japanese flags were artistically arranged around the dining room but, when the hour came for dinner, only one lady appeared; the sea had become decidedly rough. The captain proposed a toast, 'To America!' An old general from California answered. Then the English professor extolled America and spoke of the good relations existing between America and England. One of our traveling companions was a nephew of Maksutov, the last Russian governor to Alaska.

At Nagasaki we patronized the Cliff house, a very good hotel. The Japanese part of Nagasaki is in striking contrast with the Chinese part of Shanghai; it is clean. The Shinto temple of O-Suwa with its great stone gateway and its wonderful bronze horse is of more interest than most temples of Japan. It is on a hill and commands a fine view. The Cliff house is on such an eminence that 'rikisha men do not attempt to carry passengers to it. They must alight at the foot of the hill and walk up. Many of the residences of Nagasaki are on hills.

From Nagasaki we went to Yokohama by train. It was a cold day, and Japanese cars are unheated. In the first-class there was only one person besides ourselves, but that person was an educated Japanese, and I could correct my pronunciation of the language by keeping up an animated conversation with him. Near Nagasaki the country stretches away in a series of terraced hills, under cultivation. After a while the valley widens out, and here and there are small villages; occasionally a tiled roof, but in most cases the roofs are thatched; the houses are always unpainted. The use of an ox or bull as a beast of burden struck me as peculiar to Nagasaki and its neighborhood. For these animals straw ropes and saddles are used. A load is put on either side, and the animal is led along. Usually its feet are protected by straw shoes. Dining cars are a comfort which Americans do not appreciate till they have to make shift without them. At stations boys brought along their little boxes and at last, out of curiosity, I bought two. In one box was rice, and chopsticks to eat it with, in the other were bits of

meat and preserved fish and something resembling sweetened curd. I gave the boxes to an appreciative passenger.

At 7:00 p.m. we ware in Moji. Boys took our hand bags, and we went to a hotel that had been recommended to us as having European accommodations. Two Japanese met us. The doors, sliding shutters, were drawn aside, and two girls ran forward with straw sandals. When I objected to removing my shoes, they tried to get the sandals on over the shoes. Failing in this, we were permitted to enter with our shoes on. I asked for a meal to be served. An hour later we were conducted to a room where a table was laid for three. The third seat was soon occupied by an Englishman whose home was in Kobe, a man interested in coal. He had lived thirty years in Japan. In all our journeys we have spent few more uncomfortable nights. The following day we decided to go to Kobe by steamer and not try another 'Japanese hotel with European accommodations.'

Dec. 5th Traveling was uncomfortable, for the weather was cold, and neither boats nor cars were heated. December 7th we were in Kyoto. We visited Shinto and Buddha temples, but I was not in a receptive frame of mind, for I was actually suffering with cold. In one Shinto temple when passing a bronze bull our 'rikisha man said: 'If I had a pain in my leg or arm. I could cure it at once by rubbing against that animal.'

Mr. and Mrs. Parrish were at the hotel, and we enjoyed their society. He represented a North Carolina tobacco firm. All Europeans who have lived in Japan tell the same story: 'The Japanese are tricky, they cannot be depended upon.' I like the Chinese better than the Japanese. I have talked with many business men, and all say that when a Chinaman gives his word he keeps it even if it results in a loss to himself. But a Japanese cannot be depended upon, he will do as he likes about keeping even a signed contract.

Dec. 11th, there was a flurry of snow. I consider Kyoto and the surrounding country more attractive than any other part of Japan. Rice harvesting was still going on and, in spite of cold weather, the tea plantations were beautifully green, but frost had destroyed the ornamental banana trees. There was snow on the mountains and in places in valleys. The climate of Japan is far from being the mild climate that I supposed it to be. The natives, who shiver over tiny pots of live coals, must at time be wretchedly

uncomfortable. We visited the shops where cloisonne and damascene are made. In the damascene shops workmen were sitting on the floor, with tiny utensils around them. The work requires wonderful skill and patience. We went to the silk shops and watched the weaving. In one long, cold room there were twenty hand looms. December 15th we were back in Yokohama and with my Chinese teacher. Dec. 18th I received a very pleasant letter from Theodore Roosevelt, our elected vice president, telling me how my books had helped him through a trying campaign.

As I had seen as much of Yokohama as I cared to. I spent all the days left to me in Japan in study of Chinese and comparison of Chinese and Japanese, going only to such social functions as it seemed impossible to avoid. During the weeks I spent in Japan I gained a different impression of the Japanese from that which most persons get. They have a strong dislike for foreigners but are clever enough to want to acquire the information and technical skill that other nations have. When they get it, they have no further use for the foreigner. They take foreigners into their service but keep them only a short time. After they have learned all they can, out the man goes.

Christmas day 1900, we congratulated ourselves that we had a warm room into which sunshine came for many hours. We missed relatives and home surroundings — and also the Christmas turkey. I spent the day in study. I had two teachers and was immensely interested. Dr. Fletcher Jones of the Methodist mission, who had recently come from China, told me of an educated Chinaman, who could not speak English. As he came from a province remote from the province where my Chinaman was born, I employed him in order to compare the languages of the two provinces. My teacher was the proof reader of the bible house in Yokohama. Dr. Jones recounted to us his experience in leaving China at the outbreak of the Boxer war. He was stationed not far from Tientsin. He and his wife started in a Chinese junk and were out three days, first in a calm and then in such a severe storm that they expected the boat to break up. Acquaintances of theirs stationed farther inland, a man and his wife with three young children, were beheaded. At last the doctor succeeded in reaching an American vessel. He stated that the Boxer trouble came from the Catholic missionaries; they meddled in local administrative affairs. Through these missionaries Frenchmen and Italians got influence and tried to use it.

During famine they bought up land at famine prices, and this was considered an injustice. When the famine was over, the Chinese had no homes and they took means to get them back. It was interesting to hear a missionary from one church place the blame of the uprising on another set of missionaries. And people in general place it on the missionaries as a whole. The wife of Dobois, the proprietor of the Hotel de Geneve, who has spent twenty years in America and is well educated, in speaking of the English in Japan, said: 'I hate the English; they are horrid here in Yokohama. They are in business themselves but they assume to be better than persons who keep a hotel. They carry it so far that at dancing school my little girl seldom gets a chance to dance.'

The last day of the century was spent, as preceding ones had been, poring over Chinese books. The century closes with a war as unprovoked, unjust, and merciless as any of which we have an account in history. In addition to its cruelty it is deformed by hypocrisy and an insolent and challenging contempt of public opinion throughout the civilized world. It will be interesting to know how the twentieth century will judge this most conspicuous and characteristic act of the last and preceding year of the nineteenth century. Will it be considered that nations, like individuals, must be bound by morality? May nations bid defiance to justice and break their solemn engagements; slaughter and rob hundreds of thousands of people, and go unpunished?

The first day of the twentieth century was warm and bright. My Chinese teacher, Yu Paa Sheng, made a ceremonious call. Later he and I called on a Chinaman who had spent ten years in San Francisco then returned and established a home in Yokohama. We had, with the exception of the first jinrikisha ride in Moji, the pleasantest ride we had had in Japan. The air was delightful, calm and bright, and not too cool. The city was in holiday attire and everyone looked happy. We rode along the edge of the canal, making a semicircle, till we reached the quarter where is situated the building which might be called the 'Temple of Venus.' Many people were on the streets, all cheerful, all busy amusing themselves, hurrying here and there seeking pleasure.

In a couple of hours the circuit of Yokohama came to an end, as did our first ride of the twentieth century. Later we went to a Japanese theater, arriving just as a scene had closed. The building was crowded; more than half the people were eating, or drinking tea. Men and girls ran around with trays of Japanese tit-bits, boxes of rice, and pots of tea. Glancing over the crowd the general color was gray and gloomy; faces a monotonous brown, heads dead black, dress without distinguishing color. The noise behind the curtain was like that of a carpenter shop: hammering, sawing, and driving nails. The hammering went on for a full half hour; then came a scene, a dramatic battle with swords. The scene lasted twenty minutes. Then the curtain was drawn and hammering began. When scenes were shifted, they were moved as a train is moved on a turntable, the room goes around and another is presented to the spectator. Actors left the stage and crossed the theater; they came in the same way.

CHAPTER: 50

Home and Away (1901)

News from home hastened our return. We sailed January 9th 1901 on the China bound for San Francisco. I may never see the Far East again but I feel that have gained a knowledge of its people from personal experience, a little of which is better than a great deal of reading. Among the passengers were several missionaries returning to America. One young lady, tall and slender, told us her father always called her 'Shoestring'; Colonel Buck, American minister to Japan; a Mrs. Moseley, whose husband had been consul to Singapore. The hot climate killed him, and she was going to her home in Alabama; a Mr. Phillips and mother and sister returning from a two-years' journey. Monday was January 14th and the following day was also Monday, 14th 'Two washing days' as one of the missionaries remarked — the loss and gain in going around the world.

Thursday, 7 a.m., we sighted land; the most distant island of the Hawaiian group. Then we did not see land again till 5:00 p.m. when we approached Honolulu. From the steamer the island and town are attractive. Everywhere in the background there are hills, some of which have jagged summits. Other, and lower hills, are in the foreground. One has the name of Punch Bowl. The wind was blowing, and a light mist hung over the hills. After the ceremony of examination by doctors was over, the steamer went to the dock. It was almost dark when the passengers were permitted to land. The first event of the morning was a visit from a reporter. Then we had a walk and ride around the town. The palm trees, flowering trees and shrubs, and rose hedges are wonderfully beautiful. Tropical and semi-tropical vegetation has a great attraction. The residences are not imposing but are homelike, and many have extensive grounds. I enjoyed talking with people: native, Chinese, Japanese, and others whom I met. I was sorry not to remain on the island for a few weeks. I felt sure I could get a good store of folklore, still uncollected.

On returning to the steamer I was told that my classmate, Brigham, manager of the Hawaiian museum, had been on board inquiring for me. I was not aware that he resided in Honolulu. I immediately drove to the museum, and we greeted each other with great pleasure. We spoke of college happenings and of our classmates of long ago. The museum is a gem. Only a Pacific island collection but of exceeding interest. On going back to the steamer I found another friend waiting to greet me — a doctor who accompanied Fox on his mission to Russia. Old and feeble, he and bis wife were in Honolulu to recuperate if possible.

Soon the garland decoration began, a very pretty courtesy shown passengers by residents in the city. Girls appear and fling a garland around the neck of each passenger. When the steamer began to move, persons who had friends on the pier threw the garlands to them — surely an original custom. We had taken on several new passengers: a number of missionaries; Mrs. Hassen, the daughter of a Honolulu advocate, a very jolly woman; McKey, an Irish-English priest who amused us with negro songs, one in particular excited laughter, 'Jordan's Rolling'; and a musician, Miss Grainger. Our menu was dubbed, 'bill of lading,' and from the first meal on was so spoken of.

About 8:00 a.m. January 25th 1901. after an exceedingly rough night, we welcomed the pilot, always a delight for homecomers, and soon the doctors came. Then for the first time we discovered that there was a large number of steerage passengers, mainly Chinamen, onboard. At 11 :00 a.m. we landed. I felt much like shouting, 'Hurrah.' We were once more on native soil. But the hurrah was not uttered, a reporter was facing me, such a pleasant, attractive, young man that I could not resist his picas. And from that time on till late at night, newspaper-item trailers beset me, one more agreeable, more insistent than another. I was in my own country and too happy over the fact to be cross with anyone. And good nature had its reward.

Learning from the morning papers that I was in the city, my sister Joe's son, at that time, though I was unaware of the fact, a student at Stanford university, came to see me. I was astonished and pleased for I had not seen the boy since his mother's death when he was a little fellow of four or five years. Comte and Stetson and Colonel Wood, classmates living in San Francisco, called. Old and new friends and those who wished to be friends

came. One day in San Francisco was sufficient. I was glad to escape. Wednesday we were at the Auditorium in Chicago and Jan. 31st were on our way to Vermont. Snow everywhere! Feb. 1st at 1:00 p.m. we were at home.

We remained in Bristol till March 19th, then went to Washington, stopping in New York on the way. I called on Governor Roosevelt, who was visiting his sister; I was introduced to his wife and had a very pleasant chat with her; on Johnson, editor of the Century; on Miss Gilder; and on Burlingame, editor of Scribner's Magazine whose parents I had known in St. Petersburg. The 2nd we were at the Arlington in Washington. The following day I went to the bureau of ethnology to see Major Powell, my valued friend, Mooney, McChesney, and others. I found that the major had grown old. Later I went to the new library. It is magnificent, but I would like it better if less space were given to show — if half of the immense entrance were in the reading room. Spofford, my old friend, greeted me warmly. Wanted to know what I thought of 'that despotic country, Russia.' saying: 'You are now in a free country and need not be afraid to speak.'

I did not wish to irritate the old man so answered: 'Russia is a great country, and your question cannot be quickly answered.'

I called on John Hay, and we talked very freely with each other. I told him that if I had political power I would squeeze every bit of European influence out of America and do it without firing a gun, so peculiarly were the forces of Europe balanced. 'To do that,' said Hay, 'you would have to abolish the senate.' Afterward in speaking of England, he said: 'Her power is lessening very fast.' He gave me an autograph letter to the Chinese minister, whom I wished to meet.

About this time I received a letter from Sienkiewicz saying that he was going to Italy to write a historical novel to be called Sobieski. I was surprised, for I thought he was at work on a novel to be called Julian; earlier he had proposed calling the book, Otho — I have found him undecided and changeable.

The Chinese minister asked me what impressed me most in China. I replied: 'The great dignity of the people.' This pleased him so much that, at the end

of our conversation, he escorted me to my carriage.

April 5th we were again in Bristol and April 18th, 1901 we started for Russia, sailing April 20th on the Campania. Among the passengers were many pleasant persons, with others. Mrs. Fletcher of California, a relative of the founder of the Mary Fletcher hospital in Burlington, Vermont. It was rough, and no day did the steamer make 500 miles. I spent most of the time reading Chinese books that I had with me.

April, we were in Paris, at the Continental. London is dismal and antediluvian; Paris is up-to-date and sparkling with life! The trees were in leaf, and I think they had never looked so beautiful to me. I telegraphed to Dr. Benni in Warsaw to find out where Sienkiewicz was. Called on Abdank, Sienkiewicz' friend from childhood and mine for some years. (He figures in Hania.) To my great surprise I was told that he died in August, 1900. A telegram from Warsaw told me that Sienkiewicz was traveling in Italy under an assumed name; that he would be in Cracow in a few days. As it is only a day and a night from Paris to Madrid, I decided to spend those 'few days' in Spain. I wanted to see the country and I wanted to see Galdos. Mrs. Landeau, formerly Miss Whitney, a young woman whom some years earlier we met in Warsaw and again in Egypt, called, and we dined at her pleasant home. Her husband is a Bohemian and an artist. He said he followed Louise to Egypt and, when she left to go around the world, the pyramids didn't look six inches high. Love plays queer tricks! I called on a Catholic clergyman whose name is Curtin. I had a curiosity to see him. He officiates in the Madaline. I found him very willing to talk. He said: 'The government of France is rotten. The people, except those who profit by it, dislike a republic. The church is under great restrictions. The bishops appoint those who lean toward republicanism. They are more difficult to get at than sovereigns; they rule all priests. There are fifteen priests in the Madaline all unpaid, except one. He receives 15.000 francs and dominates the others. Cardinal Gibbons is as crafty as a fox.'

Leaving the priest, we visited the house where Victor Hugo lived and died; then went to several art galleries. May 5th we started for Madrid. The scenery between Paris and Bordeaux is somewhat monotonous. Though the country does not look to be thickly inhabited, every bit of good land is

under cultivation, even little patches here and there between hills. Fifty miles, or so, east of Bordeaux, vineyards begin, and from there on the whole country seems one immense vineyard. On reaching the city I went to the Hotel de France, and, though it rained, I got a carriage and managed to see the finest churches and the principal buildings; a handsome theater, and a famous stone bridge. It was Sunday, but no stranger would mistrust it. There was bustle and movement everywhere; shops were open, and crowds of people were on the streets. In France the religious duties of the Sabbath are accomplished early in the morning.

Leaving Bordeaux at 7:30 a.m. we rode some hours through a lightly wooded country. Before reaching the boundary, we saw the little, almost landlocked, bay from which Lafayette took ship for America in 1776. At Irun, the first Spanish town, our baggage was thoroughly examined. In the Basque country the natives yoke oxen as they are yoked in Mexico, but the yokes are covered with sheepskin, wool outside, so at a short distance the oxen appear to have heavy tufts of hair across their heads. Carts have only two wheels. At this time apple trees were in blossom and were very beautiful. We passed large towns; most of the buildings are of stone and remind one of Ireland. I asked how it was that people, apparently of the poorer class, built such large houses, and was told that often three and four generations of a family lived in one house; also that sometimes the stable for horses and cows was under the same roof.

We stopped at Burgos, for I had a great desire to see the ancient city. I visited the old fortress, and the cathedral founded in 1221. In that wonderful building we had a musical treat, mass was being celebrated. One of the priests had the most resonant voice I have ever heard. In spite of my fear of catching cold in the damp, chilly atmosphere, I remained a long time listening to that glorious voice which filled the immense building. From the cathedral we went to the building where the Cid's bones are preserved. A Spanish woman, who had large attractive eyes, opened the case for us. In a near-by room is a painting of the Cid, when fifteen years old, bringing the head of an enemy to his aged father; the head of the father of the woman he afterward married. I was much interested in three weather-worn, stone monuments erected in 1784 to mark the site of the house of the Cid.

In a near-by modern cemetery where the vaults are in a thick wall I took down some of the names which for other than the Latin race are curious: Jesus, Maria of the Conception, etc. Then we climbed a hill where there is a wall that once enclosed a castle. In that castle the Cid was married to Ximena in 1074; and Edward I of England to Eleanor of Castile. A boy tending sheep conducted us to a spot from which there was a view of the town; then back to a gateway so we could go inside the wall. A little girl, about five years old, opened the gate. Then she, as well as the boy, conducted us around. There were two or three tumble-down, stone houses inside and a number of very dirty-looking people.

We left Burgos at 4:00 p.m. That evening there was a glorious sunset. One mountain in particular was swathed in gold and, while we were gazing at it, a magnificent rainbow appeared, a bright, clear bow which seemed all the brighter from a dark cloud that part of the length formed a background. At 7:00 a.m. we were in Madrid at the Hotel de Kome. I was disappointed in Madrid; it is too modern.

After recovering somewhat from the weariness of a night journey, we called on Galdos, whom I consider the greatest of living Spanish writers. I found him a handsome man of possibly fifty-six years, tall, but not thin. A man with a pleasing countenance and large friendly eyes. He does not speak English, so we used the language of the country. I was immensely interested in what he told me regarding Spanish literature and Spanish writers of the past and the present. He is a remarkable man.

I visited the famous art gallery and enjoyed the wonderful pictures of Murillo, Rubens, Velazquez, and Van Dyke. There are two of Prometheus bound; the myth of the fire drill. I later visited Muruaga, a man whom I first knew when he was secretary of legation in St. Petersburg, afterwards as Spanish minister to the United States. He stated that the United States was willing to pay $400,000,000 for Cuba, but the Spanish queen refused to listen to the proposition. A private company would give $150,000,000 and have the management of the Philippines for ninety years under Spanish government and then have it pass under the American flag. He himself went to the queen about it. She called a council. The councilors could not see

their way to do it, they feared Barcelona would revolt; so war came and Spain lost everything.

I went to a bullfight. Saw eight enormously strong and wild beasts killed and more than twenty horses. A ghastly sight, but intensely exciting. Once a man was caught up and whirled by a bull. The following day the paper stated: 'It is a marvel of God that the man was not killed.' The whole thing is brutal and brutalizing, a survival of Roman barbarism. It surpasses the barbarism of the horse sacrifice of the Mongols, for the bullfight is for amusement-and the horse sacrifice is a remnant of an ancient religion. There is a vast difference in the moral aspect of the two. For three hours before the performance began, the city was in a state of excitement. The society people of the city were alert and eager.

Galdos asked me to put into English, even one of his novels, and I promised to do so. Unfortunately, I have so far been, from pressure of work, unable to fulfill this promise. We met several times, and a contract was signed giving me the sole right of translating and dramatizing his books.

From Madrid we went to Toledo. Though only forty-five miles from Madrid, the train was more than two hours making the trip. For sometime Madrid with snow-capped mountains in the background, was in sight. The whole made an attractive picture. The soil requires irrigation, and there are many wells worked as Egyptian wells are, wheels with buckets, a donkey turning the pulley instead of an ox. There are vineyards, fields of wheat, olive trees, and fruit trees. The station of Toledo is in a valley, but the town is on a rocky eminence; a winding road cut in the rock leads to the town. I secured seats in a stage waiting at the station, and five mules pulled us up the hill. I Was reminded of the ascent to the town of Quiche in Central America. After a time we reached the city square; all the activity of Toledo centers around that square. On each side are houses, three or four stories high, the first story devoted to cafes, saloons, and shops.

The stage put us down at Gran hotel de Lino. As the streets are too narrow for carriages, naturally there are none for hire. The ancient hill town, with its wonderful old cathedral and its bishop's palace, is for many reasons extremely interesting. But for me the chief attraction was the fact that there Cervantes lived and wrote. I went to what is now a poor quarter of the town

and from a courtyard saw the rooms he occupied. Dilapidated stairs led up to them, but I was not permitted to ascend for someone lived in the rooms. Government should take possession of the house and put things in order so that tourists might have the gratification of seeing where the man lived who wrote Don Quixote.

After a few more days in Madrid, we went to Nimes. The mountain scenery is pleasing; wherever there is a little patch of land it is under cultivation. I was interested in seeing the pass through which Hannibal and his army marched. At Barcelona our trunks were examined and they were examined again as soon as we had passed the boundary. The towns along the sea are pleasing and the whole country seems one huge vineyard.

Our room at Hotel Luxemburg looked on to the main square of the city which is surrounded by trees many of which were in bloom. Trees make Nimes attractive. I was sorry that I did not patronize the Hotel of the White Horse just opposite the Roman amphitheater, for I had stopped in Nimes to study the ruins. I obtained permission to go into the Colosseum and found workmen there putting up staging and scenery for Carmen. The building is still used, in summer, for representations. A short drive brought us to a Roman temple in the interior of which there is a collection of statues, coins, and mosaics found in Nimes. Then we went to see the pillars which in Roman times surrounded the baths; the spring that supplied the water is there today as it was 2,000 years ago.

Our next stopping place was at Aries where the streets are so narrow that a bus conductor has to walk in advance to make sure the driver does not turn into a street when a carriage is coming from the opposite direction. At times, as we turned a corner, I thought that we were going into a house or a shop. We stopped at Hotel du Nord in the Park of the Forum. One corner of the hotel encloses a remnant of a Roman temple. Near the hotel is a cafe called the Cafe of Park of the Forum. From the museum, where there is a fine collection of Roman things, we went to the Roman cemetery. On each side of a road leading to an ancient church there is a row of huge, stone coffins. These are unearthed. The coffins of the rich who were buried in the cemetery now ornament museums.

From the cemetery we went to the Roman theater. Seats in the form of a horseshoe still remain and also two beautiful columns. Standing at the upper corner of the theater one can see, about a block away, an immense colosseum, a magnificent building with corridors of massive stone — a grand remnant of the colossal power of ancient Rome. I sat on the seat which was reserved for the proconsul of Rome 2,300 years ago and tried to bring before my eyes some of the scenes which had taken place in that arena.

From Aries to Avignon, the only place outside of Rome where Popes have resided, is a short ride by train. After securing a room at Hotel d'Europe. We went to a cafe, and, sitting on the sidewalk, under an awning, enjoyed a refreshing cup of tea. We heard a band playing; then a crowd of boys appeared and two bullfighters on horseback, followed by a carriage in which there were five men dressed in garments covered with tinsel. A red mantle hung over the side of the carriage. It was Ascension day, and there was to be a bullfight. I went to the Palace of the Popes now used as a barracks. A woman conducted us over the building; showed us the tower from which men were thrown to be crushed on the stone floor of the court below. Terrible brutes were those early Christians! Later we went to a height from which we got a fine view of the city and of the Rhone, the old Roman bridge and the island, and the villa of the Popes.

May 18th, 1901 we were in Switzerland. From Geneva to Constance the scenery is pleasing: small villages, hillside churches, vineyards, and the distant Alps. At Lausanne we stopped over a train simply to visit again the garden where Gibbon finished his Decline and Fail of the Roman Empire. I had long wanted to see Constance for its connection with early church history. I went to a hotel called Island hotel. The building was once a monastery. It is really on an island, but a man could jump across the stream that separates it from the town. We dined in the great arched and pillared hall which in the old time was a chapel. At the end of the monastery is the tower where John Huss was imprisoned for three months in the winter of 1414-15. Entering the tower we stood and looked into an opening only a few feet around, walled up well-like, and descending steps entered the hole where Huss was kept. A fearful place, dark, damp, and cold! And there he sat chained to a rock. One shudders when thinking of the terrible crimes

committed by a group of men associated together for the professed purpose of obeying the commands of Jesus; men who outraged every decency and hesitated at no crime.

Later I went to the spot where the traitors burned Huss, thereby winning for themselves eternal infamy. The spot is marked by a rock on which the name of Huss and the date of his death is carved (1415). Perhaps two miles away is the prison from which Huss was taken on the day of execution. I was told there was no admittance, but I rang the bell and asked the woman, who appeared, to take my visiting card to the master of the house, to tell him I was from America and was anxious to see the tower. She returned with a key and conducted us into the tower and up a long flight of winding stairs till we reached a room at the top of the tower. In that room Huss was confined. A great number of wreaths of dried flowers hang around the room. There is plenty of light in the room.

From Constance we went to Nuremberg and spent a most delightful day in that quaint, old city, walking through the short, narrow streets. I was greatly pleased with the St. Lawrence cathedral, the paintings and the altar. Light entered the window at the best angle to illuminate one of the finest paintings; I was loath to leave till the last glimmer crept away, and the picture was dark again. The house where Albi-eeht Diirer lived and worked interested me. How in that narrow street, and in a room lighted by one window, he could have done such beautiful work is a mystery. Just across the street, as we came out of Diirer 's house, was a small boy with a cart filled with vegetables. A pet goat began to help himself generously. The small hoy (perhaps six years old) put his arms around the goat and pulled him away. The goat bunted the boy playfully and went back to the cart; the boy at once set up a howl calling lustily for help.

Longfellow spent much time wandering around the old city and honored it by a poem. From Nuremberg we went to Prague, for I wanted to see Rieger the great Bohemian politician once more. He was at this time more than eighty years old, but his mind worked as vigorously as ever. He was wonderfully alert and foreseeing. I spent two hours with him, hours overflowing with mental pleasure. I went to the museum to look at a collection of Hussite weapons and afterwards to the exhibition grounds to

see a panorama of the Lipan battle, the last battle of the Hussite war. It gave one a good idea of what fighting was with such weapons as shields and pikes. I met at the hotel a Bostonian, who was graduated from Yale in the early fifties.

The journey from Prague to Cracow is uninteresting. It seemed to me that Cracow never looked so dirty. Sienkiewicz was in Zakopane, at his summer home, so we went there. The country was at its best, beautifully fresh and green. The whole range of the Carpathians stood out clear and bold with patches of snow here and there along its jagged summit. I stopped at the Tourists' hotel kept by the burgomaster of the village. For dinner we had trout just taken from the mountain stream that flowed past the house in the shade of the pine trees.

Sienkiewicz met me with great cordiality. At this time he had much work in view and was enthusiastic. He had thought of writing a novel, the plot of which would be laid in the time of Julian, but he had given it up; first, because the learning of that time was artificial, and the Christians were very unsympathetic. He would write Solnenlri and afterward The Italian Campaign, then a series of volumes independent of one another, about Napoleon's career up to the time of his exile. He had recently been in Brittany and, though it is the most Catholic part of France, he said of the Catholic church there: 'It is finished! The men never go to church, only women go. In Italy the church has lost its strength; the Pope has no power in Rome.'

Neither the Germans nor the Russians have paid Sienkiewicz anything for his books. Little, Brown have sent him 25,000 francs. When he began to write Quo Vadis. friends urged him not to take up such a worn out subject, a subject that so many writers had dealt with. He thought he could deal with it in a new way. 'We see the result,' he said. 'My wings only come out when I am shut up by myself.' I think this is absolutely true, for he is a poor conversationist. He only becomes animated when speaking of Polish historical events and Polish politics. He was soon going to the estate his Polish admirers had given him; 600 morgs of land, a large house, 40 cows, 30 horses including 2 Arabian horses presented by a Polish prince. In Rome

recently the Italians wanted to crown Sienkiewicz on the Capitol. with a wreath of laurel; he did not accept the honor.

May 29th we went to Cracow with Sienkiewicz. A lady on the train came to him and, begging his pardon, asked if he were Sienkiewicz. She wanted to thank him for the books he had written. She kissed his hands and was very enthusiastic. Said she was the wife of a United church priest — Romanian, a church in fellowship with the Greek church. Sienkiewicz said the demonstration pleased him, for the priests of that church were not always friendly. In Cracow I called on old friends, dined at Count Branitski's, and had a long conversation with Count Tarnowski, the most interesting person I have met in Poland. Speaking of Sienkiewicz he said: 'I am sorry to have him write on Sobieski, for every educated person in Poland knows all there is to know about him.'

From Cracow we went to St. Petersburg. Traveling from Spain we followed spring along in a most curious way, finding it a little later each day that we went north. In St. Petersburg the trees were just bursting into leaf. We were at the Hotel d'Europe once more, a hotel very familiar to us. My first call was on Pobedonostsev, procurator of the holy synod, my second on Prince Ignatiev. Our secretary of legation, Peirce, called and invited us to dine with him at the Bear, a celebrated restaurant; his wife was in Dresden, and his house closed. Senator Beveridge of Indiana, who had just arrived in St. Petersburg and was en route for Siberia, dined with us. He is a man who favors the English in the Boer war. Thinks it a divine order of things for the English to destroy the Boers. Thinks that Peter the Great was crazy — cites his marrying a peasant as proof of insanity. My idea of Senator Beveridge is that for every ounce of flesh he has a pound of conceit. He may know more as the years go by and he may not. The following day Ignatiev called, and we had a long conversation. Princess Suvorof, an acquaintance of years, came to see us. She is deeply interested in Chinese affairs. At nine o'clock in the evening I went to Pobedonostsev and remained till after midnight. He sees no way out of the many difficulties of the present day. Takes a gloomy view of the condition of nations.

At that season of the year, June, it is light nearly all night. I called on Princess Suvorof and heard about many former friends and acquaintances

and I also heard considerable court scandal — many and strange histories. It would seem as if all society people were deep in domestic trouble. I heard from many of the unhappiness caused by the tsar's mother, who dislikes her daughter-in-law and does not attempt to conceal the fact. I found also that Witte, whom I consider by far the most able man in Russia, has many enemies and, when I had a confidential talk with him, he told me about these enemies and what they were trying to do to destroy his influence at court.

June 8th I called on Pobe'donostsev and said good-bye. I not only greatly admired the man but was very fond of him. June 9th we were in Moscow. Beveridge was at the hotel, and we met in the dining room, again. He told me that his hobby was that life was short, a man could not observe everything, so in traveling he devoted himself to seeing as much as possible of the industrial workings of a country.

It seems that our ambassador is not popular; the secretary of legation and Mrs. Peirce carry off all the honors. The Russians like them and so do the American residents of St. Petersburg. I called on Yakunchikof, a Moscow merchant whom I have known for thirty years; he gave me a Russian greeting. He was old and feeble; his wife was in Switzerland. He insisted that we should spend the day at the country place of his son-in-law, Sapognikoff, together with himself and Mrs. Polainori, a daughter whose husband is a celebrated artist. Sapognikoff has an elegant home twenty versts from Moscow, near a large silk factory which he owns and where 1,000 women are employed. The table was spread in a pine grove. After dinner we had a most delightful drive around his estate. I was so much interested in the silk factory that, recalling the fact that Beveridge was trying to study the industries of the country, I arranged for him to be received by Sapognikoff. The following morning young Yakunchikof, who speaks English, called; I introduced Beveridge to him, and they went together to the silk factory.

The weather was extremely warm. We visited the Tretyakov gallery. In the gallery are 3,000 paintings given by one family, among them are several by Vassili Vereshchagin. Seeing these paintings reminded me of the pleasant hours I had spent, years before, with this famous artist. I inquired where he

was and found he was at his country home eight miles from Moscow. T drove out. The house was surrounded by beautiful trees and a fence; the gate was fastened, a servant came and, without opening the gate, asked who I was. I handed him my visiting card, and he carried it to Vereshchagin, who at once came to meet me. He greeted me most cordially. Kissed me, Russian fashion, and conducted me to his studio. The studio reminded me of a secondhand rummage shop. Among the things was a wooden white horse fully equipped for battle, a private's uniform, and an officer's uniform. He was painting a hospital scene in the Philippines. He described his visit to the Philippines. Said he rode everywhere with the officers, always with a gun in hand though no enemy was to be seen. He showed me a tattered flag given him by Scobeloff.

Returning to Moscow I thoroughly inspected the interior of St. Basil, the church Ivan the Terrible caused to be built, and found it as curiously constructed inside as out. The corridors are low and narrow, the chapels small but in each one there is a gilt altar. The following day Vereshchagin came to return my call and to ask me to help him arrange for an exhibition of his pictures in the large cities of the United States, for he was a child in the hands of Americans. They had a peculiar shrewdness which they called business. He had had two exhibitions in the United States, and each time to his certain knowledge they had brought $60,000 clear gain, but each time he had lost money. He had sent men over, but American managers would not permit those men to go over the accounts. Said they were honest and they would not allow anyone to watch them. He said nothing hut he knew they were swindlers. I promised to assist him.

That evening I had dinner with young Yakunehikof. Thirty gypsies came to the room and danced and sang for us, an entertainment which in the old time was more common than it is now. Vereshchagin came in each day and remained a long time. Said he brought his Napoleon pictures back to Russia, expecting the emperor to buy them, but he did not for he feared the French would be offended. I signed a contract to meet managers of art galleries and obtain the best possible terms for him. As this involved time, I hesitated; I did not feel that even for an old friend I could promise to do anything which would retard my literary work, but, when he told me of the many swindles perpetrated by my country people, I felt sorry for him. We

parted at the hotel, he going home, as I supposed, and I to the railway station en route for America. But just as we were settled in the train, Vereshchagin appeared again, remained till the last bell rang, and then ran along by the window till the train began to move swiftly.

In Berlin I had a long chat with Andrew D. White. While waiting in London for the sailing of the Campania I dined with O'Connor, editor M.A.P. and member of parliament; also with Sir Thomas Esmonde. M.P., an old friend; and, at the house of parliament, with Dillon, the Irish member. I saw Mrs. O'Connor's play at Queen's theater.

June 29th, 1901, we sailed from Liverpool. On our national holiday the steamer was decorated with flags, in the dining room there was a banquet and speechmaking. A priest from Dakota. Father Collins, made a Fourth of July speech which was not applauded by the English passengers. July 7th, when near New York, there was dense fog. All night the foghorn was blowing. It was necessary to anchor and wait. Once, when the fog lifted a little, the steamship St. Louis appeared, like one of Dore's paintings, gradually developed till within 600 feet of us, then disappeared. I had several boxes of books and had expected to be detained to open each box, but fortunately the officer detailed to assist me recognized my name and cleared my luggage without question. When I thanked him for expediting matters, he begged for my autograph; of course, he got it. In the first newspaper I took up there was an article speaking of John Fiske in the past tense. He died the Fourth of July. Another classmate gone 'to that other world.' I was greatly grieved; I had thought of him as one of our number who would live to old age. There had been fearful heat on the Fourth of July, and many persons had succumbed, John among the number.

We remained in Bristol, Vermont, with Alma's mother, sister, and brother, till near the end of October.

CHAPTER: 51

Seeing Northern North America

Early in September I was present at a banquet given Vice-President Roosevelt by the Vermont veterans, and the following day I was the guest of the Vermont fish and game league, at Isle La Motte. The members of the league were hosts — hosts and guests numbered 1,200. Roosevelt was the guest of honor. There was a good deal of speech-making. I had not thought of being called upon in such a company of hunters, fishermen, and politicians, but I did not escape. Mr. Foster introduced me as a man who had been instrumental in bringing to English-speaking people some of the finest of European, literature. From the newspaper report of my speech:

'In every society of mankind in which the best virtues are in vigor, hospitality is held in supreme reverence, and justly, for hospitality is an act which in its true and inmost sense is sacred. The man who invites another to eat, drink, and converse with him gives that man a part of his own life and sustenance. He gives the guest the present, and, with it results from the past, both material and mental; he invites the man to a genuine communion. As the host and the guest rise in dignity and importance, so does the function. This is a feast at which the host is a great state, represented by its leading citizens. The guest of honor is the most widely known, public man in America; the man most intimately known by the people; the heir at law of the White House, and millions of American citizens hope that in the future he will be the occupant of that mansion.'

*Alma Curtin - 'Little did Mr. Curtin suppose as he uttered these words that a great tragedy was being enacted in a city a few hundred miles away that was likely to suddenly thrust upon the man he was praising the great responsibilities of chief executive of the nation.'

Mr. Curtin continued by referring to the live questions before the republic: one external and one internal, one of home, the other of foreign policy. He asked: 'Is true, honest republican government our highest aim, or is

something else the main thing? Such as the capture of foreign markets, securing immense wealth for a few men or corporations. Shall we devote the energies of the republic to outstripping the world in industries, crushing competition, making wealth and power the chief aim of the republic and all else a side issue, or shall the preservation of the republic in the best and highest sense be the first object and all else subsidiary? In other words is government "of the people, by the people, and for the people" to be the prime issue, the overpowering cause? One more word. Vermont is famous for its scenery, for its beautiful mountains, for its historical lake, and for a geographic position which is the gateway of the great Northwest beyond our borders. But Vermont is still more famous, and justly so, for her strong men. She has furnished great men for every walk in life: senators, admirals, financiers, western pioneers, and I may add, Mormon prophets who are as widely known as is America.' Several speeches followed. At the conclusion, and just as an informal reception was to be held, news came of the assassination of President McKinley. Astonishment, indignation, and sorrow seized everyone, and each man expressed it. I saw Roosevelt; his face was ashen gray that gray that comes from blending all the colors of the spectrum. He seemed weighted down, tremendously affected, but he was undemonstrative and almost speechless. Some days later he was occupying the White House.

Meanwhile, I was at work on my books and several languages; I was telegraphing here and there in connection with Veresbchagin's proposed exhibition. I found that it would be necessary to go to Chicago, which I did, stopping on the way at the Pan-American exhibition in Buffalo. While in Buffalo, I arranged for him to exhibit the pictures there also. In Chicago I met by appointment Mr. French and Mr. Carpenter, both connected with the Art institute of Chicago and both fine men. They were anxious that the pictures should come to Chicago. In talking over art exhibitions with them I learned that Vereshchagin's statements regarding swindles practiced upon him were not true. I overlooked the fact, however, thinking that he had been in a foreign country and without a friend to explain American laws and customs. I cabled to him what arrangements could be made in Chicago and, after answering by cable many questions, made a satisfactory contract with Mr. Carpenter.

On leaving Chicago we spent several days in Milwaukee meeting relatives and old friends. I drove out to Greenfield to see cousins and to look at the old, stone house which recalls so many events of my boyhood. Then I hunted up old people: Mrs. Quirk and others, now aged and infirm. It was late when we started for Milwaukee. The driver neglected to light the carriage lamps, and this resulted in his upsetting the carriage, breaking a lamp, and giving us a thorough shaking up. It was necessary to walk to a house which fortunately was not far away and telephoning for another carriage.

The following day I had an 'at home' at the Plankinton, and many persons called, men and women whom I had known, perhaps, slightly, but who had kept me in mind; among others Mrs. Cramer, who told me that her husband wanted to talk with me. So in the evening I went to their rooms in the hotel. Mr. Cramer, who for many years had edited one of the leading papers, was now blind, very deaf, and very infirm, but his mind was as clear and active as ever. We talked by means of an instrument which he facetiously called 'his snake.' The following day I went to St. Louis to meet art people and try to arrange for Vereshchagin to exhibit his paintings in that city. In St. Louis I met Blair, a classmate whom I had not seen for many years. With the kind offices of friends and artists I arranged for the exhibit and, two or three days later, was back in Vermont.

Vereshchagin was continually sending cable messages asking questions, and I began to realize that he was an exceedingly nervous person and I regretted having been induced to aid him in his undertaking. At this time The Argonauts, which I had translated from the Polish, was published. I translated the book because I wished to make this Polish authoress known to Americans.

A cable came from Vereshchagin begging me to meet him in New York. This business was beginning to interfere with my study and my writing. Winter was coming, and I dreaded the journey. However, I met him in New York, and he went to Bristol with me to spend Thanksgiving. He remained with us till the 5th of December. There was snow, and he had several sleigh rides which he greatly enjoyed. His likes and dislikes are very pronounced.

He does not enjoy Jerusalem and he does not like the religion of Russia or the government of Russia.

Dec. 5th we were at the Auditorium in Chicago. Reporters came in a swarm. This annoyed Vereshchagin: he insisted on seeing what they wrote and correcting it. Two or three promised to return at midnight. Vereshchagin waited. After the men bad gone, he came to my room saying they had written trash and wanted to know what could he done about it. The following day between Vereshchagin's anger at reporters and his discussions with the directors of the Art institute, I had a lively time. Carpenter of the institute said: 'Vereshchagin is a child still; he wishes to manage everything his own way.' He was dissatisfied, or professed to be, with everything that had been done. The discovery that he not only had an exasperating disposition but was dishonest in dealing with people was a great shock to me. When men tried to reason with him, he became impossible, simply screamed that he wouldn't do so-and-so with persons who were swindling him, would listen to no explanation. I became convinced that he made scenes to get as much advantage as possible. At last he signed a contract with Carpenter. I was thoroughly ashamed of his conduct. Then Carpenter informed me that Vereshchagin had refused to sign contracts he had agreed to with other art institutes in other cities. He sneered at everything, belittled it, and professed great dissatisfaction simply to carry his point and get everything without expense to himself. With deep regret that I had, through friendship, become entangled in his business affairs, I left Chicago.

Besides time, of great value to me, that I spent in his behalf, I had spent $1,000 of my own money. Angry that I would not stay and assist him in browbeating honest people, he did not even thank me for what I had done for him or suggest paying the money I had spent. Undoubtedly a great artist, Vereshchagin was in business a dishonest man. I was glad to get back to Bristol and get to work on The Mongols, my mind relieved of Vereshchagin's wrangles and tangles. I never met him again or heard from him except through newspaper report.

That Christmas and New Year's we were together as a family for the last time, as it proved, for long before another Christmas came Alma's mother, whom I loved as my own mother, was no longer with us. I spent a busy

winter at work on The Mongols and studying a number of languages. I hope to sometime have an opportunity to write an intelligent book on the origin of languages and the more languages I know the better prepared I will be.

March 1902 I went to Boston. At that time I saw a good deal of Mayor Collins. He was a remarkable man; born in Ireland of parents not rich in worldly goods he, by continual struggle upward, reached the highest office in the gift of a great American city. He had acuteness in judgment and he never faltered when he saw the time had come to act; opposition but spurred him on. He liked action; hence, he greatly enjoyed Sienkiewicz' books. I recall his words regarding them: 'Since I entered public life, your translations of Sienkiewicz are the only books that I have read after midnight and well into morning hours. For me they are entrancing. The trilogy and Quo Vadis have given me more delight, more magnificent enjoyment than any books which I have read since the hard work of my life began.'

I went to Washington to talk with President Roosevelt about Indian affairs, and consult the Chinese minister regarding certain historical events in China. I dined at the White House and made the acquaintance of several members of the cabinet, Taft among the number, and had a long and very satisfactory talk with Mr. Roosevelt. Another day I called by appointment, and after business was over, we drank a cup of tea with Mrs. Roosevelt.

I spent a pleasant hour with Major Powell, who was very glad to see me — I never saw him again. My mother-in-law's death (June 15) caused great grief; a better woman never lived. That June for the first time in many years I was in Cambridge at commencement. Many of the class of '63 were missing, all of those with whom I had been specially intimate. From Cambridge I went to Quebec, drove out to the Field of Abraham, and in imagination saw the struggles that have taken place in and around the city. I did this mainly to get inspiration so I might put reality into the dry historical facts I had to deal with in The Mongols.

After a few days in Montreal, I returned to Bristol and resumed work and study. Sept. 13th I received the first copy of The Pharaoh and the Priest. A few days later we began a journey I had long contemplated. In Montreal we were entertained by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy. Sir Thomas is a man whom

Milwaukee claims, for he was born and reared there. He is a man of immense energy and clear vision. I became acquainted with W.H. Drummond, Canada's most noted poet, a patriotic Irishman, thoroughly appreciative of the wonderful country. He possesses great imitative power, and it is a rare pleasure to listen to his recital of his own poems, written in the Canadian French dialect.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and Sir William Van Home gave me letters of introduction to many of the leading men in the Northwest, and October 11 Mrs. Curtin and I set out for Victoria, B.C., My object in taking this journey was to make a reconnaissance of the whereabouts of the Indians of those latitudes, so that I might devote myself subsequently to a study of their antecedents, their customs, their language, and their folklore. And I learned much that will be useful to me in ethnological studies.

Lower Canada is highly cultivated, and the scenery is most agreeable. The Ottawa river is exceedingly picturesque. After leaving the fertile region west of Ottawa, the Canadian Pacific railroad passes through what is called geologically the Laurentian system of rocks. It is a country of little lakes and of pine and fir trees of small growth. It was wonderfully striking as I saw it the first morning in the gray frost and half an inch of snow. The larch trees were turning yellow; the coloring was fine: green and yellow. The country appeared to be almost uninhabited, and no wonder; it is too rocky for agriculture.

After passing the region north of Lake Superior, we entered the great wheat-producing region of western Canada in which the first city is Winnipeg. This region from a point east of Winnipeg to the foot of the Rocky Mountains is of enormous value. I stopped at Winnipeg for I wished to see the city and meet a few of its leading men. The day of my arrival I lunched with the governor, Sir Daniel McMillan, and later he sent to my hotel W.C. King, a Scotchman who had lived many years among the Indians of British Columbia and knew specially well those around Hudson bay. That evening I met a man who gave me a great deal of information about the people of the Far North, the editor of the Icelandic newspaper in Winnipeg. The following evening the governor gathered at his home a distinguished company to meet me. Among other guests was Gordon, the writer, better

known as Ralph Connor. We had a fine banquet, and I made the acquaintance of several very pleasant men and women. Sir Daniel is not only an affable host, but he is a wise, far-seeing man. The next evening as we were leaving Winnipeg Ralph Connor came into our compartment with an armful of books, all that he had written up to that time. Such a present at such a time pleased me greatly. Several of the gentlemen whom I had met came to the train to wish us bon voyage.

I had contracted a severe cold; hence, in place of spending one day in Banff, we spent four. Banff is in a little nook where nature has been more than bountiful. Rocky bluffs rise high around the town, grim guardians of peace and quiet. Hotels are needful for comfort, but to me it seemed that white tents would be more in harmony with the glorious scenery. The day before we left snow fell, adding to the beauty of the trees and the mountains. Early in the morning there was a light haze, but it disappeared and, when we reached that great mountain gorge through which the Kicking Horse river runs, we had a grand view. The mountains and gorges along Kicking Horse river are as fine as any I have seen. We had a view of Glacier mountain. Late in the afternoon we were at the Divide, where one river flows to the Pacific and the other to Hudson bay. I spent the entire day at the window and was sorry when darkness came and shut out the glorious panorama. I was up early to see the gorges of Fraser river. The Selkirk mountains are finer than the Rockies.

Vancouver is a smaller city than I supposed it was. Six hours by steamer brought us to Victoria. The scenery is marvelously fine; on the east is the Gulf of Georgia with its islands; on the west the Strait of Juan de Fuca and the Pacific ocean. There are many old-fashioned houses with extensive lawns. Victoria gives one the feeling that there peace and quiet might be found. The governor called and later we dined at his house; he had invited a good number of ladies and gentlemen to meet us. The next day he introduced me to Dr. Newcomb, who has a collection of Indian curios; also to Mrs. Harris, who has published a small number of Indian myths. I found the Government museum interesting; especially did the Indian implements and totem poles please me. Dr. Newcomb sent two Indians to tell me of their customs; he also went with me to call on Mrs. Spencer and Mrs. Wilson, whose mother was an Alaskan Indian; their father was a

Scotchman. Mrs. Wilson's home was on Albert bay, and she gave me considerable information about the Indians living in that region. The governor was old and somewhat feeble. I liked him immensely—so courteous; a Frenchman of the old school.

In Vancouver I was invited to a meeting of the board of trade. They met for the purpose of congratulating themselves on the completion of the Australian cable. Our consul called and urged us to go with him to a reception at the Japanese consul's — a stupid affair. Mr. Devlin, the Indian commissioner, called. Of course, he knew nothing about Indians, but he went with me to the Indian mission. The Indians are professedly Christians. Like all converted Indians they know little of the new religion and have forgotten the old. The journey to Seattle was shortened by a commissioner of immigration, who recounted many incidents of border life; his own experience with Chinamen. Seattle is finely situated. Rome is built on seven hills, but Seattle is on, I should think, seven times seven hills. An electric car conductor remarked that it was a grand place for electrics, for no one could walk. Lake Washington is a beautiful sheet of water.

Going south the train reached Montague one morning at four o'clock. Then there was a wait of eight hours for the train to Yreka, seven miles away. We were in Yreka again. We spent a day in looking up old friends. Then went to Redding, where I immediately sent for Mike, my Indian friend, who was living near Stillwater.

The commissioner of Indian affairs called, Kasson, and, when I spoke about the barren land the United States government had given the Wintus, he said the tribe was 'stubborn and dissatisfied.' Why not dissatisfied? They would be more than human were they satisfied with the miserable crumbs thrown to them, especially when those crumbs are in most cases snatched away by some greedy white man.

With Mike I went to the station called Baird, to get in touch with some of the Indians. Baird was at this time a one-house town, and that house was a boarding house for railroad employees and others. I telegraphed and Mrs. Gregory, the woman in charge, met us at the station. She brought a lantern, and there was need of it. It was dark, rain was falling, and the road in places washed out. In the house the fireplace was full of blazing logs. The fire

illuminated the room and gave out cheer. I at once saw that the place was full of male creatures. The air was heavy with the smoke of bad tobacco. Chairs were found for us, and I proceeded to get acquainted with my uncanny surroundings.

One of the crowd was a Frenchman. When his simple 'good evening' told me the original home of his forefathers and possibly his own, I answered in French, and he was a friend at once. Another was a Mr. Hambelton, who told me that 'reared' in Wisconsin, he had been in every part of the United States and Mexico; had been sheriff in the Indian territory, and a railroad man in Mexico; had floated around till at last he had landed in this 'one-house town.' Later he told many amusing stories about the people of Arkansas and Missouri.

In the morning I went to the Indian shanties not far away. In one I found the chief, Sunusa. He was ill and was lying in front of an old stove which had been obtained from an abandoned railroad camp. The bottom of the stove was the ground. There was a homemade table in the room and some dry goods boxes to sit on. He tried to tell me myths, but had no strength of mind. He had lost his grasp. A dozen or more Indians assembled around the door. Old Tom hailed for me, that is, smoked and called on his medicine spirits, a weird and picturesque ceremony, but the spirits gave me no information of value.

Returning to Redding I paid Mike for his time, and he at once gave the money, which he needed to buy food, to a sewing machine agent. Dolly, Mike's wife, had been persuaded to take a machine, and had promised to pay seventy-five dollars for it. The machine was worthless for her. It was to be paid for on the installment plan, which meant that after the agent had been paid ten or fifteen dollars, or more, he would take the machine and sell it to some other foolish Indian woman, who had neither room for it in the shanty, nor money to buy material to sew on.

From Redding I went to Stillwater, stopping at Bass's. Bass keeps a halfway house to somewhere, Mike came over, and I went to see his home surroundings. His land is good for that region, but his house was poor, wind entering at all sides. Rags everywhere! It was a great day for the Bass children; they had all been 'to town.' Reaching home at nine o'clock in the

evening there was excitement, each one of the seven trying to tell first what had happened in the city.

I enjoyed talking with an old miner — Mitchell, by name — a man at least seventy years old. He prospected summers and winters worked at Bass's for his board. Old and feeble, his mind was full of plans for future prospecting, though he had prospected thirty summers without result. We went back to Redding by the way of what is called the Sand Flats and passed the place where a year or two earlier people were taking up oil claims. The whole flat was said to be rich with oil, and a good deal of money was obtained for developing wells. Now only a few frames stand, left to rot down. Here and there is a small fruit orchard or a vineyard and a shack or shanty. The land is poor, and the people are poor.

November 25th we were in Reno at the Riverside hotel. When comfortably located, I went out to look for Piute Indians. I found two old men and induced them to tell me what they knew of their old customs and religion. Later in the day I came upon thirty or forty sitting on the sunny side of an old, board fence playing cards — men in one group, women in another. It was a cold, raw day, and they were thinly clad. I selected the most intelligent looking of the old men, and, for a money consideration, they came to the hotel and each one told me all he could remember of the old time. For me it was interesting; Indians represent a phase of human progress through which our ancestors passed. When we look upon an Indian, we should recall the fact that our ancestors were long in the stone age. A study of the myths of the Indians shows that all mankind is of one family. The myths of the Greeks, Hebrews, and Scandinavians prove the same fact. All nationalities in their earlier stages dreamed the dreams of mythology. They believed that the gods fell out among themselves and were changed to trees, snakes, etc., and out of those dreams grew their religion. The mythology of the Indians is as interesting to the philosophical inquirer as the mythology of Greece, and they all have the same origin.

Thanksgiving day 1902 we spent in gazing at Nevada sagebrush. At Salt Lake City there was a long delay, so in company with Mr. and Mrs. McMillan of Salem, Ohio, traveling companions, we went to the hotel and had dinner. A fine hotel but a poor dinner! The next day from morning till

evening we were passing through a section rich in magnificent scenery which culminates in the Royal canyon where the road runs through an opening in the rocks just wide enough for a small stream and the tracks. Gigantic bluffs on either side. The grandeur of the scenery roused enthusiasm, and the passengers became friendly. We reached Denver at 11:00 p.m., but my friend Dougan and two or three reporters were at the station to meet us.

We were guests of the Dougans for ten days, and I met many interesting men: Dr. Graham, Bishop Warren, Colonel Bishop, Mr. Lock, and others. Dr. Graham's acquaintance afforded me much pleasure. He gave a dinner in my honor and invited many men and women to meet me. Judge Campbell stands out prominently in my memory. He is judge of the supreme court. It was a brilliant and altogether pleasant social affair; conversation did not lag for a moment. Dec. 9th we woke up and found our train side-tracked at La Junta. After a couple of hours' wait we advanced as far as Trinidad, where we waited till late in the evening. Trinidad was the dirtiest town I was ever in. As there was no diner on the train, we had to go to a hotel for luncheon. We hurried back to the station but found it locked. Some of the people, who were waiting, were inside, some were outside. They could only go back and forth by climbing in and out of a window. Upon inquiring of the station master why the door was locked, he said because there were so many loafers around. He had paid out of his own pocket to have the place cleaned out, etc. There were a number of rough-looking persons around, and after dark two policemen came on duty and ordered everyone without a ticket to leave. The following morning we were in Las Vegas. During the forenoon we crossed a barren country, occasionally saw an adobe village, and were at Albuquerque for dinner and at Williams about five o'clock in the morning, and were detained till three in the afternoon.

The train from Williams to the Grand canyon crosses a stony country with blue hills in the distance. After passing a branch road that leads to a copper mine, we enter a forest, so-called. At last the train stopped within a hundred yards or so of the canyon, and a five-minute walk brought us to a long, low building and tents called 'the hotel.' The canyon is wonderful beyond words to describe. We look down on the summits and sides of water-worn hills and mountains, in place of looking up at them as we are accustomed to do.

No object in nature has ever inspired me with such profound awe. The summits of the mountains and hills we look down upon were covered with snow. In the morning, after an early mist, the canyon cleared of clouds and fog and we had a glorious view. Later we drove to Rouse's Point where the view is more extended, and the river shows us a narrow thread of muddy water. The second time we went to the Point, snow had fallen during the night to such a depth that it was difficult to get around. Trees were loaded with snow, and the contrast of colors in the canyon was grand! The moon rising over the canyon is a magnificent sight. We spent a day in Santa Fe and visited an Indian school where 360 children are supported and educated. Even the oldest ones were too stupid to answer when asked what tribe they belonged to. Then I went to the oldest church in the United States, built sometime in 1500 and restored in 1620.

Christmas day in Bristol, where we remained till the 7th of January, 1903, when we left for Boston and Washington. I was at work on Mongol material and studying some of the languages of Hindustan. While in Washington I called on Roosevelt. Many people were in waiting, but he came directly to me in his hearty cordial way. Later I went into his own room, and we had a chat over the Monroe doctrine and the Mongols. Afterward I went to Senator Morgan of Alabama, my old and valued friend.

During my two weeks stay in Washington I was three times with Roosevelt. I Also made the acquaintance of Senator Gibson of Montana, a man whose friendship is to be coveted. March 27th, after a few days' stay in Bristol, we went to St. Hyacinthe to meet a man who Senator Clark of Montana had told me knew a great deal about Indians. I found the hotel Yamaska comfortable. I liked the town, for it gave me an opportunity to speak French, and it was a quiet place to study and work. So we remained till the middle of April, then visited Ottawa and Montreal. In Montreal we were entertained at the St. James's club by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and at the home of Sir William Van Home, one of the most remarkable men in Canada, a railroad man and an artist.

After spending a few days in Bristol, we went to Boston to visit John Fiske's widow. She was anxious that I should assist her in writing the life of

her husband. I could not do that, for I had already more work in hand than I could manage.

CHAPTER: 52

Sojourn with Henryk Sienkiewicz

A few days later we left New York on the Campania and arrived in London the 9th of May. On the 15th we were in Warsaw at the Grand Hotel d'Europe. Sienkiewicz was surprised to see me as he knew nothing of my intention of visiting Warsaw. He was soon going to his country home and wished me to visit him there, but first I had to go to St. Petersburg to do some research work in connection with my book, The Mongols. But illness detained me ten days in Warsaw. Dr. Benni attended me; he called two or three times each day, and illness was almost a pleasure in his genial company. I left Warsaw May 23. The country was green and beautiful; men and women at work in fields, harrowing and planting; children minding the cows and sheep, for there are no fences. Near Vilna the land begins to be rolling and hilly. Approaching Grodno its many church spires make, in the distance, an attractive picture.

St. Petersburg was preparing for a great festival: the anniversary of the founding of the city by Peter the Great. The city was decorated with busts of Peter and with red and white bunting; there were electric illuminations, and everyone seemed happy. I called on the agent of the American associated press, McGowan, and while there, Mr. Braham, a reporter of the London Times, who had just been given twenty-four hours to leave Russia, called. He had been writing on the Finnish question, and his articles published in the Times, displeased Tsar Nicholas II. McGowan and Holloway, the American consul, were occupied in straightening out the affairs of Paul du Chaillu, who had died suddenly about a month earlier. The body had been sent to America. The Baltic sailors are so superstitious that the casket had to be put into a piano case to deceive them. The consul said he was tired out with the work; there was so much red tape used in getting proper papers.

Again I spent many hours with Pobedonostsev. He gave me an introduction to the librarian of the Imperial library, and everything possible was done to expedite my research work. I visited in Finland a celebrated Buriat doctor. He showed me his collection of books on the Mongols and on Mongolia and told me a good deal about Buriats. Before I left Russia I succeeded, through booksellers, in obtaining a copy of the Annal of Russia and also a volume of ancient chronicles. I had to pay a large sum but I was very glad to possess them, as they are out of print and difficult to obtain.

On my return journey to Warsaw, I spent a couple of days in the old town of Pskof. At the edge of the town is a house where Pushkin lived for a time. I visited the ruins of the old fortress, crumbling parts of once mighty walls still stand. Around these walls the Poles have lost fierce battles and been beaten. Pskof, once a republic, is more than a thousand years old. There is a church built in 1375. The streets are paved with cobblestones, and driving is anything: but a pleasure. We spent a night in Vilna and in the morning visited again the church where in ancient times the sacred fire of the pagan Lithuanians was kept. In Warsaw I went to the 'Wolves,' as I call the Wolff bookstore; there I found that Sienkiewicz was at his country place. Before he left, a Pole called at his house, wanted to interest him in some political scheme. Sienkiewicz would not receive him. He went to St. Petersburg and wrote to Sienkiewicz that, as he would not receive him, there was only one thing to do: kill him. He could go to the country, but he would find him there. Sienkiewicz, though his home is some distance from even a small town, was not alarmed. He went to the country. I visited Glowacki; I admire the man. He is extremely sympathetic.

I went to the Zamoyski library. The librarian who knew that I was coming met me cordially, conducted me through the building, and showed me all of its treasures. Beautifully illuminated books printed in 1466. more than twenty years before the discovery of America. I lunched with Count Pototski and talked with him about his journey in Abyssinia and the native people of that country. June 19th I started for Oblingorck. Sienkiewicz' summer place. At Ivangorod a crowd of men came on; evidently they had been at some political gathering, for they were greatly excited, though very cautious. At Keltsy Sienkiewicz' carriage was waiting for us — a large, covered affair drawn by four horses. It is about ten miles from Keltsy to

Oblingorek. After leaving the town, the drive was monotonous. Here and there a cluster of low houses, till we reached a pine forest. Coming out of the forest we saw on a hill in the distance a small church which reminded me of the church Sienkiewicz describes in Children of the Soil. We passed an old mill with a great wheel turning. And at last, far off, on an elevation, in a clump of trees, we saw the turret of a house which I thought must be the house, but we passed the road leading to it. A short distance farther on there was a turn and a road along which there were newly planted trees, which years from now will make a handsome avenue. Driving through this future handsome avenue and ascending quite an eminence the driver drew up his horses in front of an imposing entrance. Sienkiewicz was there to welcome us with the English words: 'I am very glad, indeed, to see you in my country house.' His smiling face and sparkling eyes showed that his words did not belie his heart. After luncheon, which was served at once, he took me for a walk around his estate. He seemed very proud of the trees near his house, and some of them are fine and large. The view from the rear of the house is over a long stretch of country, partly under cultivation. Here and there a clump of trees and in the distance low hills called the Mountain of the Holy Cross. He showed me a large space of ground where he had planted an oak forest and said that in a hundred years the trees would be large and handsome. On the estate is a duck pond which afforded me much simple pleasure. I enjoyed seeing the ducks dive and counting the seconds they stayed under water. Sienkiewicz rents the land and the renter furnishes provisions for the house, feed for the horses and servants, and a small sum of money, so Sienkiewicz is free of care. Dinner came at nine o'clock in the evening. Sienkiewicz had grown perceptibly old. Large yellow blotches were on his eyelids and under his eyes, the effects of the African fever he contracted while hunting. His hair was thinner on his forehead, and he was quite bald; as we walked along I noticed a slight rounding of the shoulders.

In speaking of what was being done in the literary world he said: 'In Germany there is absolutely no one at present. In Italy one, d'Annunzio. In England no one. I like Kipling's short stories, but Kim is an unfinished book. I read it but found it absolutely without an ending. Italy has had more great men than all of the rest of the world put together: great writers, great painters, great poets and great political men.

I mentioned Aucrustus as being one of the greatest politicians that ever lived. Sienkiewicz heartily agreed with me. He said that Thomas Aquinas, the great light among the Catholics of the middle ages, thought that happiness in life was not in what you do, but in having the power to see and understand. I asked him what he thought of the idea that, maybe, all we suffer here, all that humanity suffers in pain and death is the necessary and only means a Higher Power has of creating a more perfect condition in ages to come, or in another existence; that, in other words, we are only the means for an end, instruments in accomplishing some mighty idea of a Supreme Being. He thought a minute; then said that it might be.

Buddha was to his thinking, as to mine, a wonderful personage. Speaking of Poe and Dante I remarked that I thought their minds were similar. Sienkiewicz agreed with me that they had the same way of seeing the world, the same weird fancies. Of Luther he said: 'Luther's German nature made him unsympathetic, but IIuss was remarkably sympathetic' 'When in France,' said Sienkiewicz, 'I always have the feeling that the Christian church is nearing its end. What will take its place I have no idea. The Pope will continue to strive for temporal power, for he cannot become the chaplain of the king of Italy, but he must realize that he can never again have political power. I do not believe in monks, their raisan d'Hre is a thing of the past. Neither do I believe in nuns.'

In speaking of Moses he said; 'The book supposed to have been given by Moses, the "Pentateuch." describes the death of Moses, an event which naturally Moses himself could not have written about.' We had a great deal of pleasant conversation, getting familiar with each other's ideas about historical events and personages, as well as regarding conditions existing at present and persons still living. One morning we had a playful contest at repeating lines from the odes of Horace. Sienkiewicz thinks, as I do, that literature is the greatest of the arts, more lasting, and of vastly more influence, than music or painting.

Sienkiewicz is an ardent patriot; hence, an ardent hater of Germany and Russia. He says that the idea of the division of Poland originated in Prussia — that Peter the Great hadn't the idea — and Catherine adopted it. Poland and Russia played into the hands of their common enemy, Germany. The

Poles made mistakes, but after Tannenberg, Poland was everything, Russia nothing. There was no fear of such an apparently insignificant country, and it was allowed to grow up. Poland was too self-confident.

Of all foreign places Sienkiewicz likes Venice best: 'There is life there without noise.' He enjoys roaming; around in its churches. He thinks a great picture has influence on literature. He finds the effects of Domenichino's pictures on ail the literature of that time. But the influence is natural, for literature in many cases brings the picture before the artist's eyes. In Sienkiewicz' home there is a picture representing one of the stories in the Thousand and One Nights which interested me so much that I got a photograph of it. A maiden is telling a story to the sultan.

Sienkiewicz has a bottle of Hungarian wine over a hundred years old that he is saving for his son's marriage. He himself, on a great occasion, drank of wine made during the life of Sigismund III. In speaking of wine he told a story: A small noble went to a great magnate's to dine. Wishing to praise the wine and also display his knowledge of Latin he said, 'Finns bonus.' The magnate said. 'Your Latin is bad.' 'Well,' said the noble, 'as the wine, so the Latin. I make my Latin suit the wine.'

CHAPTER: 53

The Balkans Visited (1903-04)

Our delightful visit ended June 23, 1903. We went to Cracow, to Budapest, and then to Agram, the capital of Croatia, where the peasants still wear their national dress. It was market day, and there was a fine opportunity to talk with the peasantry, and I fully improved it. Sunday I visited several of the churches and the cathedral. There were crowds of peasants everywhere, except in church — Sunday is also a market day. In one large church there were, maybe, sixty women and five men. I counted the men.

The first half of the journey from Agram to Fiume we saw cultivated fields; the second half mountains which are very beautiful. They are wooded to the summit. Near Fiume they gradually become rocky and treeless. One conductor stated that in that section the wind is sometimes violent enough to throw a train off the track. The descent to the sea is along steep and barren hills and cliffs. Here and there in the apparently barren waste is a little walled-in garden, like an oasis. Along the rocky seacoast are small villages where fishermen live. Fiume occupies a narrow strip of land between the mountains and the sea. The first thing I saw in the morning was the steamer Godolo, seemingly at the edge of the street in front of our hotel. Before midnight we were at Spalato. The scenery is fine; rather high mountains, and in the sea islands similar to the Grecian islands. In Roman times the Dalmatian coast exhibited great activity, for Dahnatia was one of the most prosperous regions of the world.

Going in the dark along the water edge, past cafes where people were still sitting, we reached the Hotel de la Ville, which had been recommended as being in the new part of the town, while Troccoli was in the old part. The entrance and surroundings in semi-darkness did not seem clean, but we were glad to get in from the street. Very early I was up and hunting for reminders of an ancient time. The remnant of Diocletian's famous palace I found built into a modern block of houses the walls of which preserve the

columns. Enough is left to show the plan of the structure and the beauty of the architecture. Standing by the water, one can in imagination see the palace as it was about the year 350 a.d. In narrow streets amid modern squalor one can easily find remnants of ancient grandeur. A guide conducted me to the Temple of Sculapius. Three miles from Spalato, in a deep inlet of its bay, are the ruins of Salona, once the capital of Dalmatia and one of the chief cities of the ancient world. Very little is left to indicate the size and wealth of that great Roman city. Between Spalato and Salona there are many vineyards; on an island in a river is a picturesque village. Farther south, pressed in between the mountains and the sea. is a little city with a remarkable history, Ragusa. From the eighth to the nineteenth century Ragusa was a free republic. I greatly enjoyed the old, new city.

We left Spalato at midnight for Bocche di Cattaro. the Dalmatian town from which a mountain road leads to Montenegro (Black mountain). At a calling place along the coast a man came on board. Finding that I was going to Montenegro, he told me that he owned a stable at Bocche and at once began to urge me to hire carriage and horses from him. The approach to Montenegro is through the finest harbor, or rather series of harbors, on the Adriatic. An officer on our steamer said that all the navies on earth could find place in it at once. There are four large bays and a number of small ones. From the very entrance the mountains dividing Dalmatia and Montenegro are seen though at first there are heights between them and the sea; but, when we turn toward Bocche di Cattaro, the great wall, the outer slope of which is in Dahnatia. looms up directly. This rock system has a different character from any I have seen. It looks as though on a time it were soft, like jelly, but filled with living sensation and then was suddenly chilled. Right in front seemed to be the gigantic head of an elephant, half the head free, but the lower trunk and body sunk and fastened in the mountain forever. A short distance in the rear of the elephant is a gigantic lion head free to the throat, but body fastened in the mountain petrified for all ages. These two figures appeared to me immensely great, weird, gloomy, and sad in that doom which had overtaken them. The mountain wall preserves its character as far as Cattaro. There are two or three poor hotels in Cattaro. I stopped at the City of Trieste which though the best was very dirty. Cattaro is a small place under military government. The main town is strongly walled-in. Behind remarkable winding walls on the very steep

mountain side and on platforms of rocks on giddy heights are buildings connected with the fortress. The remarkable thing about Cattaro is the road leading to Montenegro.

After sunset, when the heat which was intense had somewhat abated, I started out to arrange about crossing the mountain. While walking around, I met a Montenegrin, who wanted me to hire his employer's horses. When he found that I would talk to him, he called his employer, a slick, little German appeared and followed us to the stable. I was pleased with the German's horses, while the other man's, which were standing on the street, were poor and looked half-dead. The man did not hesitate to press forward and offer his horses for a crown less than the German asked. I selected the better horses, and the man went off evidently annoyed.

Starting early in the morning, a short drive brought us to the beginning of the ascent of the great rocky mountain which loomed up 4.000 feet above Cattaro. Winding across the face of the mountain, making long detours and then short ones, returning each time to above the town, or nearly so, but always a few feet higher, by degrees we reached the level of the defenses that had seemed so high when we looked at them from the sea. Then we were above them. After an hour or so, the defenses and the rocks on which they are built looked far away and very small. The road cannot be improved. It is wide enough for carriages to pass, and for the greater part of the way there is a stone wall along the outer edge. Around all of the turns there is a wall; nevertheless, for a nervous person it would be a trying ride, for continually one looks over higher and higher precipes. Seldom are there level spaces below the road or any green bushes. When they do occur, they are a delightful rest for the eyes.

The road, blasted out of the face of an almost perpendicular mountain of rock, cost an enormous sum. When I looked down at a little speck that represented the town of Cattaro, I could realize how a bird feels as it soars aloft. I watched the town, the islands, and the mountains below with lively interest seeing them grow smaller and smaller. There is not such another impression to be got in all Europe. It is glorious! Heights below which an hour before seemed lofty become insignificant. At one time we wound around a spur of the mountain which brought us high above cultivated land.

For a while we circled above those fields of grain and were out of sight of Bocche di Cattaro, I thought perhaps for good, but soon we were back again on the grim face of the mountain and in the dim depths was Cattaro. With a strong field glass our carriage could have been seen from the town three hours after we left it.

Two or three times I thought that at the next turn we should go through a pass to the other side of the mountain, for we seemed to be at the summit. Then again several strips of wall were visible above us. and I knew that each was the outline of a higher rise of road. At last the dark spot representing Cattaro disappeared, dizzy heights above the town are in the abyss. And then, when almost level with the most lofty peaks of the mountain, we enter a pass and are on the Montenegro side. And, winding around heights, we begin to descend — a sea of rocks as far as eye can see. We come to a road house, where, from a tub of water, evidently brought for the purpose, our tired horses drink. There are two or three of these road houses on the Dalmatian side. At this house there were three women and a half a dozen children. Pennies pleased the children and the 'grown-ups' as well. Now patches of green appear between the rocks. Many of these tiny fields were only three or four feet long. Wherever there was a little earth between the rocks, potatoes were growing.

At last we reached the first village, Niegush. Soon down in a valley, our driver pointed out a stone house and said: 'There is where the prince of Montenegro stays when he visits Niegush. He was born in this little village* — stones and rocks and tiny patches of green. I counted seven walled-in fields, and the seven together would cover less than an acre. From the village we climbed another mountain and then began to descend again. At last a mountain enclosed valley. Cetinje is in sight! A surprisingly small place to call a capital! A village of stone buildings, very few of which are two stories high. A little to one side is the palace, a square house with trees around it; near-by a long row of barracks. At the end of the main street is the house of the heir to the throne, a square, two-storied building. The hotel is called the Grand. All the diplomats accredited from different governments board at the hotel. The air is fresh and invigorating. I think that I have never spent so cool and calm a Fourth of July (1903), as in that mountain capital.

The first time I called at the palace the prince was away; the heir to the throne received me, and I found him a pleasant, cordial man. When the prince returned, he sent for me, and I enjoyed a long conversation with him, speaking upon the political situation in Europe. When leaving, he placed his steamer, on the lake between Montenegro and Albania, at my disposal and mentioned places he would like to have me visit, saying he would command everything to be done for my comfort. The people wear the Montenegrin dress which is picturesque and attractive when of rich material. The men are tall and well-formed; the women are tall and very plain-looking, show hardship. There are many old men and women as wrinkled and yellow as parchment. Each day I worked on the native language and on my Mongol book.

The Russian minister sent the dragoman of the Russian embassy to me, an old man with gray beard and hair; a Russian who had lived many years in Montenegro. He had written a valuable book in three volumes on Montenegro. The old man had traveled in every part of the Slav world and was willing to give me all the information he could. He said there were as many officials in the little country of Montenegro as in Austria, all the money went to support them. The prince got as much as he could out of Russia. Russia had paid the Montenegrin debt two or three times, and now, again, the country was heavily in debt he said. The common people, the cultivators, and lower class are the poorest I have seen in any country; how their rags could be worse is hard to see.

July 13, at 4:00 a.m., driving through the valley we began the ascent of the mountain which lies between Cattaro and Montenegro, and soon we took a last look of the little capital. A few hours' climbing brought us to the pass, then began the descent. Some of the turns are so sharp that it seemed as if we were about to ride off into space. Our driver, a native Montenegrin, rushed the horses down the mountain at what seemed to me reckless speed. Cattaro looked like the Garden of Eden after ten days spent in the kingdom of stones. No fruit grows in Montenegro, figs and olives are plentiful in Cattaro.

An hour after reaching the sea we were off for Ragusa. Everywhere flowers and blossoming trees, but the heat was intense. Ragusa is historically

interesting, and I took great pleasure in visiting the ancient city. On the steamer I spoke in German to a man whom I thought to be of that nationality and discovered that he was the artist Van Dyke from New Jersey. A man of striking appearance, for his hair was snow white and his mustache black. We spent most of the day in conversation. He was making a study of the sea and coast.

An hour or so at Fiume, then to Laibach, and two days later we were in Veldes. The country between Laibach and Veldes is under fine cultivation. There are many large market gardens. Women were cutting grain with a sickle, men storing it in roofed frames — a fine idea, for the grain can dry without harm from rain. An hour and a half by train brought us to the foothills of the Alps. From the station a drive of five miles by carriage and we were at Veldes. An acquaintance, Mrs. Yenko, had secured rooms for us at Peternel hotel. Mrs. Yenko and I spoke Serbian together. She called Serbian 'a brother language of Russian.' Professor Grot and his wife boarded at the Peternel. I found them exceptionally intellectual and pleasant people; we spent many hours together, often went for long walks over the hills and along the lake shore. I became acquainted with Professor Vergon, a Russian, editor of a Vienna magazine. He and his wife had undertaken a great task: 'To save the Slavs from the Germans; prevent the Slav countries outside of Russia from being absorbed by the German empire, whether in the guise of Austria or otherwise.' He had published a map showing where the Germans had established themselves in Russia.

At this time I was much interested in the Kief princes, or that part of my Mongol work. Veldes was a delight for me. The air was invigorating; I met many pleasant people. Especially was I happy when with Professor Grot, who is a man of wide knowledge, both of men and of books, and his love of nature is great. The peasantry of Veldes are interesting. The implements of labor are a full century behind those in use in America: grain is cut with a sickle and beaten out with a flail.

I remained in Veldes till the second of September. On that date the Grots started for St. Petersburg, and I went to Agram on the way to Bosnia. The scenery from Laibach to Agram and from Agram to Brod is monotonous. From Brod in Bosnia to Serai we occasionally passed a picturesque village

— the houses built apparently with the distinct purpose of keeping day light out, the roofs, in many cases, coming within a few feet of the ground, so greatly sloped are they. The Turkish dress, or a dress similar to the Turkish, is worn both by men and women. Men wear turbans, and here and there I saw a woman with her face covered, only her eyes visible. A sheet swathed her body.

Serai has many large, newly constructed buildings. Evidently the Austrians, who from the Russo-Turkish war were given the right to govern the country for twenty-five years, have improved the opportunity and made everything Austrian as rapidly as possible. Only a part of the town remains in the old style: low, open shops, the front rolling up Asiatic fashion, all occupations carried on, as it were, on the sidewalk. The most interesting thing for me was to see Slav people living and dressing like Mohammedan Turks. There are many mosques in Serai. One that is especially fine is in a crowded street of the Asiatic part of the city. It reminded me of the mosque of Omar in Jerusalem.

The old part of Serai is interesting mainly because of its inhabitants — tall, light-haired Slavs in Turkish dress, many looked exactly as though dressed for a masquerade. I saw a funeral pass, a long procession of men, the four in advance carrying a coffin which was just deep enough to keep the body from falling out. The body was covered "with a white sheet, a turban placed near the head. The carriers changed every few minutes. At last they put the coffin down on the porch of a mosque where it would remain till sunset, then be taken to the grave where the body would be seated with face toward Mecca, and the grave filled with earth.

A government official conducted me to places of interest around the city: to mosques and to some of the oldest and quaintest streets where the shops are in three divisions, one in the rear, a lower one in front, and under it a little shop like a dry goods box. In this box sit men making shoes. The men cannot stand up for there is only room to sit cross-legged on the floor. They are on a level with the narrow street. They must suffer from the heat and foul air. They are mainly a superior type of Russian peasant — large, blue-eyed, fine-looking men. I saw many handsome, old men. I visited the Turkish university. The building is good. It has long, cool corridors and a

room for each student. Turk fashion, a couch answers for chairs and also for bed. The school has every appearance of being well conducted.

Evidently Mohammed's daughter has many descendants in Serai, for green-turbaned men are numerous. There are also a goodly number of Spanish Jews in Serai. I had an opportunity to hear several languages spoken. I met Miss Irby, a woman deeply interested in the politics of Bosnia. She was cautious about giving information, for she is not favored by the government. She is accused of influencing people in favor of Russia though she simply works for the Christian Slavs. I visited an Orthodox school connected with the church, a school having 600 pupils.

There is really no freedom in Bosnia. Kspecially are the Orthodox Christians in a strange position. They are in the majority, but are watched by the government and kept down in every way. So anxious are the Catholics to increase their number at the expense of the Orthodox church that, if an Orthodox girl goes astray, the Catholics take her in and do everything for her and the child, which they christen a Catholic. A Catholic girl who goes astray has no such attention. The Catholic bishop is greatly disliked by all outside of his own church. So much had been said that the emperor had been forced to reprimand him for his activity in proselyting. He baptized a Mohammedan woman and thus roused the whole Mohammedan population.

I made the acquaintance of the Orthodox metropolitan and went with him to see a very old church. An Orthodox priest who spoke only Serbian called, and I went with him to an establishment where brass is worked into ornamental and useful articles. It was instructive to see how the patterns are hammered in. We also visited the old fortress. The view from the fortress is fine. Going around the hill and out of a gateway, we reached a Turkish cafe, and were served with three tiny pots of black coffee, excellent in quality. Descending a steep hill, paved with cobblestones, and going through a street inhabited by Mohammedans, we came to a mosque and stopped to listen to the muezzin calling to prayer.

I called on the metropolitan. The Slavs do not like him; they call him a 'timeserver' and accuse him of being friendly with the government which is Catholic. He is uncle of Tesla, the celebrated electrician. The Spanish-

Hebrew cemetery is curious. Rocks hewn on one side mark each grave. On the hewn side, painted in large, black letters, is the name and date of birth and death of the person buried below; the cemetery is entirely uncared for.

We left Serai the 24th of September. We passed through a part of Slavonia. Nowhere have I seen such herds of cows, such flocks of sheep, such stacks of grain, and such cornfields. Oxen are in general use. Here and there children were herding flocks of white turkeys. Slavonia is the richest part of Austria. Two days later I was in Cracow for the funeral of Siemiradzki, the great Polish artist, whom I knew so well in Rome. He died some months earlier, but was only then brought to Cracow for burial. The old church that Sienkiewicz describes in Knights of the Cross and the square in front were densely packed with people. As the procession passed through the streets, all the church hells in the city were tolling. A few days later we went to Sienkiewicz' summer home where a warm welcome awaited me. This time two of his children, Yedviga and Henryk, were there to receive us. Sienkiewicz had been ill most of the summer. At this time he gave me the manuscript of the little story Life and Death.

We left Oblingorek after a most delightful three day visit. The family assembled on the porch, and with affectionate words we parted fearing that we might not meet again for a long time. The carriage rattled down the long eminence, turned, and there in front of us were the younger members of the family; they had run down a flight of earth stairs. The good-byes were repeated. Sienkiewicz stood at the top of the staircase shouting words of cheer and of brotherly solicitude. Then he waved his hat and called good-bye.

A day in Budapest and then to a town with three names: Neusatz (German), Ujvidek (Hungarian), Novi Sad (Serbian). In the town there is a celebrated old fortress, Peterwardein, built about 300 years ago. It is remarkable for the extent of its earthworks. Built in the bend of the river it was, in old times, impregnable; as a modern fortress, it is useless, except as a home for soldiers.

Karlowitz in Croatia is only half an hour by train from Novi Sad. It is the seat of Slav education. There is a gymnasium and a theological school. A professor, a Hungarian, called at the hotel, and we went with him. on a

Danube steamer, to Kamenets. The sunset on the Danube was glorious; the sky and water were aflame with crimson and gold, which spread over the river far enough to encircle two mills with huge wheels turning. A lovely picture, almost tropical in its warmth and coloring. As I wished to remain some weeks in Novi Sad, study Roumanian and rub up my Hungarian and Serbian, and the hotels were impossible, I hired rooms and a cook. I remained a month, a quiet, restful season. While there, I translated the little Hindu legend Life and Death. A Serbian boy, apprentice of a photographer, who had done considerable work for me, began to beg to come to America with us. Though he was very persistent in his urging, I refused to consider the question. His mother lived in Belgrade, and he was her only child. I felt sure that his ideas were such that bitter disappointment would meet him in America.

From Novi Sad I went to Budapest to meet Vambery, who at this time was already an old man. We had several, for me, very instructive talks, mainly upon central Asia and conditions existing there. With Mr. Paikart, a Hungarian friend, I visited the house of parliament and listened to an exciting debate between the prime minister and the leader of the opposition. We visited a professor of anthropology, and he exhibited to us a wonderful collection of human skulls — in all he has over 10,000. They have been found in Hungary. Some of them are a thousand years old. He had several Mongol skulls.

Christmas day we were in Torbole on Lago di Garda, among the Austrian Alps, just at the Italian boundary. From Laibach there was snow. The scenes is similar to that of the Selkirk mountains of British Columbia, but not as grand. Fir trees loaded with snow made a beautiful picture. In Torbole Goethe lived when Iphigcnia was begun. The town is small and wonderfully quiet. I remained there and worked on The Mongols and different languages that I had in hand till Jan. 10th 190*. Going away by boat the scenery is fine, gigantic mountains in places coming almost to the edge of the water. At the end of the lake a ten-minute drive brought us to the railroad, and that evening we were in Verona. The discomfort of the hotel reminded me of a story often told in Russia: a man from Archangel sent to Tims begged to be allowed to go home to get warm. The hotel was heated by steam but was so cold that we had to go out and walk around on the plaza to get warm. The

market place of Verona has many attractions for me. It was the forum in ancient times. Going through a narrow archway one reaches plaza Dante. Around the plaza are the palaces of the Scala family; in one, the palace of Bartolommeo della Scala, Dante lived during his exile. I went to the church of San Zeno to see the paintings and the cloister. Then drove to San Bernardino. But such a crowd of beggars surrounded us, that we had to beat a retreat. Then we went to St. Anastasia and admired, over the entrance to a courtyard by the side of the church, the monument which Rustin calls 'the most perfect Gothic monument in the world,' a sarcophagus with the figure of a person lying on it. The face is very beautiful. The curious place chosen for the sarcophagus reminded me of the tree burials of the Indians.

At an old book stall in the market I found The History of Mexico presented to an Italian count by the governor of Guadalajara as a memorial of his country and his friendship, 1896. The plain of Lombardy was beautiful; green with the verdure of early spring though it was mid-January. In places grapevines swing from tree to tree in festoons. The Apennine scenery was attractive, but in no place grand. Near the summit I got a glance of the plain of Tuscany. We passed Signa, the little Italian town from which Ouida gets a title for a novel. The place, as it lies off toward the hills, looks romantic. Then we passed the birthplace of Boccaccio, a picturesque hill town. In Siena we stopped at Hotel Royal. Siena is all up hill and down. In the sag between two hills is a square, called plaza del Campo. The hotel was without guests and was cold. I determined to look up more comfortable quarters and soon found Chiusarelli, where we could have pleasant rooms and as much heat as we were willing to pay for. I wished to spend the remainder of the winter in Siena and make a study of the peasantry and the language they spoke, as well as work on The Mongols. Jan. 17th, 1904 when I opened the shutters, I was astonished to find the ground covered with snow, and snow falling rapidly.

We had a fire built in the grate and settled down to enjoy winter weather in 'sunny Italy.' I could look out onto a vineyard covered with snow. We remained in Siena till the end of March; meanwhile, we decided that Italy was not an ideal winter resort. Unable to heat our rooms sufficiently, I determined to find, if possible, rooms in the plaza, for I had discovered that it was warmer there than elsewhere. I obtained very comfortable quarters at

Vicolo di Macta-Salaia No. 4 off Victor Emmanuel plaza; bought a stove some Englishman had formerly owned, put the pipe into the chimney of the fireplace and managed to get warmth enough, for it was possible to buy small bundles of short wood. We remained in Siena because I wanted to be quiet and at the same time be where I could speak Italian and study the people. The hill town is attractive in many ways, but tourists do not stay long. They seem to go there mainly to see the cathedral, the front of which is like an illustrated fable: cows, horses, eagles, heads, and angels decorate it. Sienkiewicz had begun On the Field of Glory, and I was receiving small parcels of manuscript.

The Siena cattle shows were events for me. I enjoyed looking at the great white oxen, they are so sedate and gentle. One breed has horns almost straight and standing well up on the head, but the breed, apparently in greatest favor, has horns standing far apart and of immense length.

On Feb. 11th a came depressing news: Russia's loss of two warships, destroyed by the Japanese. America is the dupe of England. Greed, and the fear of losing foothold in India, is the keystone of every statement made regarding Russia. The sources of America's foreign information are largely English. English accounts are dictated by what the English conceive to be for their own interest. We are a neutral nation, our judgment affecting the Far East should be impartial. About this time I received a letter from St. Louis informing me that I was invited by the congress of arts and science to be chairman of the department of Slavic literature. I wrote quite a long letter thanking the congress but declining the invitation. I was not ready to leave Europe. We were in Rome for Easter 1904. The city was crowded with Easter tourists. Cold weather reigned supreme. Easter Sunday was a beautiful day. At this time I became well acquainted at the American college. I got letters of introduction and went to the Vatican to examine manuscripts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, letters that passed between Prince Daniel of Russia and the Pope, for I wanted all possible information for my work on Russia.

I had a ride around the hills of Rome to get a clear idea of the parts occupied by the Sabines, the Romans, and others in the early part of Roman history. And I went to see what is visible of the sewer which the Tarquins

built more than 600 years before our era, a sewer which led from the Forum to the Tiber. Later I went to the little church, Quo Vadis. During this visit I took many photographs of Rome from points which attracted me most. The Rome of today has few charms for me, but what remains of ancient Rome is of immense interest.

Women have been great factors in Roman history: Tarquinius' lust for a virtuous woman brought about his exile and changed a kingdom to a republic. The republic endured for 200 years, and again Roman history was changed by the lust of a man for a virtuous woman: Appius Claudius coveted Virginia; she stabbed herself and the plebs rose to avenge her. Women played an important part in the life of Caius Julius Caesar. From the beginning of Roman history woman's influence has played an immense part in all Latin countries. It is the power behind the throne.

I spent many hours in the Forum, allowing imagination full scope, mentally viewing events which took place twenty centuries ago. I visited Tivoli and Hadrian's villa. Photographed the Hall of the Philosophers and Philosophers' walk. I never weary of looking at the ruins of ancient Rome, for mentally the buildings are intact and life and activity reign within and without. Toward the end of May we went to Naples where we remained till the 12th of August. I was fortunate enough to secure rooms at the Poli; rooms from which there was a glorious view of the most beautiful bay in the world, the Bay of Naples. At the Poli, among other guests, were Mr. and Mrs. Eaton. Mr. Eaton had been, for twenty years, professor of Greek in Middlebury college; Mr. and Mrs. Bergen from Cambridge, Massachusetts. Mr. Bergen had written several books on botany; and David Smith, professor of Greek at Columbia college. As soon as they saw our names on the office register, they came to my rooms and introduced themselves, for interested in folklore, they knew of my books.

And during their stay in Naples, we passed many pleasant hours together. One day, in company with the Eatons, we rode through old Naples. Such filth and wretchedness! The narrow streets were crowded with cows, donkeys, children, and men and women; the human being, in looks, far inferior to the animal. That part of the city is considered unsafe to walk

through even in daytime. The aquarium of Naples is a place where one can with advantage spend many hours; the collection is remarkably fine.

The steamer sailing July 1st had the Batons on board. His health had failed completely, and he was going home to die. We had become much attached to our American friends and parted with them unwillingly.

We spent some time with Russian friends at the Monastery hotel in Sorrento. Strange to say, I do not care for Sorrento. About this time I sent Roosevelt a letter congratulating him on his nomination and enclosing an article which had appeared in a Russian newspaper— very pleasant reading for him, for it was appreciative.

About the middle of July we went to Agerola, thinking it would be cool in that mountain village. Italians are very superstitious. In Agerola there is a fine, stone house built by an army man. He murdered his wife in the house; no one will live in it. I was told it had stood empty since the event fifty years ago. Some of their superstitions are curious. One person will not take a needle or pin from another without first pricking the person who received it — it would cut friendship; no person will hand another a cake of soap, it must be handed on a dish of some kind. Our surroundings in Agerola were Italian; there were no English-speaking guests at the hotel. A Mr. Van Dyke from Cairo said he was American by birth but he was of German parentage and had spent twenty-five years of his life in Egypt; his daughter spoke only German and Arabic. From a point not far from the hotel, Ainalfi is in view directly under the rocks, cuddled down by the sea — a lovely view. We remained at Agerola till the first of August, then returned to our rooms at the Poli in Naples to make arrangements for going to America. August 3rd, a to our great surprise George, the boy from Novi Sad, appeared in our rooms; he had worked his passage by train and steamer and now begged me to take him to America. He had shown such determination that I could not disappoint him. He didn't know one word of English. His own language was Serbian, but he could speak Romanian and knew a little German. I at once bought him books and set about teaching him English.

CHAPTER: 54

All Voyaging Concluded

We sailed for New York August 12th on the Princess Irene, and George was with us. The steamer was crowded with Americans, among whom was Liebling, the composer, who entertained us with conversation and music. At our table was the remnant of a conducted party. During the entire voyage we suffered from heat. We arrived in New York on the 24th and the 27th, were in Vermont, and I worked on The Mongols in Russia and A Journey in Southern Siberia till the middle of October. Then I went to Montreal for a few days and from there to New York and sailed on the Lucania Oct. 22, 1904, for Liverpool. After spending a short time in London, I went to St. Petersburg. I saw my friend Grot again, as well as many friends of the old time, and made the acquaintance of Petrovitch Simeonoff, member of the council of the empire, a man of wide knowledge. At the geographic society I came across Vassili, the Buriat, who had come to St. Petersburg to finish his education. He gratified me by saying that my influence had determined him to seek the best education his country afforded. I was entertained by Vladimir Ivanovich Lamanski, president of the geographic society," and entertained him at my hotel- Wishing to find out all I could of conditions in Russia I spent a good deal of time with Witte. He was at this time ex-minister of finance. I dined with him* had breakfast with him, and spent a long evening at his home. He gave me valuable information regarding events which led up to the Russo-Japanese war, I gathered many important facts concerning the relations of China and Russia; the building of the railroad in Manchuria; and obtained from different men in power a political resume of events that preceded the Boxer war. I incorporate some of these facts.

I see a great world change gradually approaching in which the Yellow race will play a part, and one which, in centuries to come, will take from the White race its preponderance of power. For me it is incomprehensible that leaders in America and England should be so nearsighted as to favor Japan.

July 28th, 1905 I received a telegram from Witte, my Russian friend of long standing, asking me to meet him in New York. He was senior envoy to the peace conference held at Portsmouth. He arrived August 2nd, in the evening. I called on him early on the morning of August 3rd, and he greeted me with great pleasure. That evening I dined with him at the St. Regis. Eighteen persons, all Russians, except myself, were present. After dinner Witte and I had a heart to heart talk about conditions in Russia and what he hoped would result from the peace conference. He asked me to go to Oyster Bay and tell Roosevelt all I knew about him (Witte). The following day I went to Sagamore Hill. As my carriage entered the grounds. I met the president, who was on horseback. He greeted me with friendship and cordiality; he turned back, and we sat on the porch and had a long conversation on the existing conditions in Russia and America. Our conversation lasted so long that before we were through Witte and his party arrived. Witte, Baron Rosen, and Roosevelt talked for an hour or more; then luncheon was announced. I was given the seat of honor by the president. Kerrait sat at his father's left, and Baron Rosen and Witte by Mrs. Roosevelt.

I returned to New York with Witte and Rosen in their private car, and again we spoke of Russia. August 5th I had another long talk with Witte. Sunday Aug. 6th I spent the day with Patrick Collins, the mayor of Boston, at his home in Dorchester. Two days later I went to Portsmouth and stopped at the Winchester, where the Russian and Japanese envoys were discussing the conditions of peace, and where newspaper men abounded. A brilliant assembly of men and women was present in that great hotel where history was making. I remained two or three days, until life was made unendurable by predatory reporters. If I was seen to enter Witte's room, or we spoke together in public, the moment I was free a dozen crows were picking at me: 'What does he say?' 'What are they doing?' 'How long is the conference likely to last?' They even called me up in the night to ask for news. I grew weary of it all and, saying farewell to Witte. I went to Vermont for a few days' quiet, and then returned to Portsmouth where Witte welcomed me with joy. He was satisfied with the turn affairs were taking and was pleased with the attitude of the president; the perfect balance he was able to keep between the two parties, friendly and considerate to both. He said he liked Roosevelt as a man and admired him as a statesman.

During this visit at Portsmouth I had my first automobile ride. Previously I had been occupied and had thought only of railroad travel, but at Portsmouth I had leisure, and there were several very agreeable persons, who were desirous of doing things which they thought would be pleasant for me; hence, I was urged to try luxurious cars. My first ride was with Glidden as a driver, and I enjoyed it immensely; especially as, aside from the pleasure of riding, I was entertained with a description of automobile journeys in Java and eastern countries. Mr. Glidden was the first man to make an automobile tour around the world. He mentioned a fabulous sum he had paid for ocean transportation of his car.

One glorious evening I had a ride which was like traveling through fairyland. The light, thrown from the car onto the trees along the highway, turned the leaves to silver and made the trees look ghostlike, adding greatly to the charm. It was midnight when we returned and, though I needed rest, I would have been content to ride and dream till morning. Four days passed quickly. I saw a great deal of Witte and the other delegates; I also became acquainted with Japanese delegates. When I parted with Witte, he put his arms around my neck and kissed me three times.

Three o'clock, August 26th, found us at New Haven Junction, Vermont, sitting outside the little station. It was night yet, a moonlight, starlight night. I looked for our baggage and found it had not been put off. I had telegraphed for a carriage but, as I discovered later, the telegram has not been received. I found a box for Alma to sit on, then I sat down on the stone step at the doorway, and we watched the stars grow pale and daylight creep up from the east. I was glad that we were there, glad to welcome the coming morning as it crept swiftly over the landscape, the hills, farm houses, and roads. And I realized how much was daily lost from life by indulging sleep. It was a glorious, joy-giving morning. When the sun rose above the hills, we walked in the direction we thought New Haven village must be. Our hand bag was heavy, so I fastened it to our umbrella and carried it on my shoulder, tramp fashion. We had walked about a mile when we came to the village. On an elevation was a large house which I thought might he an inn but, when in front of it, the only sign I saw was 'mumps.' I had just decided to go farther in search of shelter when a man with a milk pail in his hand came out. I asked if there was a hotel in the village. 'Yes, right here, was the

answer. We went in and, when we had divested ourselves of a large amount of dust, for from the station to the village we had plodded through dust at least six inches deep, we sat down and drank a refreshing cup of coffee and ate a breakfast hastily spread for unexpected guests. Then, hiring the only available horse in the village, and a wagon, springless and dilapidated, with a boy to drive, we went slowly and painfully toward Bristol. The comparison between the swift and elegantly appointed automobiles of the previous days and the farm wagon was fine. I enjoy such contrasts — it is life.

That evening in company with Alma's sister and nephew we left for Montreal and St. Hyacinthe. After a few days spent in pleasure drives around St. Hyacinthe, we went to Abenakis Springs and in that quaint retreat, in walking and riding, whiled away another stretch of hot days. Returning to St Hyacinthe, Mrs. Norton and son went back to Bristol, and I settled down to hard work on my books and On the Field of Glory.

On the 29th of August, 1905, peace had been concluded between Russia and Japan. As soon as the news was telegraphed to me, I sent a telegram of congratulation to Witte and one to Roosevelt. My telegram to Witte was: 'Glory to God and glory to you'; to Roosevelt: 'Your latest achievement is unique in success and worldwide in meaning.' I remained in St. Hyacinthe till the middle of November. Spent a couple of days in Montreal, dined with Sir William Van Home, who is the most versatile man I have ever met: a scholar, an artist, a collector of antiquities, and a railroad man.

Dr. Drummond called and brought me his new book of poems. Professor Owens also called and brought as an offering a book recently published. The winter of 1905-06 was unusually mild, and I remained in Vermont till March 3rd.

In January I wrote the preface to On the Field of Glory, and the book was published in April. I was disappointed, for it ended without giving the great battle fought by Sobieski. March 24th I wrote to the publishers: 'Nothing more vexatious has happened to me for years than the shortening of On the Field of Glory. I Sienkiewicz had no idea of failing in this way. The failure was caused by the Russo-Japanese war, or rather the political troubles resulting from the war. The Poles, from the beginning of the struggle, were

interested in it to a degree that for the people of America cannot be understood. A time came when Sienkiewicz could no longer work. He was so occupied in the great drama personally that all other things vanished. So far as the book is concerned, few Amerieans have thought whether it would be better or not by being longer. Only one person has written to me about it. President Roosevelt. He was immensely pleased with the book but, knowing history so well, he wanted the battle. I worked hard on the book; while making a close translation, I sought words to beautify the idea, as I have always done with Sienkiewicz' books, wishing, as I had made the author known to the English-speaking world, that he should be placed before them in the very best garb possible.

In April and May I finished The Mongols and brought The Mongols in Russia near completion, meanwhile studying Chinese with an educated Chinaman whom I found in St. Hyacinthe. Toward the end of March I was in Washington for a few days; then went to Montreal, taking the boy George, whom I had brought from the Danube, and who for some months had been in a photographic studio in Washington, with me and establishing him, through Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's influence in an art studio in Montreal. March 19th we were back at the Yamaska, an annex of the St. Hyacinthe hotel and settled down to finish The Mongols in Russia and A Journey in Southern Siberia. In June we spent a few days in Bristol, then returned to St. Hyacinthe.

From the early summer Mr. Curtin was not well, but he worked more or less. August 29th he began to translate The Idiot, a Russian book which he felt Americans should have in a good translation. He finished The Mongols in Russia but he could not work continuously as he had done. October 14th following the advice of his physician he gave up work and went to Bristol, where after a few days he became seriously ill. Physicians were summoned from different parts of Vermont, and Dr. Kelly, a specialist from Philadelphia.

Mr. Jeremiah Curtin died December 14, 1906.

About Jeremiah and Alma Cardell Curtin

Alma Cardell Curtin (March 11, 1847 – April 14, 1938) was an American collaborator, diarist, and uncredited contributor to ethnographic and literary works. Born in Vermont, she worked as a teacher and photographer before marrying ethnographer, linguist, and translator Jeremiah Curtin in 1872. The couple traveled extensively worldwide, collecting folklore, myths, and ethnological data from Native American tribes, Irish Gaelic regions, Siberia, and elsewhere. Alma served as Jeremiah's secretary and assistant for over three decades, aiding in his translations of Henryk Sienkiewicz's novels (including major works that popularized the Polish author in English) and his books on mythology. After Jeremiah's death in 1906, Alma compiled and published his Memoirs (1910), which scholars later determined she largely authored based on her own diaries and letters.

Jeremiah Curtin (September 6, 1835 – December 14, 1906) was an American ethnographer, folklorist, linguist, and translator. Born in Detroit, Michigan, to Irish immigrant parents, he grew up on a farm in Greenfield, Wisconsin (now Greendale), after his family relocated there. Despite financial hardships following his father's death, Curtin pursued education at Harvard College, graduating in 1863. He developed a passion for languages and folklore, studying under folklorist Francis James Child. Curtin served as secretary to the U.S. legation in Russia (1864–1870), traveled extensively, and married Alma Cardell in 1872; the couple collaborated on much of his work, though often uncredited to her. From 1883 to 1891, he

worked for the Smithsonian's Bureau of American Ethnology, documenting Native American myths and languages among tribes like the Seneca and those in California and Oregon.He collected and published folklore from Ireland (multiple trips between 1871 and 1893), Eastern Europe, Siberia, and elsewhere, producing works such as Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland (1890), Hero-Tales of Ireland (1894), and Creation Myths of Primitive America (1898). Curtin gained widespread fame for translating Polish novelist Henryk Sienkiewicz's works into English, including the bestseller Quo Vadis (1896) and the Trilogy. Reportedly fluent in over 70 languages and dialects, he also served as an interpreter at the 1905 Portsmouth Peace Conference ending the Russo-Japanese War. Curtin died in Burlington, Vermont, and is buried in Bristol.

END

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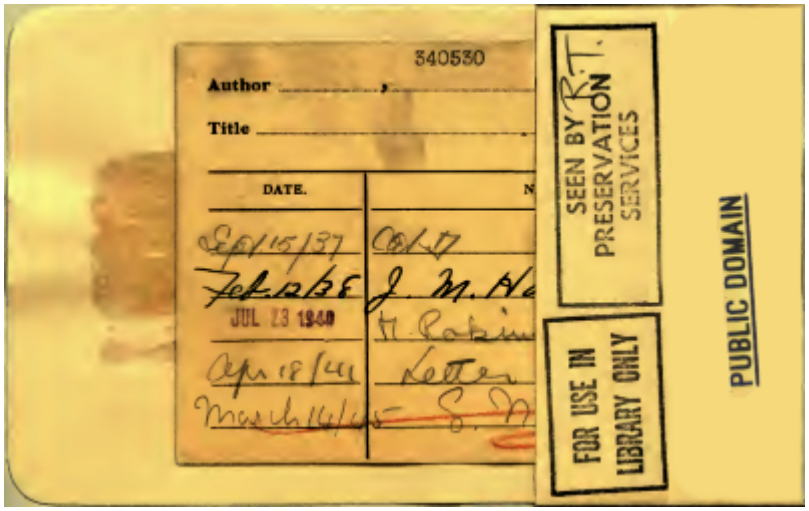

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